The Saturday Evening
POST
April 26, 1958 – 15¢

APR 2 2 '58
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

I Call on BOB HOPE
BY PETE MARTIN

Beginning an Absorbing Series:

ADVENTURES of the MIND

LIBR BALDWIN
WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
2-58

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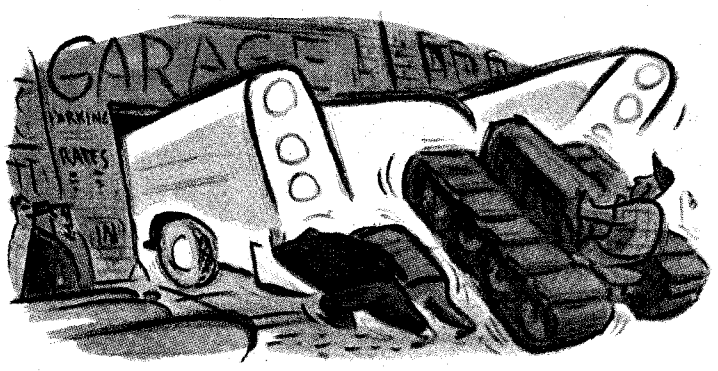
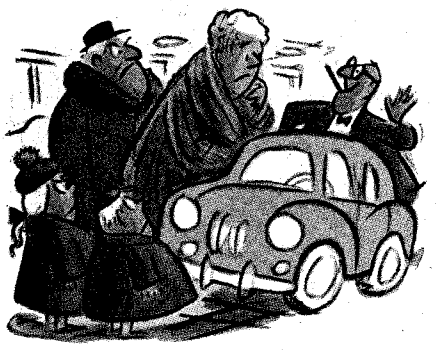
Siegfried Slays the Dragon..Again *by* Whitney Darrow, Jr.

This opera star named Siegfried sang the role of Siegfried. When he made the Met, he bought a great big dragon of a car.



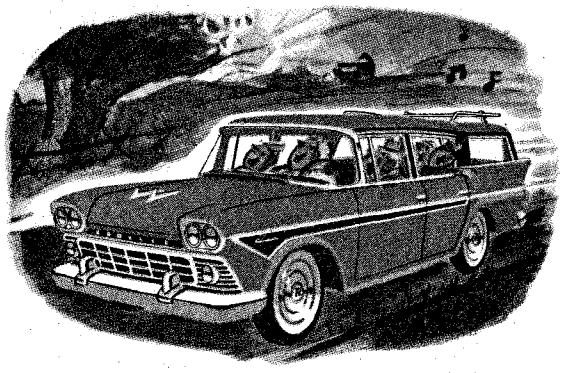
But after Sieg had piloted this monster for a while, he found that it was too awkward to garage, too big to park, and that it drank gasoline as only a fire-breathing dragon can.

This dragon wagon kept Siegfried busted—even though he sang Wagner five times a week. So one day he stabbed the dragon in the gas tank.



Then he looked for a new car, saw a little foreign car, easy to drive and park, easy on gas. But it wouldn't hold his large family!

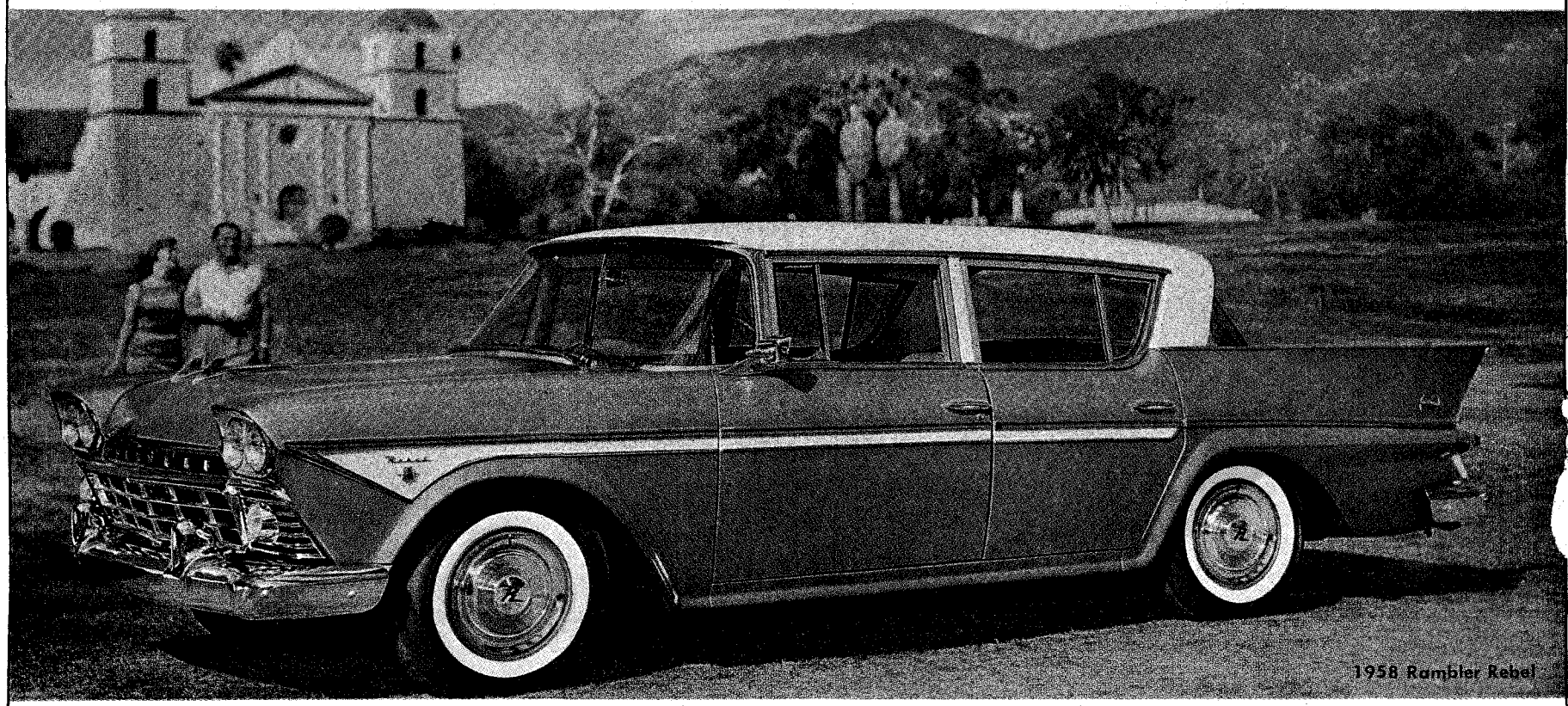
Next, he saw the new 1958 Rambler with enough room for six big bassos, proved penny-a-mile economy records, new jet stream styling as trim as a ballerina.



"For me! Ja," said Siegfried. So he traded the dead dragon for a new Rambler Economy 6 and drove off singing. You'll sing too with a Rambler.

1 Get American big car room and comfort **2 Get European small car economy, handling ease**

Get the Best of Both—*Go Rambler!*



1958 Rambler Rebel

RAMBLER SALES GO UP, UP, UP! There's real reason. Only Rambler has proved—in 3 different NASCAR runs—that it can give record penny-a-mile gas economy (6 with overdrive). Rambler gives easiest driving, turning, parking. It's tops in trade-in value. And 1958 Ramblers are *completely* new. Make the smart switch. Choose from the Rambler 6, Rambler Rebel V-8, luxurious Ambassador V-8 by Rambler, and 100-inch wheelbase Rambler AMERICAN.

American Motors Means More for Americans

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RAMBLER • AMBASSADOR • METROPOLITAN

100-INCH-WHEELBASE RAMBLER AMERICAN

35.39 MILES PER GALLON
NASCAR RECORD
Los Angeles-Miami, with overdrive.

$1789

Suggested factory delivered price of Rambler American Deluxe at Kenosha, Wisc., including federal taxes.
Flash-O-Matic transmission, white wall tires and other optional equipment, if desired, state and local taxes, if any, extra.

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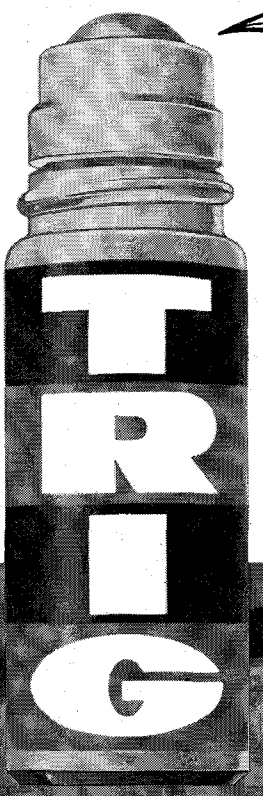
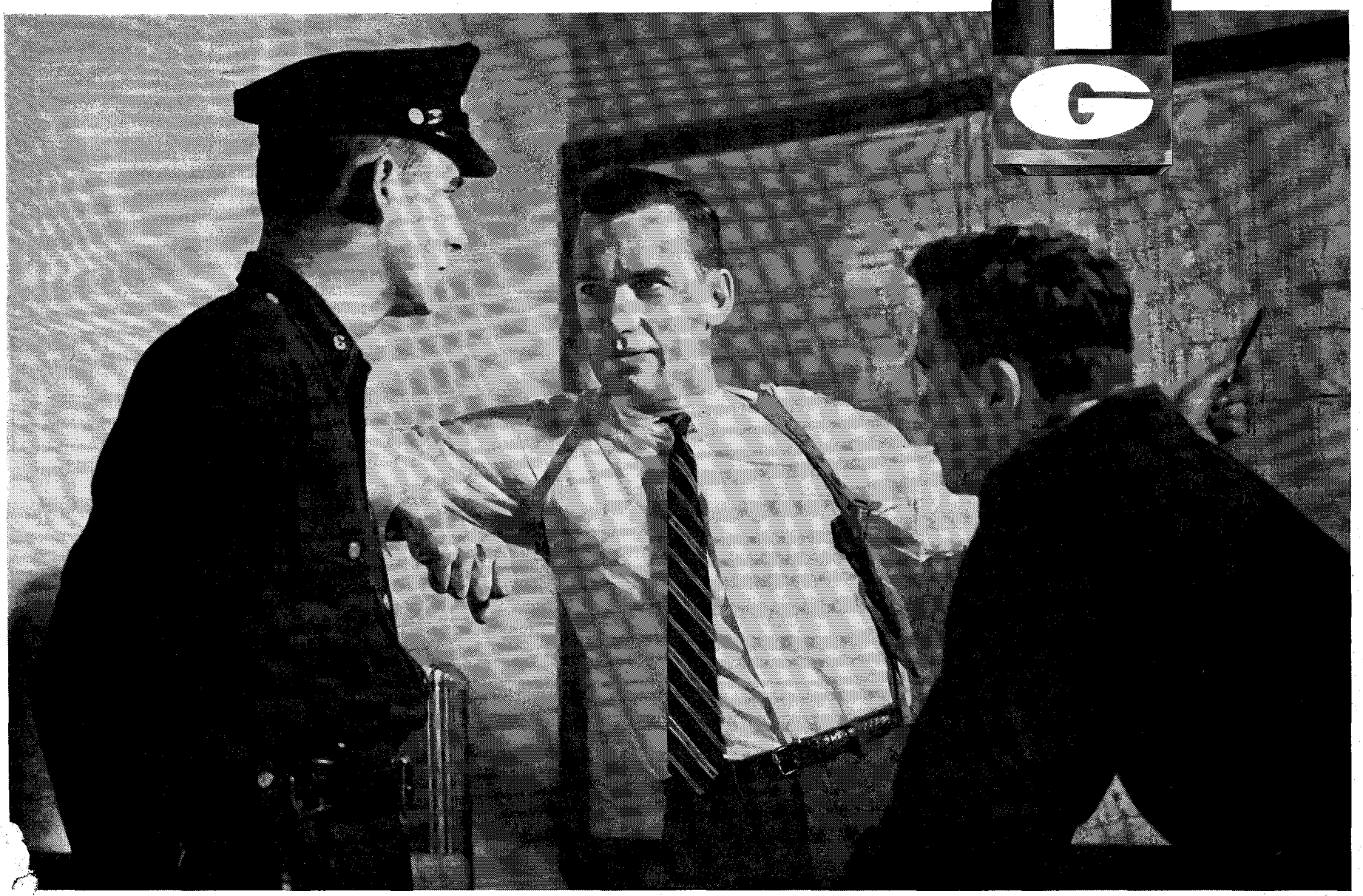
FROM NOW ON

WOMEN SAY "DEODORANT"

MEN SAY TRIG®



It's on the ball



Now! A man's way to check perspiration odor —goes on in seconds ... works for 24 hours!

● Trig is a man's product—the scent, the color, the works! Goes on a man's way—rolls on in seconds!

● Trig goes right to work—underarm hair can't block it out. Trig delivers positive protection—man-size protection that lasts right around the clock.

● Trig isn't messy like a cream! Trig doesn't trickle like a spray! And Trig is not a crumbly stick!

● Trig is for the 6 men out of 10 who now use a deodorant—and for the 4 out of 10 who've been holding out for a man's way to check perspiration odor!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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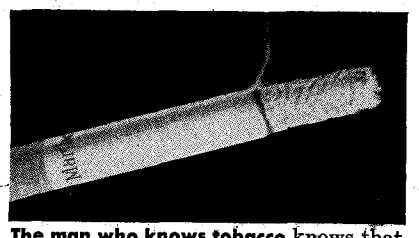
Where there's a Man... there's a Marlboro

The cigarette designed for men that women like.



The man who knows tobacco knows that a long, white smooth ash—the kind Marlboro has—is always a sign of good tobacco and a mild smoke.

The man who knows filters knows that cellulose acetate is the modern effective filter material for cigarettes. And this photo of a "filter flower" shows the pure white cellulose acetate that goes into just one Marlboro exclusive Selectrate Filter. Its finely spun filaments smooth out the smoke and round out the taste.

Mild-burning Marlboro combines a prized recipe (created in Richmond, Virginia) of the world's great tobaccos with a cellulose acetate filter of consistent dependability. You get big friendly flavor with all the mildness a man could ask for.

Marlboro

YOU GET A LOT TO LIKE—FILTER • FLAVOR • FLIP-TOP BOX

Sturdiest box of all—with the exclusive self-starter

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE COVER

In the spring a young, middle-aged or old man's fancy lightly turns to depleting the fish population. Simultaneously the fancy of fishes turns to depleting the insect population, which plays right into the hands of fly casters who are eager to accommodate them. Those anglers on the cover are dreaming dreams; they are in New York City (see Keeping Posted, page 132), but don't wake them up, because they *think* they're far away in the bosky countryside beside a purling stream. As for artist George Hughes, he used to do some fishing, but he caught nothing with such regularity that one day he blew his top and, so to speak, swore off. He could try a fish caller like the gadget there on the counter; it buzzes under water like tasty flies. But he still would have to catch the fish.

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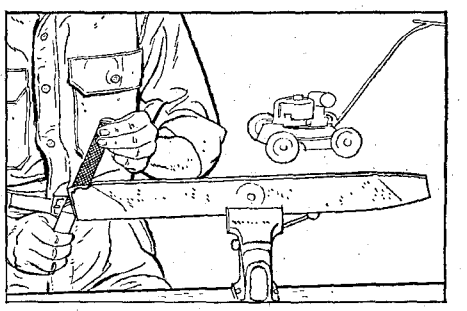
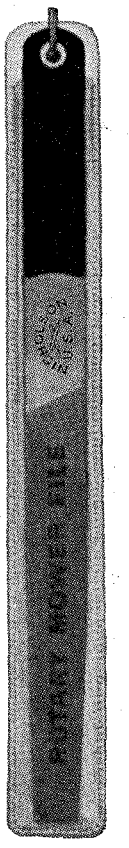
HARDWARE WEEK FEATURE!

FOR

Rotary Power Mowers



Nicholson or Black Diamond Rotary Mower File



■ Restore cutting edges in minutes

■ Keep your mower sharp all season long for only

98¢

A dull, nicked blade gives you unsightly results, can even harm your lawn.

With a Nicholson or Black Diamond Rotary Mower file, you can remove blade nicks and restore the cutting edge quickly and easily.

Use it to balance your blade, too.

Get your Rotary Mower file at your hardware dealer's! Look for this colorful display. Every file comes in a durable plastic case. File and case have handy hang-up hole for easy storage.

A file for every purpose

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Mow it beautiful with Springfield

New Springfield Riding Lawn Mower, with pushbutton cutting height adjustment

Join the thousands who mow their lawns the *luxury* way . . . the Springfield *riding* way.

Now, mowing is even easier, for the new Springfield has added pushbutton cutting height adjustment. Push a button with your fingers—tap with your toe—and you adjust grass cutting height in a moment, even while you are riding!

No riding mower offers so many features! Imagine—4 wheels to resist tipping, a full 24″ cut, powerful 4 hp engine, 5 forward speeds and reverse, a separate clutch to disengage blade from engine, knee-action front wheels, E-Z reach controls, side grass exhaust. Yes, all this and beauty too—and at a price that says "deliver it to *my* yard, today"!

New Springfield Walking Rotary Mowers

Give your lawn that smooth, barbershop look with one of five new superbly-engineered Springfield walking rotary mowers. E-Z reach control on the handle bars . . . clean-flow grass exhaust . . . staggered wheels . . . 19″ and 22″ models . . . optional electric starting . . . here are the best looking, best performing rotary mowers built today.

New Springfield Rotary Tiller

Plow . . . disc . . . cultivate . . . all with the same tiller! This year the famous Springfield tiller is a better value than ever. Offers a choice of two vari-width tine styles, both guaranteed for life against breakage. Tills wide or narrow rows. Quick-Lok clutch and transport wheels are standard equipment.

Springfield
POWERED LAWN AND GARDEN EQUIPMENT

Products of Quick Mfg., Inc.
3260 East Main St., Springfield, Ohio
THE HOUSE OF POWER

Free literature available.

Letters

Still Going Strong

Dear Sirs:

I would like to inquire why you have stopped the WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? puzzle by Dorothy Joyce?

I have traveled in all 48 states and got a great deal of enjoyment from this item.

JAMES C. AINGER
Waterville, Me.

● *You can still enjoy it. See page 70.*
—ED.

Alsop and Apathy

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for printing Joseph Alsop's article, TIME IS RUNNING OUT ON US, March 15. I hope every American reads this eye-opener!

MRS. ELIZABETH M. BELL
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

America is still invincible. Always, when caught by surprise, we meet the emergency and win. Despair and defeatism are the main causes of apathy.

CAROLINE DORMON
Saline, La.

Dear Sirs:

An otherwise excellent article was ruined by what was evidently an attempt to give a political slant to the whole thing. This was done by repeated statements that we have been fools during the last five and one half years, and neglecting to tell us that about 90% of what has been accomplished with the I.B.M. has taken place during that time. In the years preceding, approximately ten of them, little experimental work was done by us.

WM. H. ARNOLD
Lindsay, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

In my humble opinion, the present "multiple peril" has not exclusively arisen from the American self-indulgence in military matters of the past five years, but primarily from the disastrous Yalta agreement of 1945, in which the Western Allies needlessly donated to Moscow half of Europe, thus endowing the Red plotters with an impregnable rampart of aggression and whetting their appetites for the world conquest.

L. BIBEROVICH
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sirs:

If Joseph Alsop runs for President next time, I'll vote for him.

MRS. STEPHEN BURK
Hamilton, Ohio

Much Ado About Books

Dear Sirs:

BOOKS ARE HERE TO STAY by Bennett Cerf (March 22) is a splendid article. Of course books are here to stay. They are the main zest of life.

DOR WOODS
Hereford, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Where else can one find such enlightening entertainment when the TV is out of kilter, no repairman can be found and the radio doesn't work or has been discarded?

CHARLES MORR
Hastings, Mich.

(Continued on Page 6)

"CONFUSING"

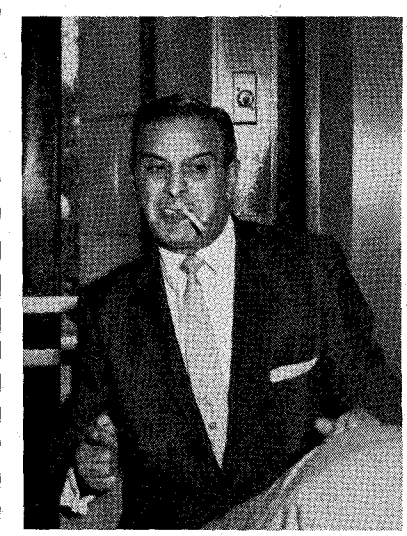
Dear Sirs:

I was quite intrigued by the photo of Johnny Dio as he slugged photographer Stanley Tretick (I SHOOT THE BIG SHOTS, as told to Douglas Larsen, March 15). What a perfect portrayal of the hoodlum with bared fangs defying the press! But then, what else from a New York gangster?

And then I glanced at the photo of respectable Republican delegate Clark Springer on the opposite page!

Yes, it's all very confusing.

MELVIN J. SLACKS
Tallahassee, Fla.



Mr. Dio.

Mr. Springer.

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HANDLED WITH GLOVES . . .

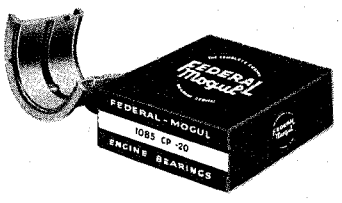
In final manufacturing stages these Federal-Mogul engine bearings are untouched by human hands. Gloved workers gently stack them on magnetized bars which carry them through a series of protective plating baths. Then they are packed and shipped, to bring fine performance to engines everywhere.

Only the best is good enough for you!

Fine bearings mean fine performance

Fine performance starts at the engine bearings. They've got to be good to bear the brunt of converting the explosive power of fuel into the smooth turning power a toe-touch puts at your command. To achieve this, the finished Federal-Mogul bearing represents exhaustive research and painstaking quality control.

That's why manufacturers of fine cars, trucks, farm and construction machinery use millions of Federal-Mogul engine bearings as original equipment each year. That's why the mechanics who overhaul engines to restore like-new performance use millions of Federal-Mogul bearings for replacement service each year. Federal-Mogul means fine performance. Ask your mechanic. FEDERAL-MOGUL SERVICE, Division of Federal-Mogul-Bower Bearings, Inc., Detroit 13, Michigan.



FEDERAL-MOGUL Engine Bearings

BOWER Roller Bearings

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NATIONAL Oil Seals and O-Rings

BEARING FEDERAL Mogul SERVICE

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BEARINGS

RESEARCH • DESIGN • METALLURGY • PRECISION MANUFACTURING • SERVICE

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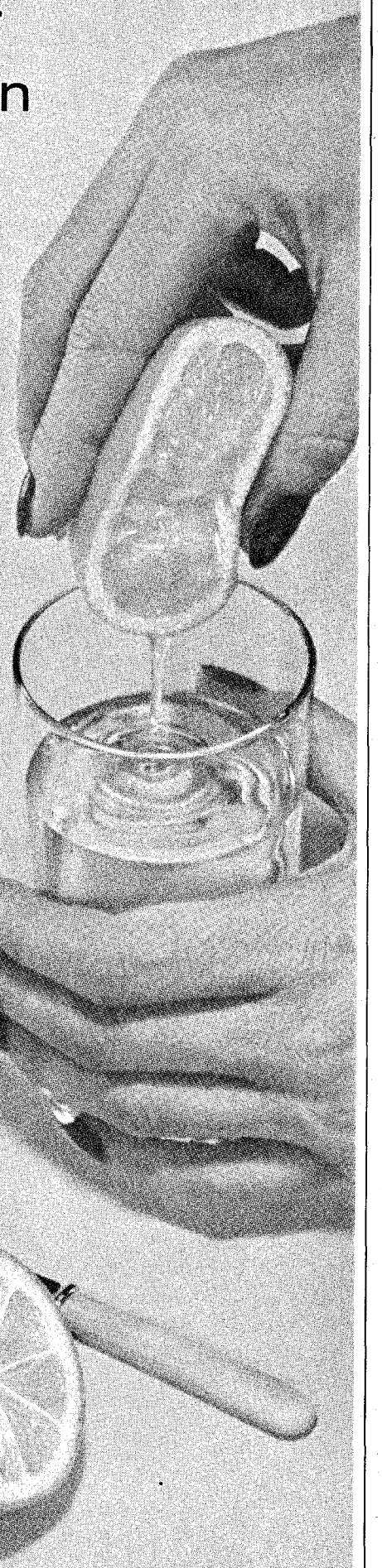
Had your lemon in water today?



Millions find this morning health habit the natural way to regularity. It can help you avoid harsh laxatives—feel better, too!

Squeeze one fresh lemon in a glass of water.

Drink first thing on arising.

Give it a 10-day trial.

Sunkist Fresh Lemons®

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I am a volunteer helper for the library in this town of 2500. . . .

We are only open two days a week from two to five. Last Friday and Saturday we checked out 75 books in six hours, mostly to young junior-high and senior-high students. . . . Mr. Cerf is right. Give them something good to read, show them some interest, and they will be our better citizens of tomorrow.

MRS. LADDIE GWINN
Carnegie, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

As to this jazz about reading books, how right you is. Last Sun. I'm taking my kid and my wife to the museum, after which I'm browsing around the displays. . . . So this lad of mine comes up with a book he has latched onto which papa you gotta buy me. And what's this book? The Story of The Atom. I look thru it, note that the print I can even read myself without bifocals, there is also a cartoon or so stached around here and there. And I buy it for him. Next A.M. at Breakfast he is putting our teenage girls on the pan as to what is an

elctron, proton and neutron. And where did he get this yen for this atoms deal—yeh, that's right—Science Fiction Theater.

CARL FOERSTER
Zion, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

What is the matter with Bennett Cerf? I just finished reading "dull, outmoded" Lorna Doone to my 12- and 14-year-olds and they think it about the finest and most exciting ever. We read an average of six books a week, besides "out-loud" reading. No TV!

MRS. LOIS M. PARKER
Bonners Ferry, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

As for adolescents "demanding" Faulkner—outside of his own teen-aged sons, who might be expected to have a Faulkner taste, I wonder just how many adolescents Mr. Cerf knows.

LEE HOUGHTON
Mobile, Ala.

● *Says Cerf: "My house usually is full of the high-school set. Their particular god is J. D. Salinger, but they're aware of Faulkner—who, along with Hemingway, probably is studied in more American colleges today than any other living American novelist."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

He writes: "Hot-blooded young bucks would hoist reluctant lady friends aboard their bikes on Friday evening and set out on 'century runs.'" Then he goes on to explain that they completed the century run on Sunday night. What utter nonsense! A trip of one hundred miles on a bicycle was never called a century run unless it was done all in one day. Also, any lady friend who went on a weekend tour with a hot-blooded young buck would have got herself talked about.

OSCAR ALLISON
Kensington, Md.

● *Says Cerf: "I don't date back to the time of the century runs. But my dad used to boast of clocking 100 miles over a weekend. Perhaps he was short-winded."* —*ED.*

Re Cars and Courts

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed the mood of Texas created by Mr. James Atlee Phillips in his novelette WORTHLESS YOUNG MAN in your issue of March 15th.

However, as a racing driver and member of the British Guild of Motoring Writers, I was appalled at the close-packed inaccuracies in two sentences which told how the hero and his girl sped through the night in a Formula One Mercedes purchased right off the track at Le Mans from Juan Fangio.

1. Fangio would not have been able to sell his mount since it was the property of Daimler-Benz A.G.

2. Of all the world's manufacturers, Mercedes is the most unlikely to ever sell a team car.

3. The Formula One cars are stripped, one-seater models with barely room for one person, let alone two.

4. The Formula One cars do not run at Le Mans, which has always been restricted to "sports cars." . . .

Aside from these rather glaring evidences of unfamiliarity with foreign automobiles, however, I think Mr. Phillips has written an entertaining tale.

J. E. PENNYBACKER
San Antonio, Texas

● *1. You're right.*
2. " "
3. " "
4. " " —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

WORTHLESS YOUNG MAN is as unattractive a little saga as has yet come to my attention. A teen-age bully-boy ditches an unoffending elderly motorist just for kicks. This red-blooded American lad then climbs out of his svelte foreign sports job and slugs his helpless victim to a point of near-death. Escaping justice by an unlikely legal ruling, our charming little man undergoes an alleged reformation, yet never exhibits the slightest shred of guilt or remorse for his murderous assault. And this mixed-up juvenile assassin is actually the hero of a Post story. Shades of Will Jenkins and Courtney Riley Cooper!

T. L. GIBSON
Duluth, Minn.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–International, United Press. • 23, 24, 25–Robert Meyers. • 27–Columbia University, Jacob Lofman, Wide World, Rene Burri, R.C.A., Erich Hartmann. • 28–Philippe Halsman. • 30–Lynn Buckham. • 31–California Highway Patrol, Sid Avery. • 32–Penguin. 33–Penguin, two by Gene Lester. • 34, 35–Anton Otto Fischer. • 36–Larry Keighley. 37–Perry Peterson. • 38, 39–Larry Keighley. • 40, 41–Larry Fried. • 42, 43–R. G. Harris. 44, 45–Gus Pasquarella. • 49–Ken Riley. • 118–Gus Pasquarella. • 132–Al Jaeger, Edward Shade, Ollie Atkins.

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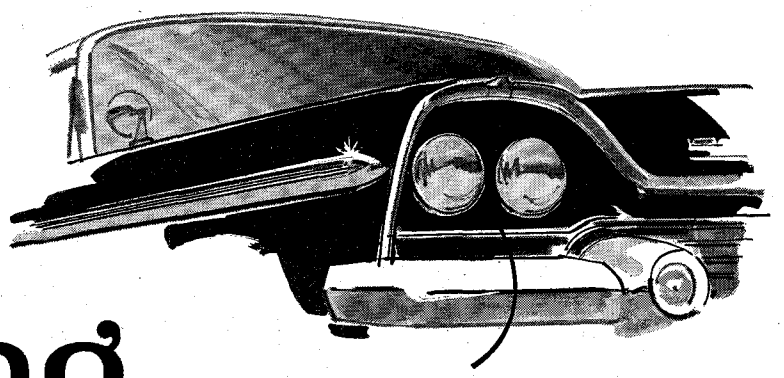
DRAMATIC DODGE ANNOUNCEMENT CATCHES SPRING BY SURPRISE!

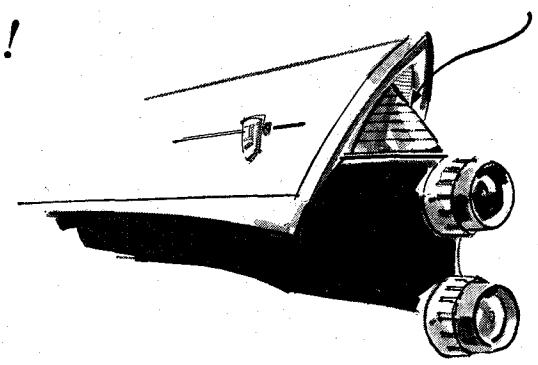
New Spring Swept-Wing

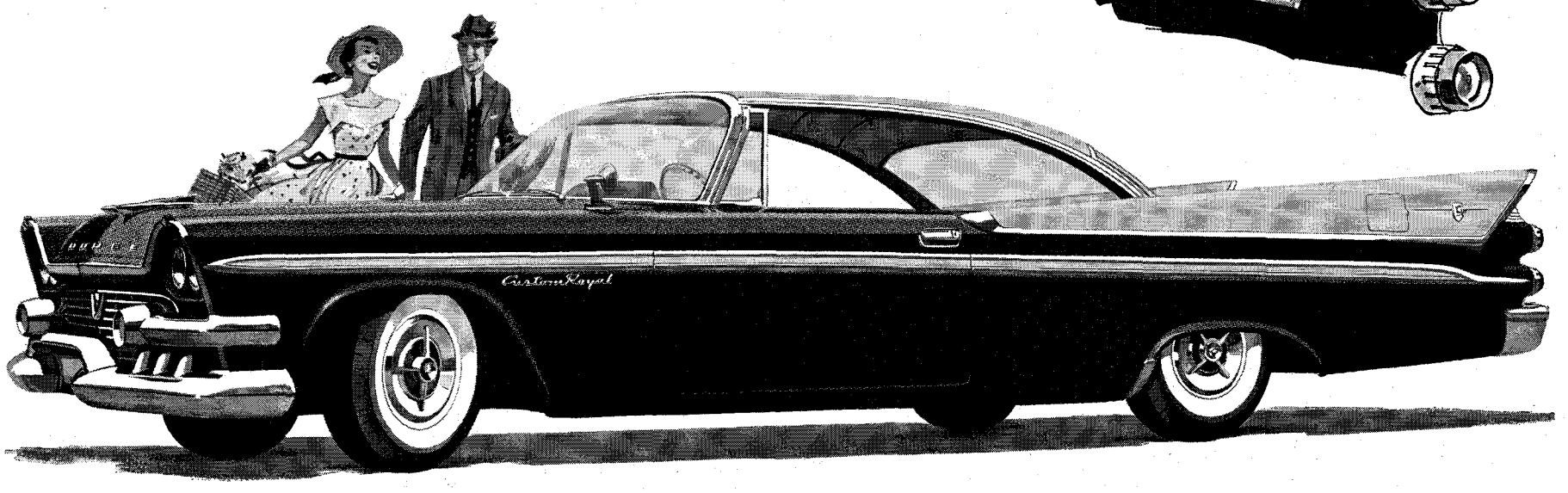


New fashion colors carried out in headlamp shield

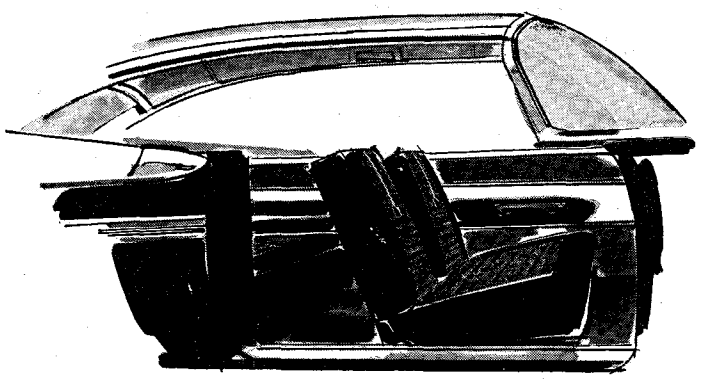
Breathtaking new colors! Brilliant new styling!
Bewitching new interiors! Spring comes to Swept-Wing!

Sculptured crown of gleaming chrome highlights soaring fins



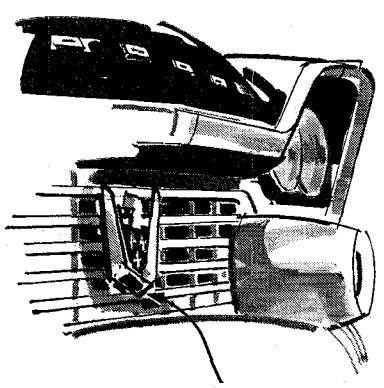


Broad new sweep of chrome from front to rear



New Color-Keyed interiors

Let Winter's Gloomy-Guses sit by the stove and mope! Here's a new-as-Spring Swept-Wing to put the show on the road. Colors are just plain knock-out—Poppy Red, Frosted Turquoise, Paris Rose. Bold new accents of gleaming chrome bring out new beauty of line and contour. Striking new interiors are Color-Keyed to give a lift to your spirits. We suggest you get in to your Dodge dealer's *now* for the finest Spring tonic that ever came down the pike!

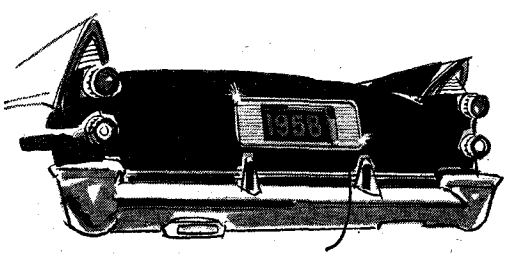


Symbol of the Spring Swept-Wing—this proud medallion on grille

It's new for Spring to give you more . . . Get all the car you're paying for!

SPRING SWEPT-WING

by Dodge



License plates framed in massive chrome escutcheon

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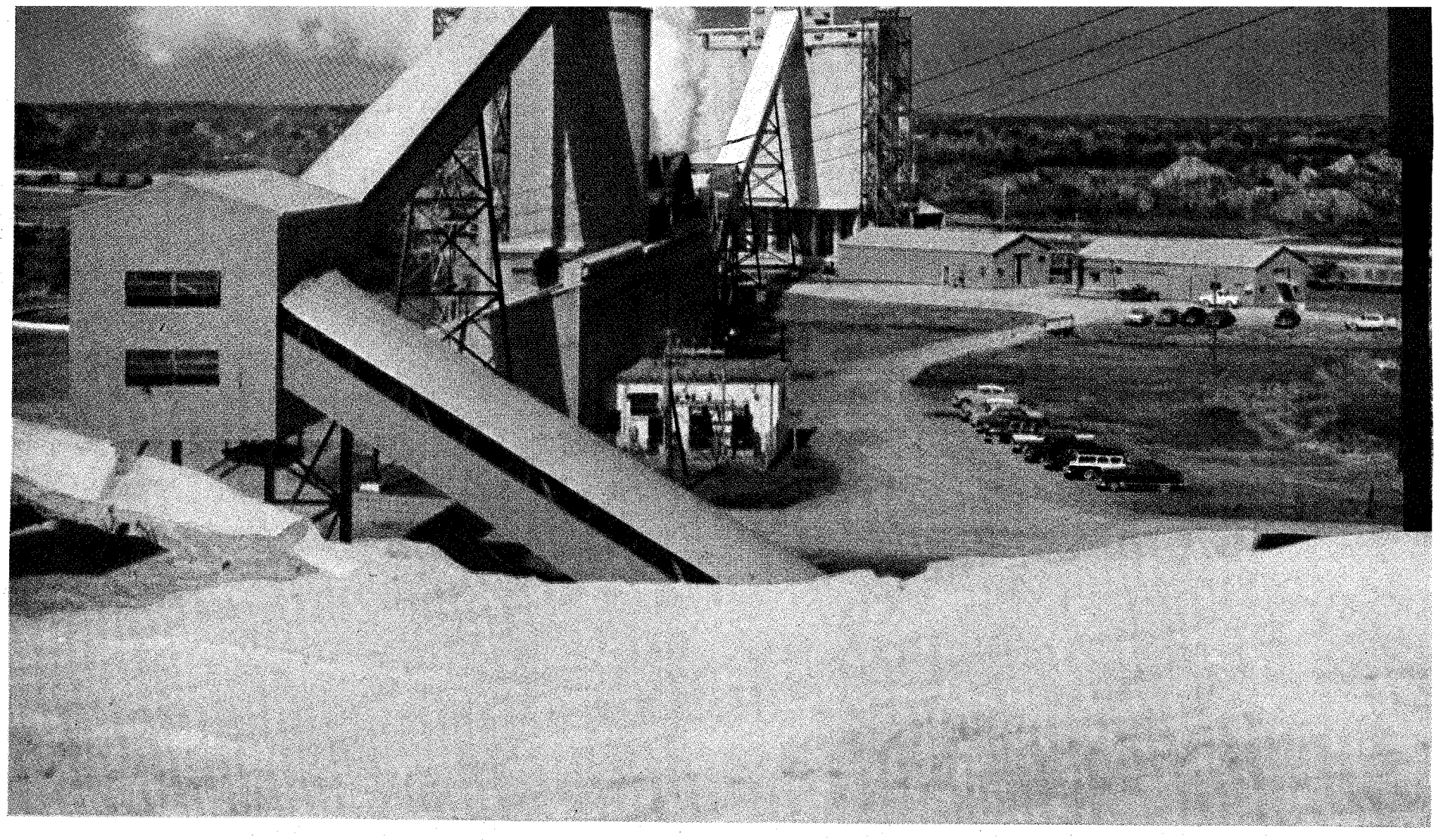
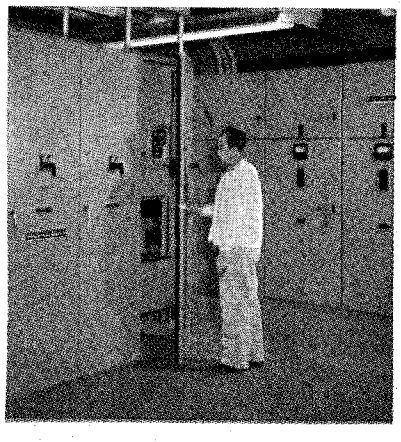
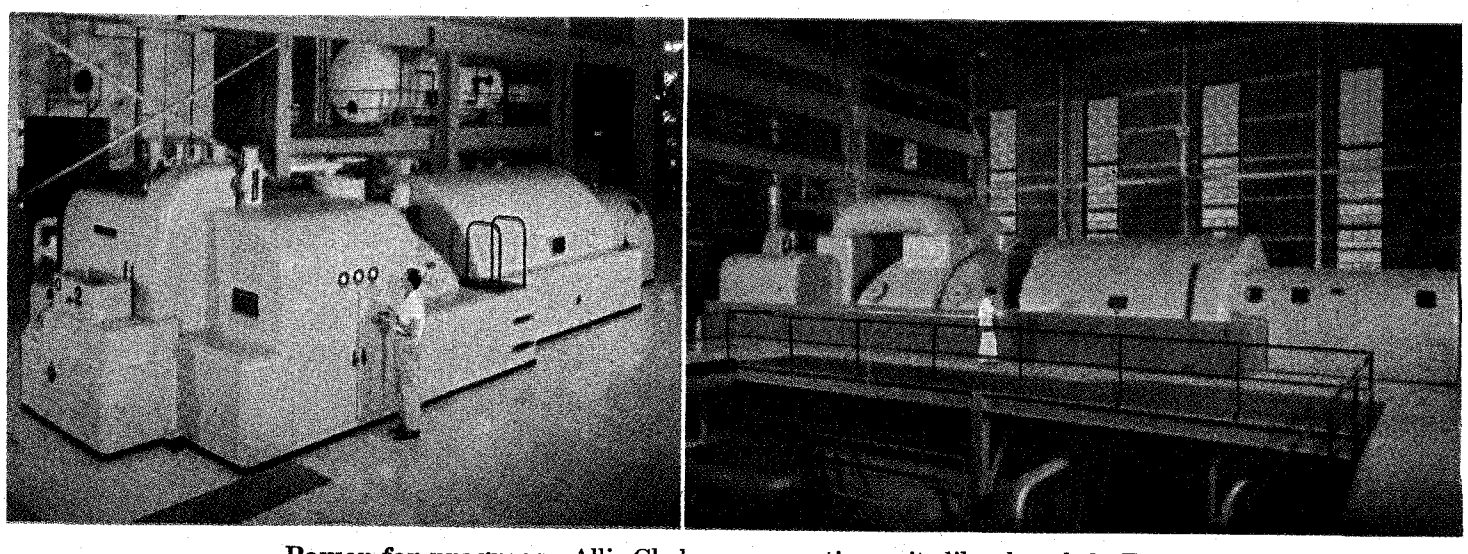




Control over thousands of horsepower in Polk County is maintained by Allis-Chalmers equipment like these high-voltage motor control units.



Power for progress—Allis-Chalmers generating units like these help Florida's utilities serve expanding electrical needs from one end of Polk County to the other.

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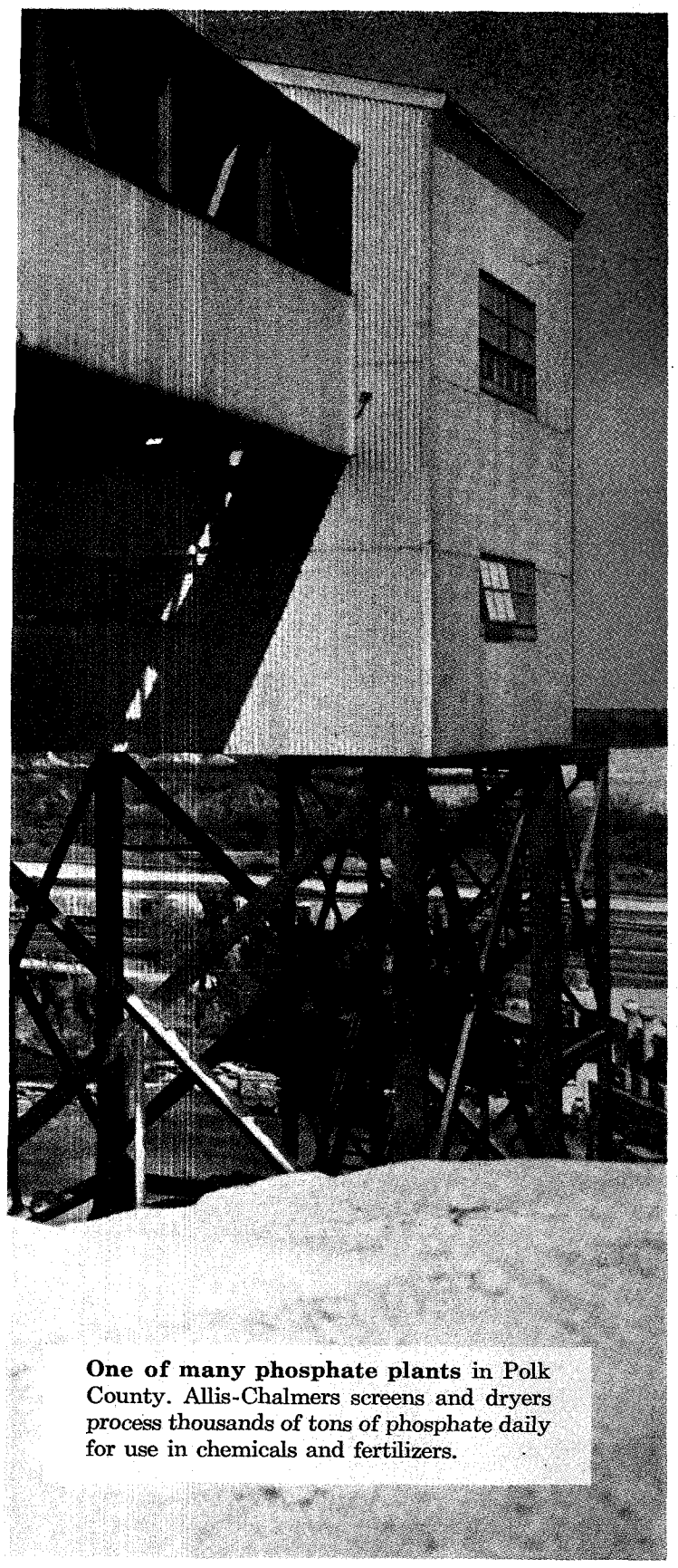


One of many phosphate plants in Polk County. Allis-Chalmers screens and dryers process thousands of tons of phosphate daily for use in chemicals and fertilizers.

How *basic* equipment paces America's *basic* growth

In forward-thinking communities from coast to coast, Allis-Chalmers machines are helping people create their own progress. Here's how it happens in one county:

Mirror for a growing America, that's Polk County, Florida . . . alive with new ideas and old-fashioned get-up-and-go.

Advanced methods and equipment help it produce one-third of Florida's citrus crop . . . lead the state in cattle raising . . . provide more than 70 percent of the nation's phosphate. Population has more than doubled since 1940. Construction is at record levels . . . with new homes, new roads, new schools and other community facilities.

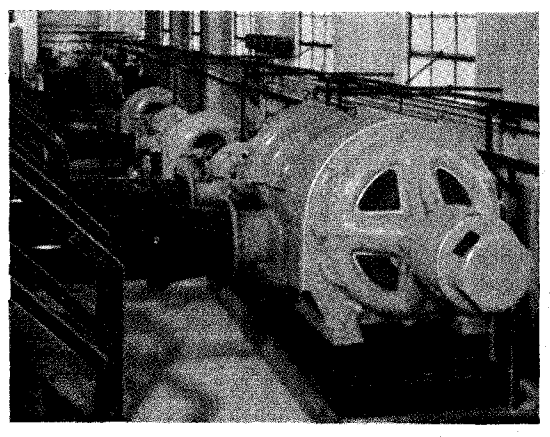
This is *basic* growth, and Allis-Chalmers basic equipment is right in the middle of it . . . supplying electric power, pumping water, building roads, working in the orchards, mining and processing the phosphate.

Bringing new efficiency and dependability to behind-the-scenes jobs like these—all over America—is Allis-Chalmers' business. Through products ranging from one-horsepower electric motors to nuclear power plants and complete cement mills, *Engineering in Action* paces basic growth . . . helps people everywhere create their own progress. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

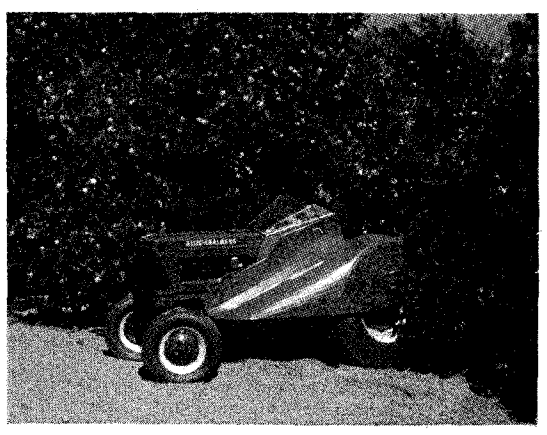
ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today

New homesites for 8,000 families—Allis-Chalmers motor graders, motor scrapers and crawler tractors are helping to move 9,000,000 yards of earth for a beautiful new community in Polk County.



Millions of gallons of water are supplied every day by Allis-Chalmers electric motors and centrifugal pumps like these to Polk County homes, businesses and industries.



Streamliner for citrus groves—This new Allis-Chalmers orchard tractor brings all the advantages of modern power farming to Polk County's big orange and grapefruit groves.

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Editorials

It's Time Building Codes Recognized Modern Materials

A few years ago a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers said flatly that "there are more than 2000 building codes in the country—all of them obsolete and ready to junk." The chances are that about 99 per cent of the builders in the nation feel the same way as they struggle with the mass of intricate detail set down in the typical construction ordinance.

As Stuart Chase points out in The National Municipal Review, the trouble stems from the fact that the average building code is designed by politicians, contractors and hide-bound building trade-unions. Many of them codify standards that were drawn up twenty-five or fifty years ago.

A typical building code specifies almost every detail of construction, from the size and material of the rafters to the mix of the mortar in the chimney. Invariably local interests are reflected. A city in the timber country will have a code that goes heavy on frame construction. A city in the clay belt will have a code that calls for lots of brickwork. Other codes called for masonry walls twelve inches thick in places where four inches would be plenty. Almost none of the codes made allowance for the new methods and materials that have been knocking plaintively at the door of the building industry for years.

The answer, according to Mr. Chase, is for cities to scrap the antiquated specification code in favor of the performance code. The specification code tries to tell builders just what materials to use and how to use them. If somebody comes along with a new and better material, he's just out of luck.

But a performance code stresses the goal to be achieved rather than the material to be used, and lets the builder do it in his own way. It makes no difference whether he uses zyllium-plastic bubbles or worn adobe brick as long as he meets the six basic conditions of fire protection, structural strength, sanitation, safe heating, safe wiring and adequate ventilation.

Only New York state has adopted a full-fledged performance code, although a few other states are toying with the idea. The New York code was drawn up in 1949, after three years of study by architects, engineers, union men, manufacturers, the National Bureau of Standards and other authoritative parties. In the past nine years, more than 250 New York towns and cities have junked their old specification codes for the new one, and the applications for the change are still coming into Albany every month.

Now that the building trade-unions and the building contractors are on record against featherbedding and antiquated construction methods, it seems that one of the main props has been knocked out from under the old-style code. And the new idea makes sense. What good is a building code if it doesn't prevent such catastrophes as Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire in 1942 or the holocaust at the "fireproof" Winecoff Hotel in Atlanta in 1946? The experts say that good performance codes might have prevented both tragedies.

Even Conservatives Fear to Make an Enemy of the Left

A political slogan that became fashionable among French intellectuals a long time ago and has been accepted by many of their brethren all over the world is: *Pas d'ennemi à Gauche!* (Have) no enemy on the Left! This means that all progressives must unite against the reactionaries on the Right, and therefore, even if one disagrees with some groups on the Left, he must never quarrel with them.

To see how this slogan works in the United States, consider the president of a large, rich foundation. Confronted with a plan to grant money for a study of Communist techniques in influencing American public opinion, he exclaimed, "I'm no Red-baiter!" That was just his way of saying: "No enemy on the Left!"

Well, what is the Left, anyway? The political use of the word originated in 1789, at the start of the French Revolution. In the National Assembly, the nobles sat on the chairman's right, and the commons on his left. This arrangement was only a matter of ceremony, but it soon became political.

In the parliaments of France and other continental countries, the seats on the left are "assigned to those holding relatively liberal or democratic opinions." That's what Sir James A. H. Murray's great New English Dictionary declared in 1908. But now the extreme-left seats are occupied by the worst antidemocratic members, the party of tyranny, the Communists.

It's time to redefine "Left," says one of the truest liberals and intellectuals in the world, Salvador de Madariaga, who in 1931 was Spanish ambassador to the United States. He is honorary president of the Congress for Freedom of Culture, has been a professor at Oxford and Princeton.

As he points out in the New Leader magazine, intellectuals have generally assumed that the Left is more advanced on the road that mankind should take. But if mankind is going the Communist way, "it is going to its doom." Most intellectuals are still dominated by the slogan: "No enemy on the Left!" This results in "the vague feeling that if a man is readier to compromise and to talk with 'the Russians' than another man, he is further to the left."

De Madariaga denies that a true compromise is possible. "The Soviet Union seeks . . . to Sovietize the world; hence it will never accept compromise. Those of us who said so every time the West fell for one of Moscow's smile offensives were accused of excessive pessimism, only to be vindicated by events."

Unhappily this obvious truth has to be relearned by the credulous West at rapidly diminishing intervals.

The U.S.S.R. Doesn't Give "Foreign Aid" Just to be Helpful

The Kremlin makes no secret of the fact that it uses every means to further its ultimate goal of world conquest including infiltration or economic subjection. Among the most industrious proponents of Soviet "foreign aid" is the Red Army.

The Soviet factories producing arms are still in the hands of the army. Through sale of military equipment to backward countries, the army is in reality carrying out Moscow's policy of getting political control of one country after another. This process is facilitated by the fact that all replacements must come from the Soviet Union.

Moscow does not find it difficult to make these arms deals. Its prices are much lower than those of Western governments. Furthermore, Soviet Army training and maintenance is much like that of the backward peoples, while Western methods are more complicated and expensive.

Acceptance of military aid from the Soviet Union necessitates acceptance of Red Army personnel to train the army in the equipment's use. Soviet officers, technicians and mechanics, often fluent in the language of the country to which they are sent, accompany the deliveries. These men are all thoroughly grounded in Communist ideology. They have never been allowed to forget that they belong to an "army of liberation," never one of aggression, like that of the "imperialist" West.

Egypt, Syria and Yemen have already fallen at least part way into the Soviet Army trap. Indonesia is an active customer. Soviet Army specialists visited all the main military centers in India.

As for economic aid, benevolent Moscow is ever on the alert to get a struggling government in its clutches. The credits it offers, of course, are spent for materials in the Soviet Union, and for engineering, technical and skilled-labor assistance. Specialists and skilled workers arrive in throngs and spread Communist doctrine as industriously as they supervise.

With the masses in their own country living on a shockingly low level, the men in Moscow are spending billions of dollars on "foreign aid." It will be interesting to see whether the Soviet experience in this field will be more rewarding than ours has been in some areas.

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The strange case of the shark's teeth

. . . and some important facts about yours

Had Mother Nature made the same provisions for our teeth as she did for the shark's, good dental health would be no problem at all.

For when a shark loses a tooth, a new one soon grows in its place. Once *we* lose a tooth, however, it is gone . . . and gone for good.

Yet, the second set of teeth which Mother Nature gives us is strong and durable enough to last a lifetime . . . *if given proper care.* Unfortunately, too few of us give our teeth the care they need.

Proof of our neglect comes from some of the findings of the American Dental Association. It reports that only 40 percent of all Americans get reasonably adequate and regular dental care. The rest get emergency care or none. Moreover, one out of 7 adults has never been to a dentist.

There is more to be gained from regular dental care than simply keeping the teeth clean, bright and healthy. For instance, proper care helps prevent tooth and gum infections which may play a part in arthritis, kidney disorders and other conditions affecting general health.

When teeth are neglected . . . when decay strikes, when gums become diseased, when abscesses form at the roots of teeth . . . a center of infection is established from which germs may enter the blood stream and cause disease in other parts of the body.

Even the smallest break in the enamel can pave the way for infection in the interior of a tooth. In fact, infection may exist at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth. The dentist can usually detect such trouble by X-ray examination and check it before serious damage occurs.

Healthy teeth . . . for children as well as adults . . . depend upon three things:

1 *Diet*—which should supply all the elements for good teeth, especially calcium and vitamins C and D.

2 *Cleanliness*—or proper brushing, which should be done after meals and *always* before retiring.

3 *Check-ups*—which should be made every six months or as often as your dentist recommends.

If you see your dentist regularly, he will get to know your *individual* dental requirements and how they can be met to your best advantage. If you cooperate with him, your chances will be far better to keep most of your teeth most of your life.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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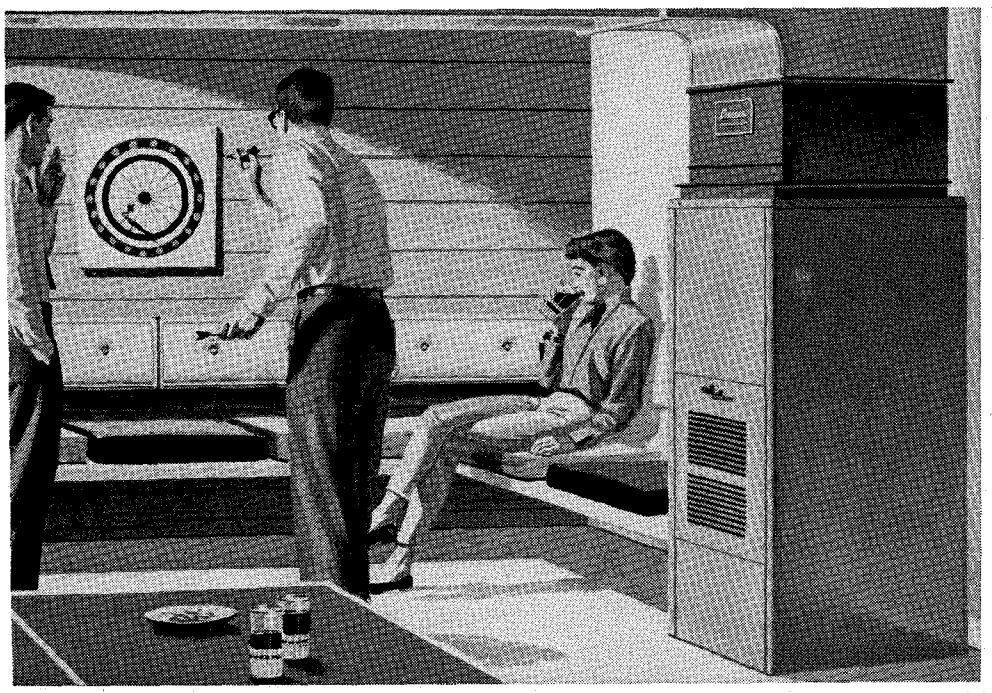
BETTER AIR CONDITIONING FOR EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

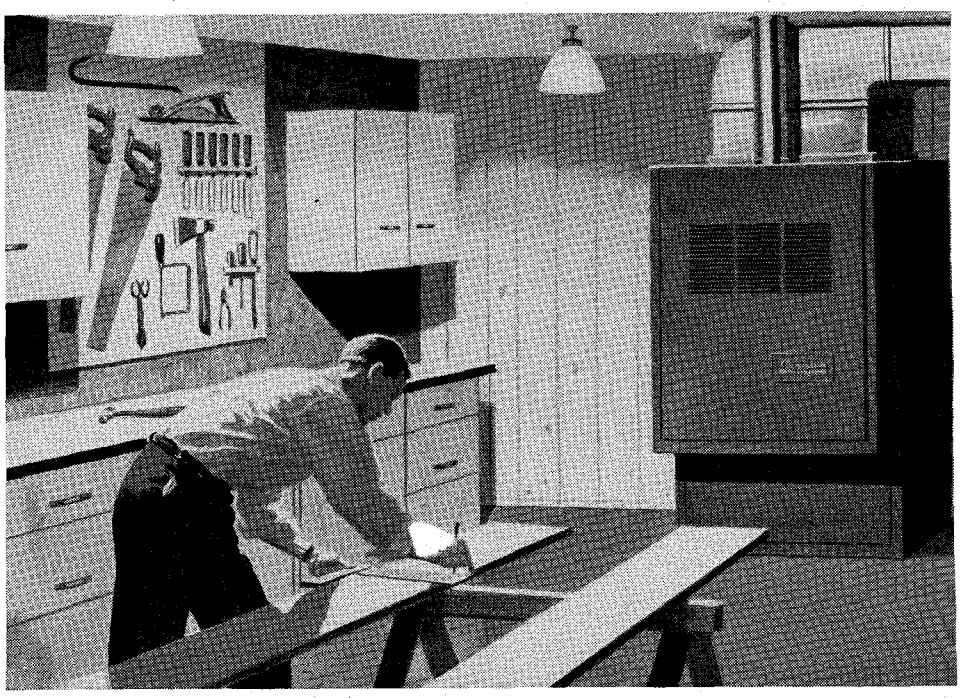
Carrier

Which is the best way to air condition your home?

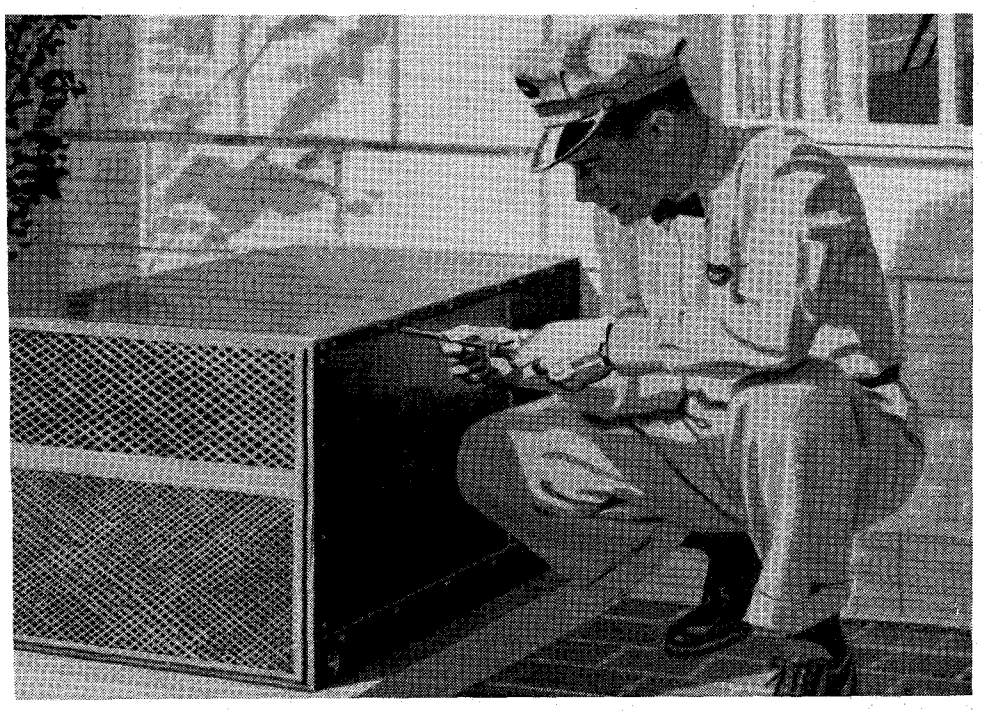
That depends on the house. The size of your family, the kind of heating plant, the number of windows can make a big difference. To make sure of the best way to air condition your home, talk with the Carrier dealer in your community. He handles every type of air conditioning. (Four of the many ways are shown below.) So his only interest is to recommend the type that serves you best. Throughout the world, in thousands of dependable installations, Carrier air conditioning serves more people and more purposes than any other make. Good reason to call the Carrier dealer listed in your Classified Telephone Directory. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y.



Do you have a good warm-air furnace? Add a Summer Weathermaker* on top of your present furnace and existing ductwork will handle both cooling and heating. Air cooled, requires no water.



Ready to replace your furnace? Install a Carrier Year-round Weathermaker that cools and heats instead of a furnace that merely heats. It will occupy no more space than most furnaces.



Do you have steam heat or a floor furnace? This low-priced Carrier Weathermaker cools independently of your heating system. Goes in attic, basement or outdoors. Can be installed in a few hours.

Do you want to cool just a room? There's a Carrier Room Weathermaker with exclusive Power Cooling for rooms of every size. Quickly and easily installed, they occupy no space in the room.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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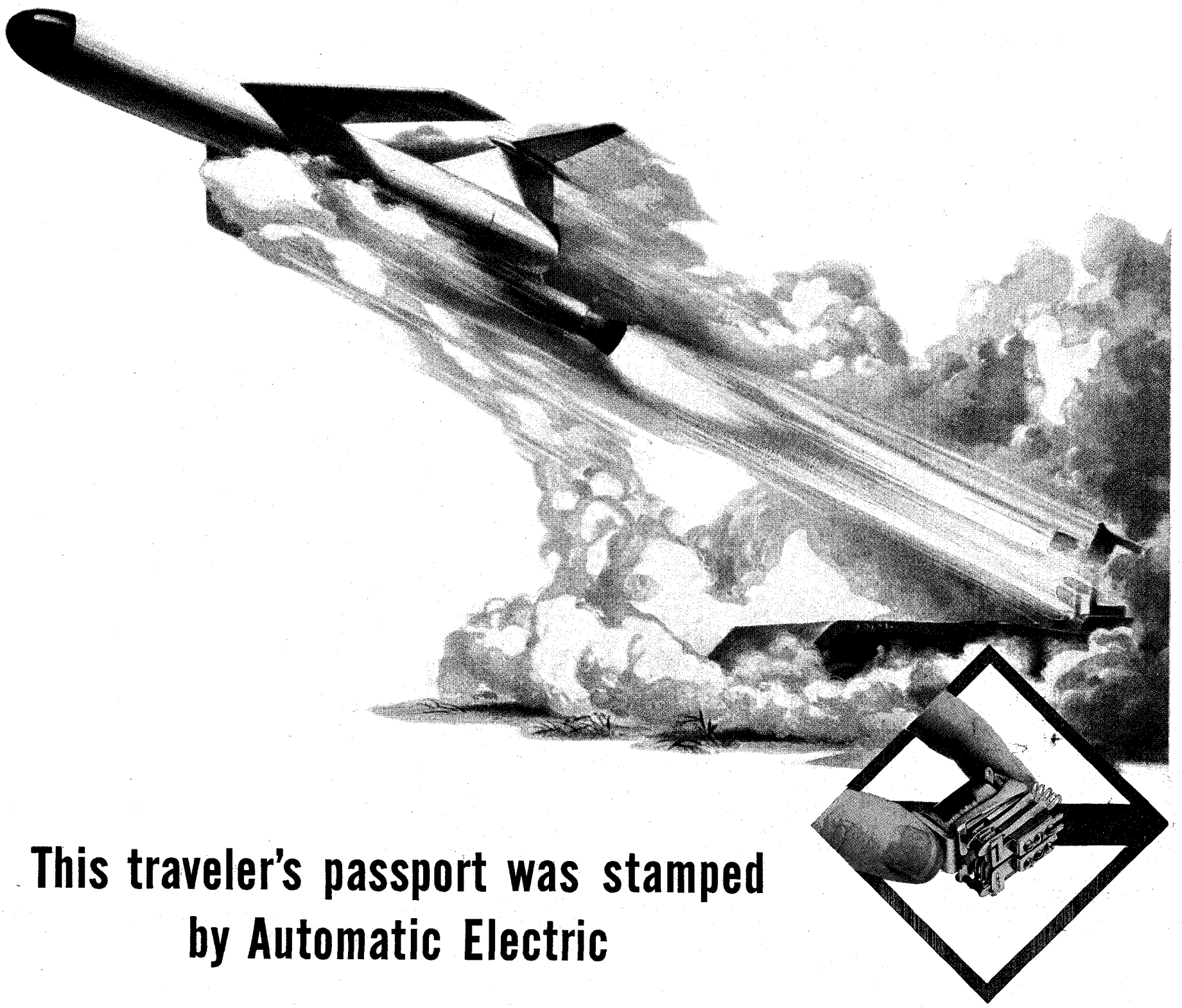

This traveler's passport was stamped by Automatic Electric

THERE's over $100,000 worth of technical guided missile—the USAF TM-76 Martin MACE—on its way—45 feet packed with extremely complicated mechanism.

Yet among the launching crew, no fingers were crossed. Over and over again pre-launching tests were made—each with the speed of light. And the check-out equipment, activated by Automatic Electric's Relays and Switches, said all's well.

And, as the mighty traveler rises with gathering speed, other AE components within will help it to arrive on target—over 600 miles away.

Here's just one of the exciting new applications for the precise and utterly dependable equipment we make for our parent company, General Telephone, and most of the 4,400 other "independent" telephone companies.

There are many other cases in a rapidly growing list of industries. Wherever automation is speeding and improving the quality of production — wherever new mechanical and electrical marvels are taking shape—you'll find our components getting first call.

AE's CLASS "S" RELAYS are used in the Martin MACE and in countless other applications in the fields of automatic and remote control. Send for Circular 1843.

Automatic Electric has rolled out the red carpet for Tomorrow. With a vast new plant holding 35 acres of facilities to double our production. With great new engineering research laboratories, staffed with challenging minds, to extend our horizons.

And, we hope, *yours*.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Northlake, Illinois

Subsidiary of **GENERAL TELEPHONE**

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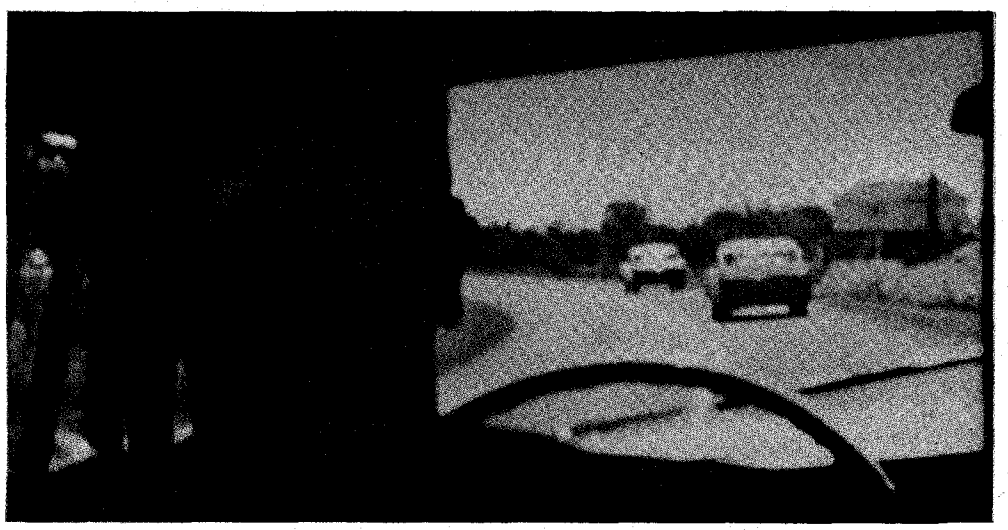
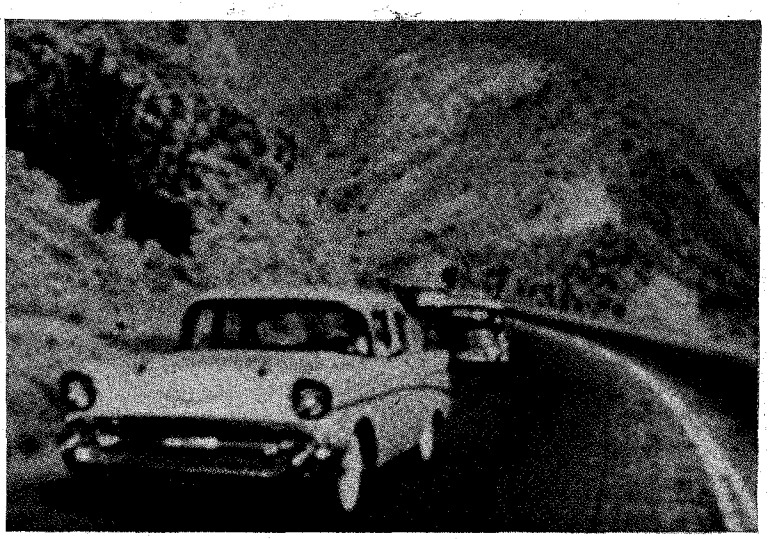
New Rayon Cord Tires...for greater

Only rayon cord tires actually grow stronger as tire heat builds up at modern-highway speeds! No wonder they're specified for every make of 1958 car!



Greater mileage, too...scientific tests prove up to 26% extra tread life!

New rayon cord tires also take more retreads . . . give longer mileage per retread. Special-design premium rayon cord tires appear on America's three most expensive cars—Crown Imperial, Cadillac Brougham, Lincoln Continental.



Plus easier steering control...no flat spotting . . . 33% quieter ride!

Sensitive audio-fidelity instruments prove new rayon cord tires ride up to thirty-three per cent quieter than tires made of thermoplastic cord.

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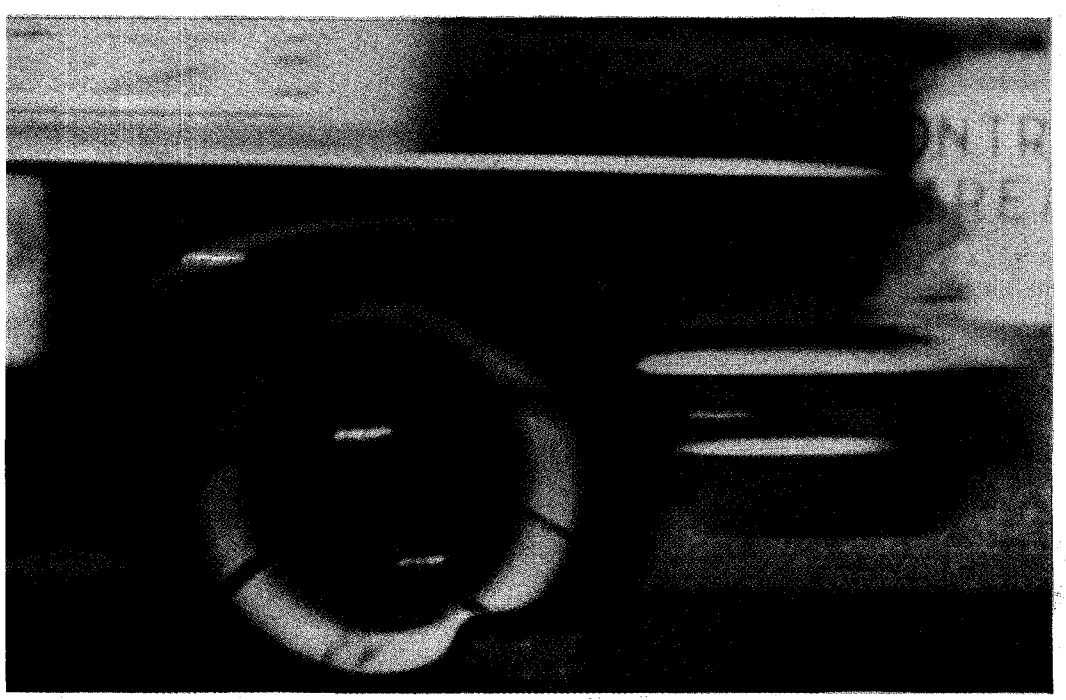
HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

safety at modern-highway pace!



Terrific impact resistance...stand up at 60 mph against 6-inch granite curbstone!
Independent research tests prove rayon cord tires can take it! After repeated impacts rayon tire cord remained unbroken, though steel wheel rim was bent, car body frame cracked! For premium safety at no premium in price insist on rayon Hi-Test cord tires.

Five ways best by test

1. *Greater heat resistance.* **2.** *Greater tread mileage.*
3. *Less growth—better steering control.* **4.** *Quieter ride.*
5. *Extra retreadability.*

Ride on Rayon

...world's leading tire cord

...specified by car manufacturers for every make of new car!

Tire dealers, new car dealers: A 15-minute color sound motion picture available to organizations for local showing. Write to the: **American Rayon Institute, Inc.,** 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York.

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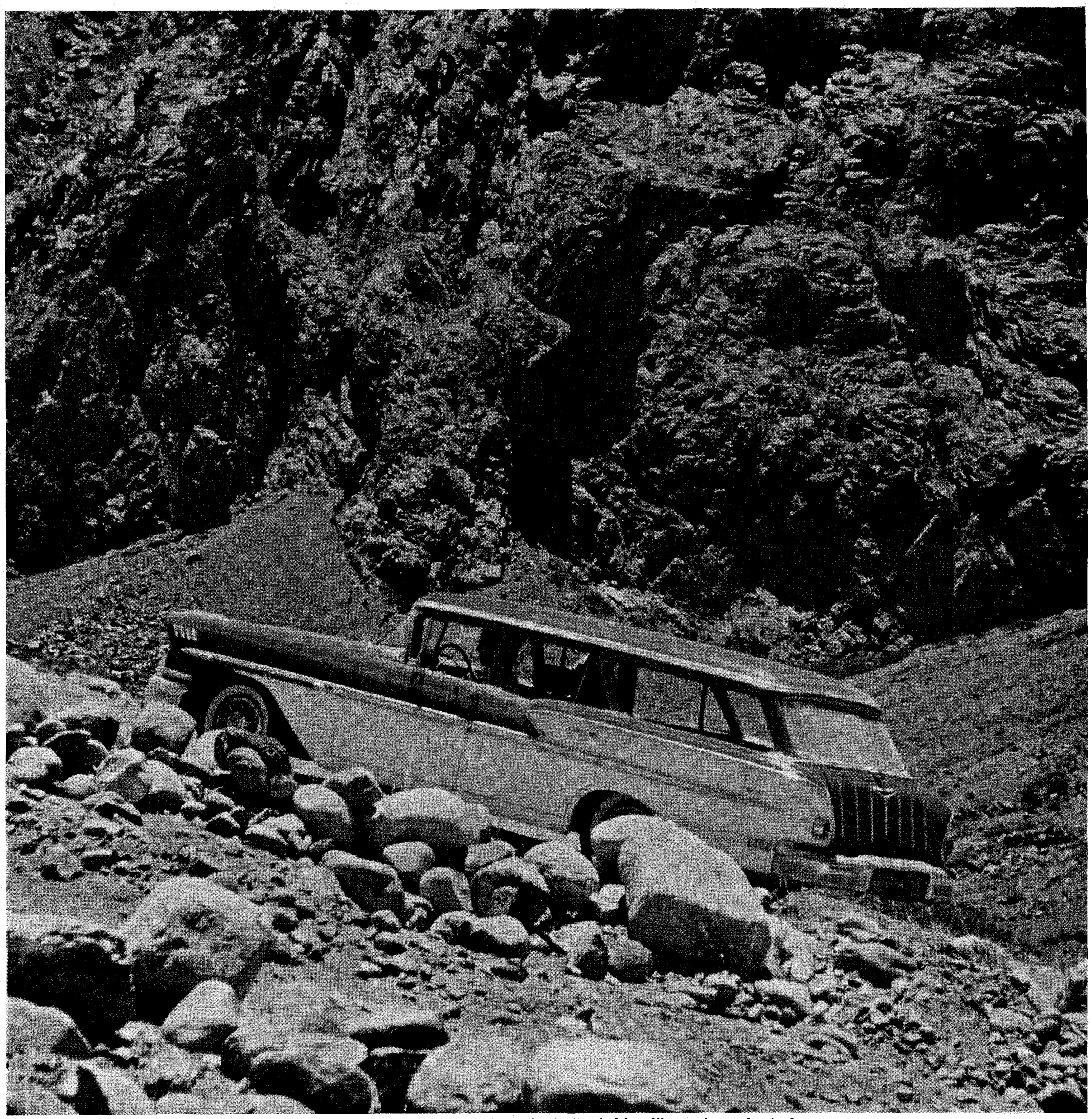
CHEVY TAMES THE WILD ANDES WITH HOOD SEALED SHUT! *New Turbo-Thrust V8 climbs two miles in the sky, runs ocean to ocean across South America and back —without adding a drop of oil or water or even turning the engine off!*



Record-setting Chevy flattens one of the fantastic grades in "sealed-hood" assault on the Andes.

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We picked the toughest transcontinental highway in the world to test the steel muscles and blazing heart of the new '58 Chevrolet. We pitted a station wagon, equipped with Chevy's radical new Turbo-Thrust V8 engine and triple-turbine Turboglide transmission, against the 1,000-mile General San Martin Highway that writhes over the most forbidding mountain range in our hemisphere.

To make the test tougher we had the Automobile Club of Argentina seal the hood shut! *This* engine had to perform like clockwork, run all the way from Buenos Aires on the Atlantic to the Pacific port of Valparaiso, Chile, AND BACK without adding one drop of oil or water, without the slightest adjustment!

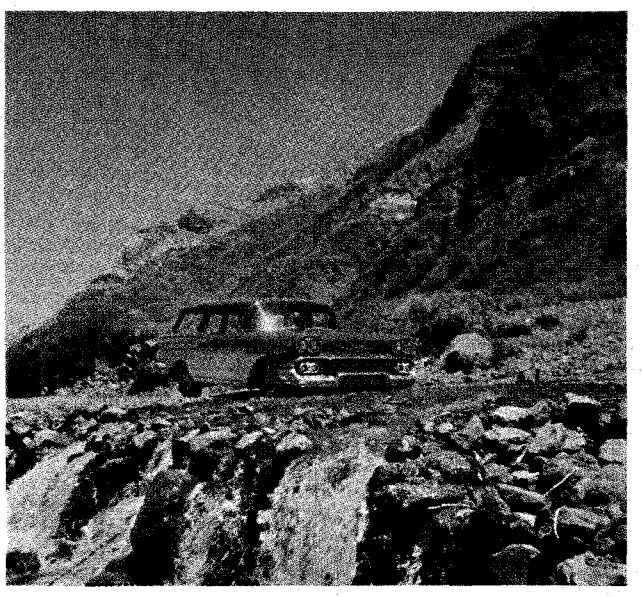
A.C.A. experts said the run couldn't be made under those conditions. But 41 hours and 14 minutes later they wrote a new record in their books. Chevrolet had hurtled across the sun-parched pampas, swirled up unbelievable grades that sometimes topped 30 percent. The deep-chested Turbo-Thrust V8 jetted a torrent of power in the thin air at the 12,572-foot summit, new Full Coil springs turned raw rock into velvet underfoot. Turboglide fed flawless, jolt-free acceleration to the treacherous road surfaces, its unique Grade Retarder eased the braking load on endless downgrades. Down and down the Chevy plummeted to the Pacific—and back again over the same rutted trail.

Back again to Buenos Aires and a new record! Back again (and its engine had never been turned off!) with proof that Chevrolet will soar over any hill, any washboard back road, any savage set of curves you may ever meet with a serene competence that will astound you. But why not see your Chevrolet dealer and sample that wonderful feeling firsthand? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

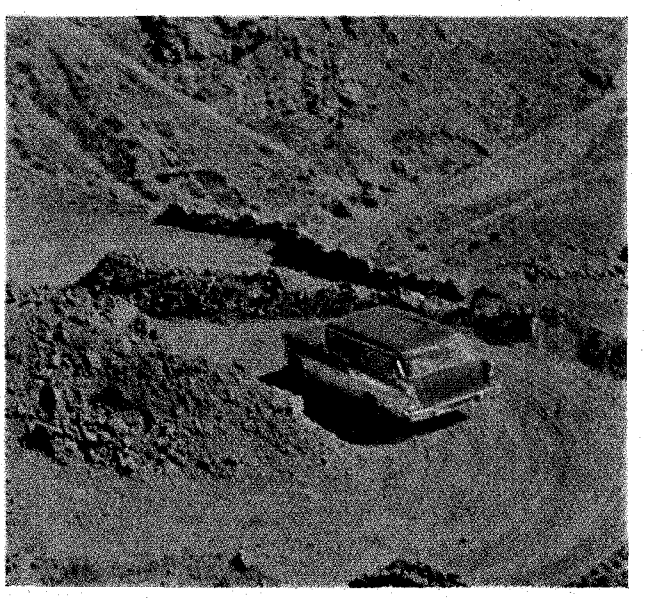
CHEVROLET

Going up massive foothills of the Andes Turboglide's triple-turbine smoothness gave steadier footing on treacherous gravel turns; Grade Retarder saved brakes on way down.

Terrific reserve of torque from Turbo-Thrust V8 made even the 12,572-foot summit seem easy. Oil dipstick still showed "full" at end of 1,900-mile roundtrip transcontinental test.

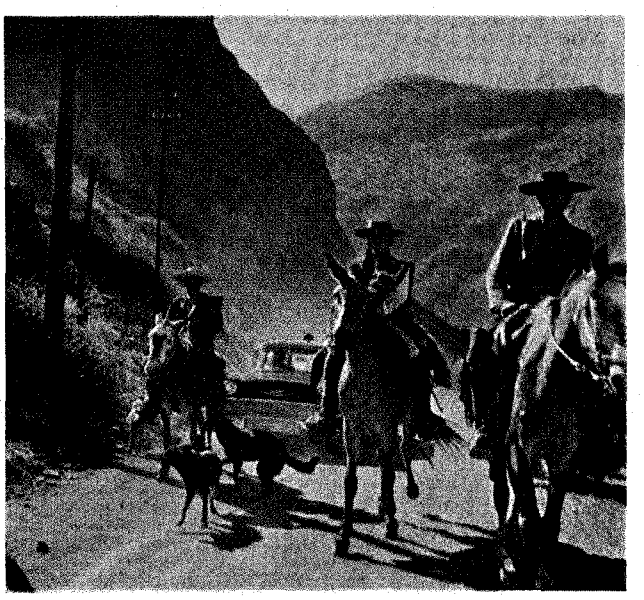


Full Coil suspension gave remarkable ride on rough-going—even through hub-deep streambeds across primitive roads. "Four-link" system also added stability on curves.



No guard rail!—but Chevy's famous precision Ball-Race steering guided car exactly where drivers aimed it on perilous hairpin turns, cut down markedly on fatigue, too.

Twist and strain of endless curves, brutal jolting of boulder-filled road underscored superior torsional rigidity of new Safety-Girder frame. Lower weight-center aided roadability.



Countless emergency stops for livestock on road, fallen boulders, "blind" curves gave Jumbo-Drum brakes full opportunity to show superb stopping power in unmatched test.

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Plus services at no extra cost

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KNOW YOUR NEARBY NATIONAL OFFICE

It's a locally owned business with an established reputation for highest standards of courteous and efficient service to the traveling public.

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Any airline, railroad or travel agency will reserve your **NATIONAL RENTAL CAR**

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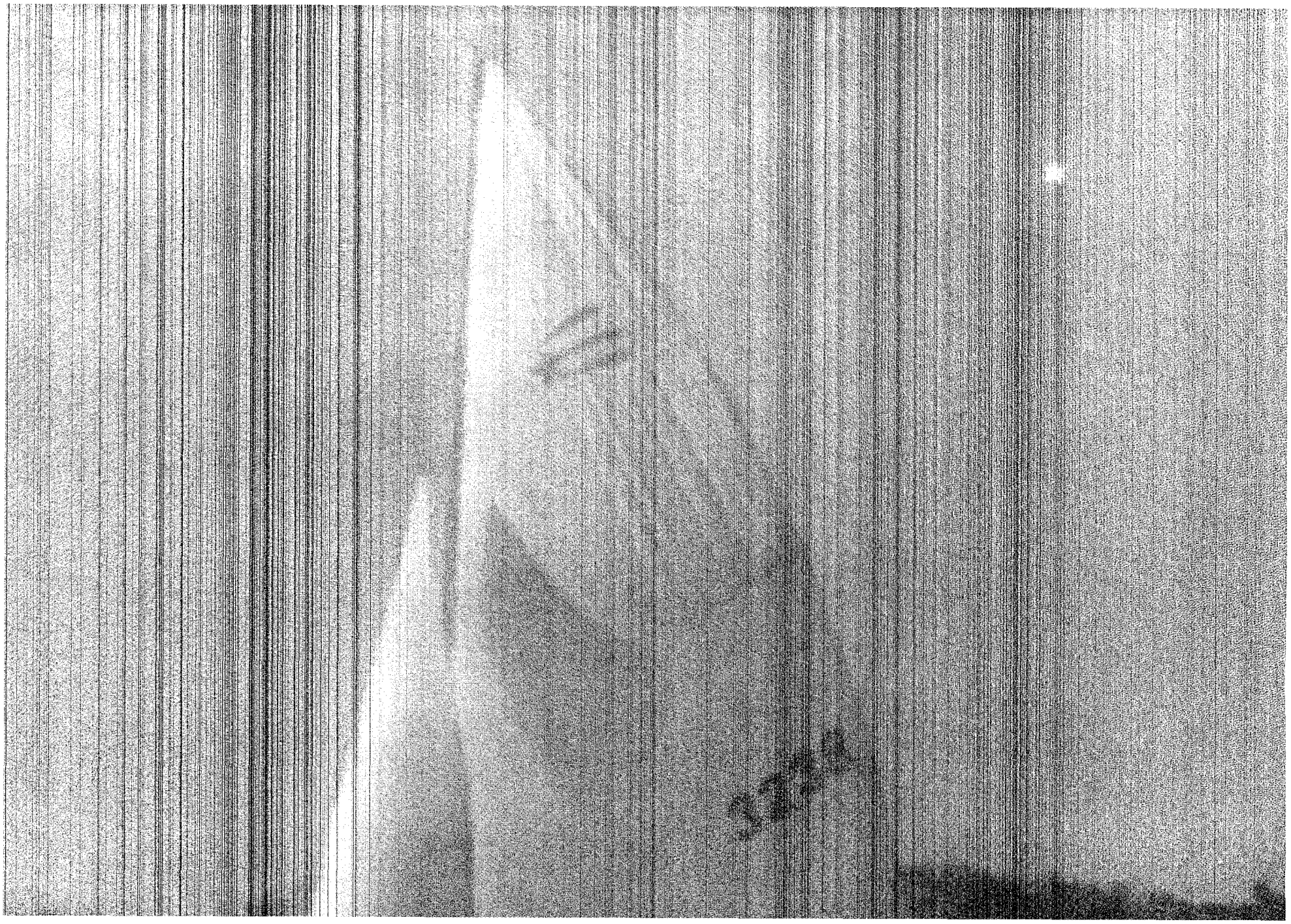

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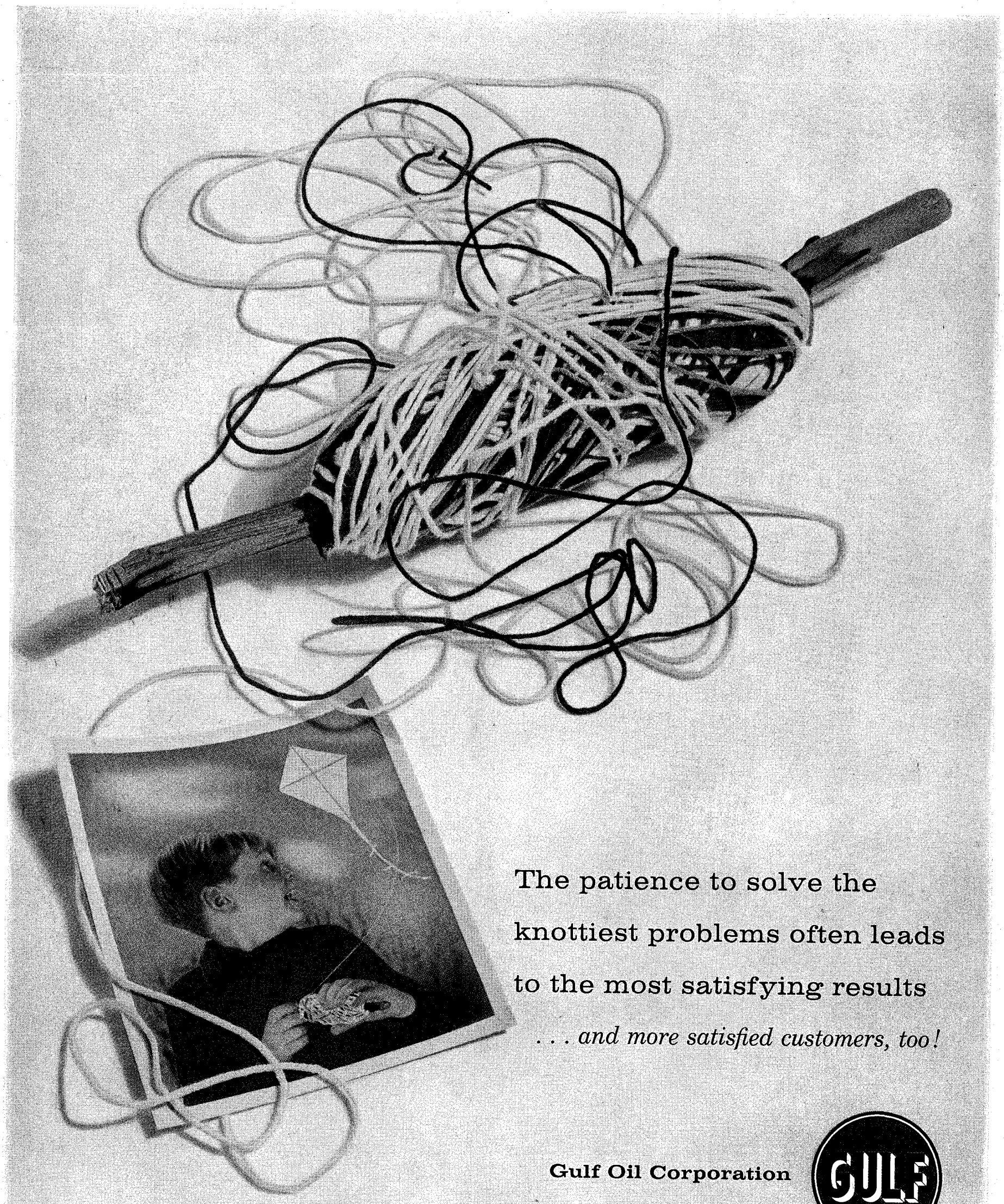

The patience to solve the knottiest problems often leads to the most satisfying results

. . . and more satisfied customers, too!

Gulf Oil Corporation

GULF

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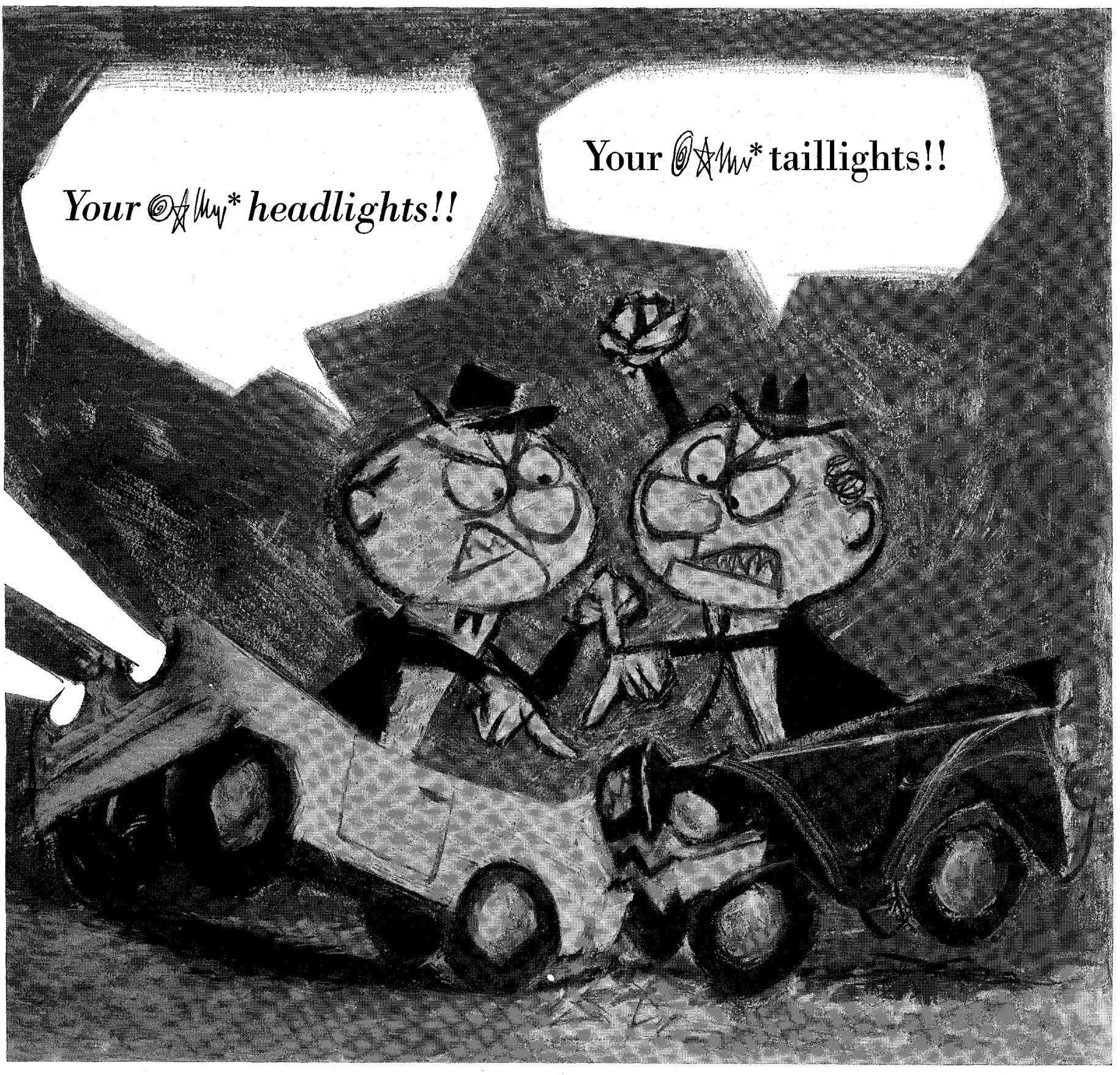
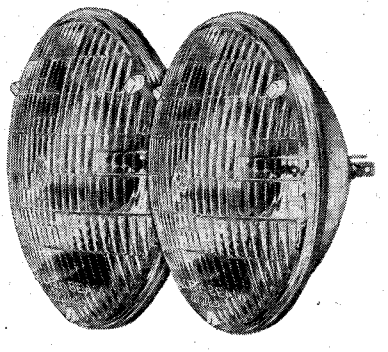


Before this happens to you . . .

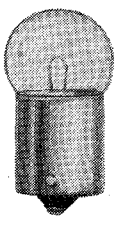
LOOK AT YOUR HEADLAMPS *in the daytime!* If you see discolored reflectors, or blackened bulbs or droplets of moisture inside the lenses, *you've already* lost much needed light. G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps will give you a lot more light immediately and maintain it throughout the long life of the lamps. The reflectors stay bright, moisture *can't* get inside, they have no inner bulbs to blacken. In addition, you see better in rain, fog or snow.

MAKE SURE YOUR HEADLAMPS ARE PROPERLY AIMED! Headlamps are removable parts, subject to road shock and vibration that can cause them to become mis-aimed. Aimed too low, you can't see far enough ahead. Aimed too high, the lights glare at on-coming drivers. Your dealer should re-aim your headlamps at least twice a year.



Install a pair of G-E All-Weather Headlamps today — and you'll see the difference tonight!

CHECK FOR BURNED OUT REAR LIGHTS! To be seen, make sure your taillights, stop lights, turn signal and license plate bulbs are working. Next time you drive in for gas or a lube job, ask your dealer to check *rear* lights and replace those that may have burned out with new G-E bulbs. General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept. SEP-48, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



**Blankety-blank, that is!*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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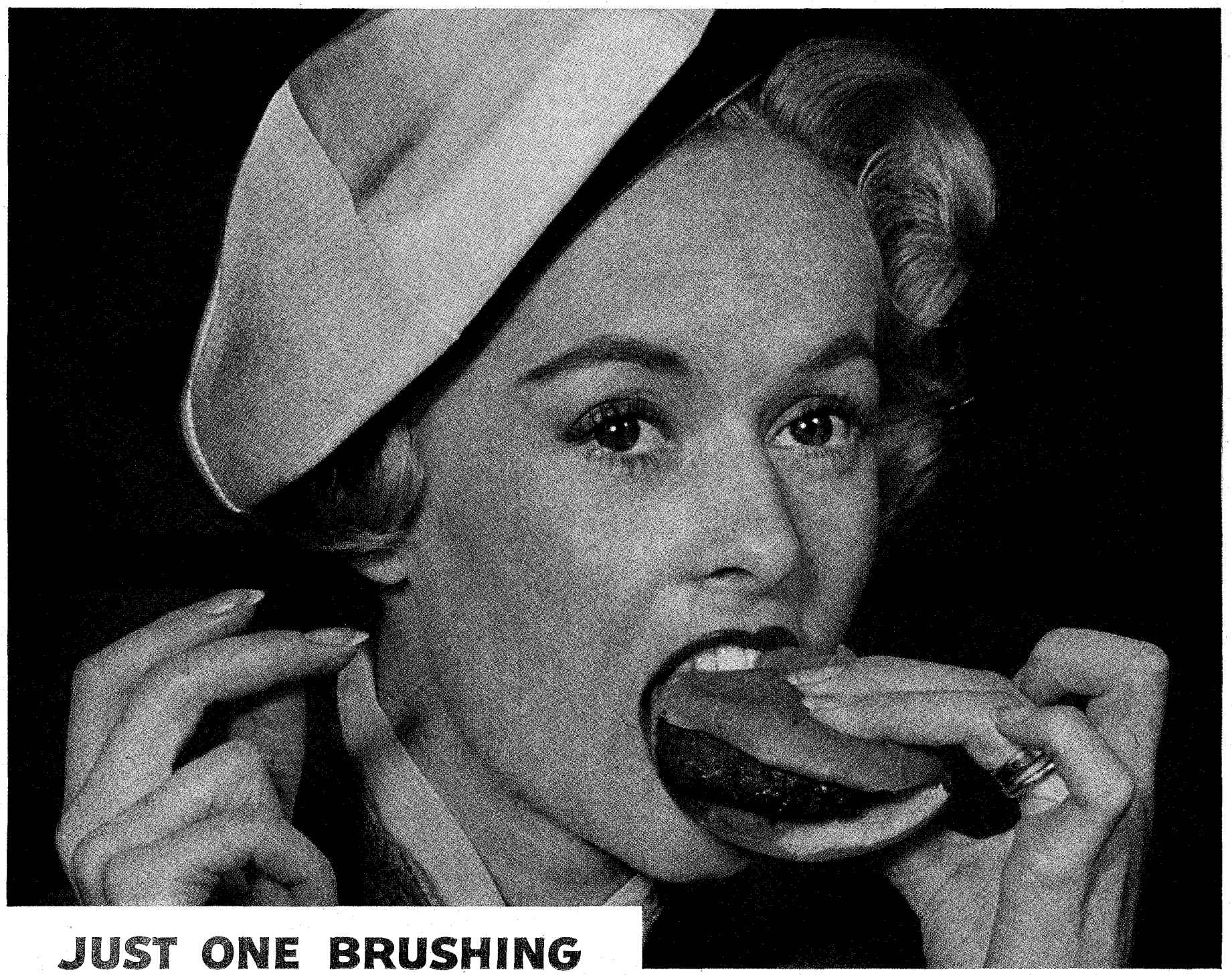
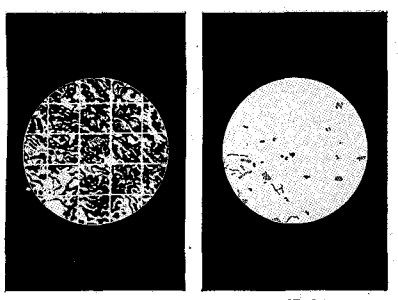
She uses only **GLEEM** *-the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF – IN PICTURES



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF – IN PERSON

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day*, for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like this mother, can't brush your teeth after every meal —even though it's best—take a tip from her. She realizes that food combines with mouth bacteria to cause both decay and mouth odor. That's why she makes sure all her family start each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing. What's more, you'll find Gleem's refreshing flavor makes brushing fun!

Only GLEEM has *GL-70* to fight decay and mouth odor

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Craig saw an arm extended through the car's window and the flash of gunfire. Then the car sped away.

ARSON, INCORPORATED

They played a deadly game with bullets, blackmail and the pyromaniac's torch.

First of eight parts By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Craig Batts, uniform coat removed in the heat of the morning, sat at the house-watch desk. His tour of duty on that post was from nine o'clock in the morning until noon, and his duties, while not arduous, were exacting and precise. He must record all fire alarms on the blackboard on the wall at his left and enter all important events in the record book opened before him. He must receive visitors with affability and courtesy. He must see to it that the street in front of the engine house was kept free so that the swift exit of the apparatus would not be impeded.

Craig was one of the eleven thousand nine hundred and sixty-three uniformed firemen arduously and scientifically trained to prevent and to extinguish fires in the metropolis of Greater New York. Physically he was fit, twenty-six years of age, five feet eleven inches tall, weight a hundred and seventy-six pounds. He was toughly handsome. He had the chin and neck and deep-set eyes of a light-heavy-weight pugilist. To look at him as he sat or walked with springy step you would have thought that he would be more adept at muscular activity than mental adroitness. You would have been in error. Not only was he a

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young man who could tell the difference between a syllogism and a solecism, but inside his well-shaped skull was a brain that could do odd tricks and perform feats that flabbergasted the beholder. There had been a natural bent that way which Craig had cultivated with assiduousness in his spare time—in the belief that it might someday come in handy. He had been a contented member of the fire department for nearly five years.

Behind him as he sat facing the street was a pumper with its hundreds of feet of folded hose, and the cumbersome ladder and water tower. In the corner was the spacious ambulance.

At the rear of the building was an oblong room housing a long table on which meals were served, and to the left was a kitchen. Upstairs were dormitory and offices.

Craig, not disturbed by alarms of fire or by visitors, played with his trick mind, passing away the time with it as if it were an instructive toy. He would peer at a pedestrian as he walked past the open front of the engine house. It required an average of twelve paces to traverse the distance in which the passer-by was visible. In that brief interval Craig memorized him or her, and when they had passed out of his life he closed his eyes and recalled them with meticulous detail. He sought to remember every article of dress or adornment, each facial feature and line of figure, every mannerism of gesture or gait.

He would vary this by concentrating upon the whole street scene as visible from his seat, and then, with closed eyes, recalling it in all its variety of being, object and movement. Because he sometimes amused himself by a display of his talent to his companions, he had earned from them the epithet of Camera Eye.

When not on house-watch duty Craig was tillerman on the ladder, which meant that he sat at the steering wheel which controlled the rear wheels of the long, cumbersome apparatus, and saw to it that the hind end followed the front end without peril to life, limb or property.

A ladder steered like an automobile in front, but like a ruddered boat behind. It was a job that required strength, readiness and quick reflexes.

Craig had just been reciting to himself the various items which made up a not unprepossessing young woman with red hair when Fireman Lorch approached the desk.

"Report to Chief Fogarty," he said curtly. "I'll relieve you."

Craig mounted the stairs, turned to his left and entered an office facing the street. Inside were two desks, back to back, their flat tops in order.

A badger-gray fire fighter sat at the right-hand desk and he glowered upward at his junior with a menace which only the face of an Irishman long in authority could exhibit.

"Anything that stinks of arson concerns me," said Craig to Chief Fogarty.

"Orders is," he said, deep in his throat, "for-r ye to rayport for-r-rthwith to the chief fire marshal."

"Yes, sir," Craig answered respectfully.

"Ye did pr-r-oper," growled the chief, "when ye come to me and asked per-r-mission to make your application to the commissioner. For-r your transfer."

"Yes, sir," Craig said a second time.

The eyes of the chief were the eyes of a disgruntled henhawk. "The old-time uniformed r-ranks was good enough for-r me," said the chief. "It was plenty good for your fayther, and for-r manny thousands of stanch and worthy min."

Craig's eyes danced as he answered. "The old-time religion," he intoned, "was good enough for me. It was good for my mither, it was good for my fayther ——"

"Kape a rayspectful tongue in your head!" Fogarty leaned forward suspiciously. "Was thim not the worrds of a Protestant hymn? What are we comin' to! A lad that was altar boy in St. Aloysius' singing a Protestant song." He scowled at Craig, but the young man did not flinch. "We will now," he said, "cease to be official. Why the divil do ye crave to be a fire marshal and desert the uniformed ranks? Tell me that."

"Uncle Paddy," Craig said earnestly, "it's a job I think I'm cut out for."

"It's right ye may be," said the chief grumpily. "As a lad ye was always pokin' and pryin' and stickin' your nose where it didn't belong. Always the curiosity of a cat in a strange house. Maybe 'twill be for the best to make yer snoopin' legal instead of a troublesome nuisance. I'm not sayin' a marshal can't be a credit to the department. So go your ways, thin. Are ye off or on this night?"

"Off, Uncle Paddy."

"Then," said the old officer, "you will rayport for supper at the house at sivin by the clock and tell me how ye make out and what the chief marshal had to say to ye whatever."

"Yes, sir," Craig said, resuming formality and snapping a salute.

Chief Fogarty was no blood uncle to Craig Batts, but only a long-time crony of that old smoke eater, Deputy Chief Batts, Craig's father, who had lost his life in a great tenement fire of a dozen years ago. Having no son of his own, but only a daughter, Chief Fogarty had placed himself *in loco parentis* to Craig. Indeed, he had brought him up almost as his own son and had not spared the rod. Between the two men, young and old, was deep affection, and on the part of the younger an all but reverent respect.

Craig rode the subway downtown to the Municipal Building, and the elevator carried him upward to the floor where were the offices of the high executive brass of the fire department. He gave his name at the information desk and was directed to the office of the chief fire marshal. The marshal's aide looked up from his desk.

"Fireman Batts?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Go in. The marshal will see you."

Craig opened the door and entered a roomy office, at the window end of which was a spacious flat-top desk with telephones and papers. On a cabinet at the right a box spoke intermittently. The man at the desk cocked his ear. "Search proceeding for radioactive material in

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There was a violent explosion as the water mingling with magnesium liberated hydrogen gas.

school building," the voice squawked. And electricity crackled. The chief marshal, not stiff with dignity, cast information to Craig. "Alarm of radioactive stuff in a public school. They're searching." He snorted. "What have they got, a boy with radioactive britches?"

The chief marshal was a broad man, not in uniform, with round, genial face. His steel-gray eyes told their story. He fixed his eyes upon young Craig.

"Your name again?"

"Fireman Craig Batts, sir."

The chief marshal tapped a paper on his desk. "The commissioner," he said, "has forwarded your application for transfer to my department." He narrowed his eyes and squinted up at Craig. "What makes you think you have the makings of a fire marshal?"

"I believe, sir, I have definite qualifications."

"Do you say so, now?" Craig could not determine whether the chief was being ironic. "Suppose you enumerate them."

"I notice things, sir. I remember details. I am able to draw conclusions from what I see."

"A modest lad!" said the chief marshal.

"Sir," Craig answered, "to become a fire marshal is a thing I want very much. I am here to convince you of my fitness. I am not vain, nor do I brag. But it would not be good sense to belittle myself."

A snort was the answer to this. "So you observe and notice details and make deductions? Those things a competent marshal must do. He must do it not where everything is cozy, but in lofts or cellars where he is being roasted by flames or choked by smoke. It is in such conditions that a fire marshal must see and remember and deduce. And keep alive."

"Yes, sir," said Craig.

"We have no artificial way to create such conditions," said the chief marshal. "A man must prove himself in actual practice."

"But, sir, might I respectfully suggest that I might prove what I have said? If you will make a test."

"Young man," said the chief marshal, "this service has its traditions and its history and its pride. There is a plaque of your father in the fire college out in Long Island City."

"I expect no special favors," Craig said a bit stiffly.

"You will get none," snapped the chief marshal. Then he smiled and it was a sly and boyish smile. "But neither will there be prejudice against you. I'm a busy man, but what is your test?"

"If I may make so bold, sir. Will you do this? While I turn my back will you place a number of things on your desk? Little articles."

"How many?"

Craig shrugged. "Suit yourself, sir. I will turn my back. Then at your signal I will face the desk and concentrate upon the objects while you tick off ten seconds. Then I turn my back again. I will try to name the several articles, state their use, and make deductions from the fact that you had them in your pockets."

"Ten seconds, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Turn around."

Craig turned. He heard clinkings, rustlings, slitherings. He experienced elation and confidence in himself. This was the sort of test he had neither anticipated nor hoped for, but at last it would give him an opportunity to put his trick mind to some valid purpose.

"Now turn," said the marshal. He counted ten slowly and once more Craig presented his back.

"All right," said the marshal. "Let's see you do your stuff."

Craig stood silent, eyes closed.

"Well; well," said the chief impatiently.

"Yes, sir," Craig responded. He would make a production of it to impress. It must not seem easy. "There are," he said, "eleven articles. Five in a straight line and six scrambled. In the line, beginning at your right is a knife, its handle of polished steel. It contains a large blade, a small (Continued on Page 50)

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

Announcing a new series of articles exploring the frontiers of contemporary thought... written by some of the world's ablest creative thinkers.

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Perhaps never before in its long history has The Saturday Evening Post undertaken so ambitious a project as the one we are launching with the article which opens on the following two pages. We call this new series ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, because creative thinking can be high adventure.

For some little time we Post editors have been deeply disturbed by the obvious—and obviously dangerous—chasm that separates the intellectuals of our nation from the millions of citizens whose attitudes and opinions determine national policy and set the standards of national behavior.

The intellectual, or "egghead" (as we carelessly brand him), has deep reservations about the ordinary layman. He feels that we don't understand him, or respect him, or reward his labors—that we give to the crooner, the comedian, the halfback the allegiance of our minds and our pocketbooks. And so he goes his cloistered way—toiling quietly in his laboratory, at his easel, typewriter or blackboard, communicating chiefly with his colleagues through lectures and scholarly journals.

The rest of us, meanwhile, struggle with the more routine problems of an ever more complex world—buffeted by currents that we sense rather than comprehend, mistrustful of the "egghead" who has never "met a payroll" or a sales quota.

The Russian Sputnik, for example, produced a gigantic upheaval in American life. It raised questions about our schools, our economy, our self-satisfaction, our moral fiber—all questions that we, with our votes and our dollars, must ultimately answer. Suddenly all of us are required to consider problems of national values and survival that did not seem to exist yesterday. The irony is that these problems—the conquest of space, the purpose of education, the state of American culture—are the very problems the intellectuals have been grappling with for decades. They have discussed them endlessly and knowledgeably, but all too often their voices have been audible only to themselves.

Yet the fact is that what the scholar thinks, the artist creates, the scientist discovers, cannot achieve full reality without the rest of us. Without us no idea or institution can flourish. Without us there would have been no Salk vaccine, no practical application of atomic energy, no public education, no research to find a cure for cancer. Obviously a bridge is needed—or perhaps several bridges. Bridges across which ideas can travel.

The Saturday Evening Post, with a circulation in excess of 5,750,000, hopes to build one such bridge. We are attempting to build it by opening our pages to the wide-ranging reports and speculations of the intellectual world. Each contributor will be an authority of unquestioned competence and attainment in his field. Each will choose his own subject and present it free from editorial restraint.

Some of the articles which will appear in this new series will require concentration, but all of them, we think, will be highly rewarding. They will give to our audience a kind of information not now available in popular journalism: pure knowledge which, while perhaps of no immediate practical use, is the stuff of which sound decisions are made. We believe that our audience has enough intellectual curiosity to justify the series and perhaps even make it a popular and permanent feature of the Post.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND will appear in each of our next three issues and thereafter at intervals of every two or three weeks throughout the year. We invite you to turn the page and read the first article of this series, and, as always, we shall welcome your comments and advice, your applause and criticism.

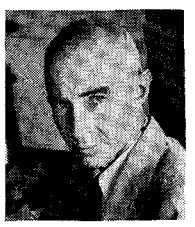
THE EDITORS

Coming contributors to ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

Barzun

on the Humanities. Jacques Barzun, French-born Dean of Faculties and Provost of Columbia University, is a prolific writer on literature, the arts, cultural history. Doctor Barzun's work has been acclaimed for its "monumental scholarship; elegant and eloquent writing; the pervasive imprint of a deeply civilized mind; and a wealth of insight into the life of art."

Oppenheimer



on The Mystery of Matter. J. Robert Oppenheimer's place in the development of nuclear physics is assured by his original work in quantum mechanics, cosmic rays and nuclear theory. For his contribution to the atomic-bomb project he received the Medal for Merit. Doctor Oppenheimer is Director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton.

Taylor

on Art. Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art for fifteen years, and at the time of his death last November, director of the Worcester Art Museum, Francis Henry Taylor was an art historian rarely surpassed in wit, perception and grace of style. His major works included The Taste of Angels—A History of Art Collecting from Rameses to Napoleon.

Gropius

on Architecture. During the First World War, Walter Gropius founded, in his native Germany, the "Bauhaus School," whose influence on architecture and design has been international. From 1938 to 1952 he headed the Department of Architecture, Graduate School of Design, at Harvard. Now Professor Emeritus, Doctor Gropius is a practicing architect with headquarters in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Zworykin

on Medicine and Electronics. As Director of Electronic Research for the Radio Corporation of America, Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin has developed such key devices of television as the iconoscope and the kinescope. His more recent work at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research includes the ultraviolet color-translating TV microscope and the "radio pill."

Beck

on The Living Organism. William S. Beck, Assistant Professor of Medicine at Harvard Medical School and Director of the Hematological Research Laboratory of the Massachusetts General Hospital, is one of biochemistry's most articulate expositors. Doctor Beck charts the new frontiers of genetic research.

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An Evolutionist Looks at Modern Man

By LOREN EISELEY

In the age of technology which now surrounds us, and which boasts of its triumphs over nature, one thing is ever more apparent to the anthropologist—the student of man. We have not really conquered nature because we have not conquered ourselves. It is modern man, *Homo sapiens*, "the wise" as he styles himself, who is now the secret nightmare of man. It is his own long shadow that falls across his restless nights and that follows soundlessly after the pacing feet of statesmen.

Not long ago I chanced to walk through the Hall of Man in one of the country's large museums. Persons of great learning had been instrumental in erecting those exhibits, and I hoped to find there some clue as to human destiny, some key that might unlock in a few succinct sentences the nature of man. The exhibit ended in a question mark before an atomic machine and a graph showing the almost incredible energy that now lay open to the hand of man. Needless to say, I agreed with the question mark which ended the history of humanity within that hall.

But as I turned and went in the other direction, step by step, eon by eon, back into the past, I came to a scarcely human thing crouched over a little fire of sticks and peering up at me under shaggy brows. The caption read: "Man begins his technological climb up the energy ladder. He discovers fire." I walked a short way backward and forward. I read the captions. I looked again at the creatures huddled over a fire of sticks—at the woman clutching a child to her breast. Again I searched the hall. This was the sum total of all that science had here seen fit to emphasize graphically as important to the human story. The hunters' tools were there, the economic revolution effected by agriculture was ably presented. Summarized

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

About the Author

A native Nebraskan, later a teacher at the University of Kansas and at Oberlin, in Ohio, Loren Eiseley is now chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania and curator of Early Man in the University Museum. Following publication of his book, The Immense Journey (Random House, 1957), Doctor Eiseley was hailed for the imagination and lyricism with which he evoked the images of man in nature and the nature of man. In a forthcoming book, Darwin's Century (Doubleday, 1958), Doctor Eiseley will trace the history of the evolutionary concept. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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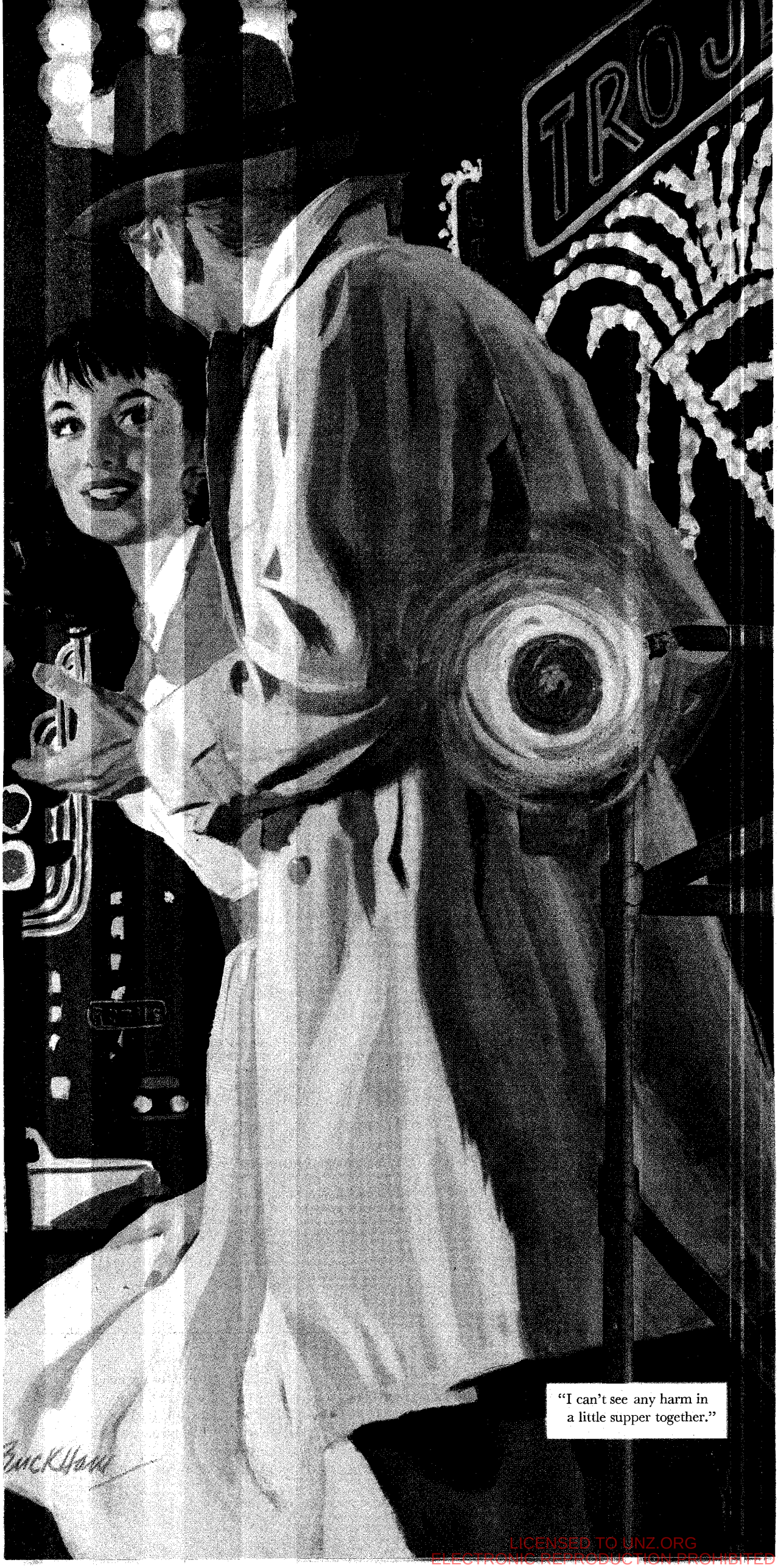

ALONE IN THE CITY

By LOUIS PAUL

What happens when a pretty refugee meets an attractive and very persistent American man?

Miss Marek looked down from her window to watch the stream of headlighted trucks making its way up First Avenue. Like a sparkling necklace, the lights of the Queensborough Bridge arched high over the river that divides Brooklyn from Manhattan. Similarly Buda was separated from Pest by the Danube. But there the resemblance ended. Her last memory of Budapest was of streets filled with barricades, of stone and rubble and Soviet tanks rumbling over the cobblestones, and of her brother, Christian, among those thousands of resistance fighters killed in the cause of freedom. Now she was alone in the world, gazing down through a dusty windowpane at this strange big American city. A knock sounded on the door, interrupting her reverie.

"Yes?"

"The name is Honneger. I call only to ask if all is O.K." The speaker was a tall man, rather bald, with a pleasant, shiny face. "Please excuse the suspenders." He was wearing a vest and stiff, rumpled shirt. "One hears from Mrs. Gody that you come recently from the Refugee Center."

"True."

"I am fourteen years American, was formerly of Szeged in Hungary."

"I am of Budapest," said Kathi. "I, too, wish to become American."

"You took part in the great revolt?"

Kathi gazed down at the moving traffic below. "My brother was killed during the second uprising. My father was Artur Marek, the cellist. After the first massacre we escaped to England. We never heard from Christian again. Then, six months later, we finally procured American visas. But papa caught a pneumonia and —— Well, after he died, I came by myself. At the center a trustworthy man, Antal (Continued on Page 104)

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Death on the Freeway: The driver (crumpled in the gutter) was drunk one moment, dead the next. He hit a parked car near San Francisco. Luckily no one else was killed.

We Jail Drunken Drivers

California's governor tells how his state—fed up with soft treatment for the highway's worst offenders—has set a punishment which fits the crime.

By GOV. GOODWIN J. KNIGHT as told to Bruce Lee

California Highway Patrolmen asked the unsteady man below to walk a straight line on a recent Saturday night. He couldn't. He wound up spending the weekend in jail, later pleaded guilty to drunken driving.

In California, drunken drivers go to jail. They don't like it. They weren't supposed to. And if they're too spineless to blame themselves for their predicament, they can blame me. I sponsored the legislation that put them there, and last September eleventh, as governor, I had the pleasure of signing it into law—the toughest crackdown on drunk driving in the nation's history.

Precisely because the law is so tough, I expect that, in 1958 alone, thousands of accidents will be prevented in my state, more than a hundred lives will be saved and millions of dollars conserved. And I'm happy to say that I have already received requests for information about our new law from officials of several other states which may duplicate this legislation.

I am a good deal less pleased by the humorists who ask, pseudo-solemnly, "What do you expect people to do? If they're too drunk to drive, certainly they're too drunk to walk."

To me, there is nothing funny about drunken-driving jokes. Drinking is a willful act. In a very real sense, therefore, the deaths and maimings on the highway that result from drinking can be regarded as nearly deliberate. Drunken drivers kill three people in California every day. They are responsible for one of every 4.3 injuries. (Continued on Page 100)

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BY PETE MARTIN

I CALL ON BOB HOPE

Hollywood's fast-talking funny-man reveals how he's stayed on top in TV. He speaks frankly about "impetuous" Frank Sinatra and tells what Como owes to Crosby.

I hear there's been gloom in Hollywood about the sag in the movie box office," I said to Bob Hope. "What's your slant on it?"

When I came in, he was walking bouncily around the living room of his suite at New York's Essex House. His voice had bounce too. I couldn't tell whether it was pumped in to conform with Hollywood's insistence upon a rosy future or whether it was because everything he says is just naturally filled with resilience.

"Who was I talking to the other day?" he asked; then he answered his own question. "Oh, yes; Leonard Goldenson, head of United Paramount Theaters. He told me that since last Christmas the box office has crawled out from under the launching pad. The major studios and the independents have a number of blockbuster pictures in orbit now."

"Do you think it was stupidly shortsighted for Paramount to sell its pre-1948 movies for TV showing as it did not long ago?" I asked.

"Don't forget," Hope reminded me, "Paramount picked up fifty million dollars for that bundle of pictures, and that fifty million is going to bump Paramount stock upward and this will make the stockholders happy."

"Personally," I told him, "I don't think any money will make up for the millions of people who are going to sit home instead of going to the movies, so they can watch those earlier

"We have 250 laughs in this picture," claims Hope, below, on the set of his latest movie, Paris Holiday. Helping keep up the pace are his costars, Fernandel and Anita Ekberg.

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pictures on their TV screens, especially the Road pictures starring you and Bing."

"Dry your eyes, big boy," he told me. "Two of the Road pictures, The Road to Bali and The Road to Rio, are not in the package Paramount sold, for the simple reason that I own a third of each, Bing owns another third and Paramount owns the other third, so they couldn't sell them without my O.K. and Bing's O.K. And I have the same gimmick going for me on several other pre-'48 Paramount pix, including The Son of Pale Face, so the twenty-one-inch-screen moguls will have to cough up another wad to shake those films loose if they want them to compete with films in the theaters on the late, late, late shows.

"After all, whether it bothers you and me or not, business is business," he went on. "M-G-M and Fox and Columbia have already sold TV hundreds of their pre-1948 pictures. The moviemakers are not just in California for the sunshine. Like those other chaps who went out there earlier, they're out there for the gold."

"But they're cutting their own throats," I protested.

"A lot of people will agree with you," he said, "but nobody has been offered such prices for doing it before. If the studios had got together and agreed not to sell their backlog of pictures, that would have been different, but when all those financiers with white piping on their vests began to flap handfuls of thousand-dollar bills in their faces, at a time when the stockholders were hungry, it was each man for himself."

"On the other hand," I said, "since you are up to your eyeballs in both movies and television yourself, you're a split personality. Maybe that's why you're so philosophical about it."

"You're right, boy, I am philosophical about it," he said. "Nobody has to worry about me. I can always go out and steal a dollar making a personal appearance. And nobody has to bother about whether I'll get my three squares or not. The Hopes are going to eat. But at the same time that doesn't help the poor guy who owns a picture house in Muncie, Indiana. That's who's really hurting. If he gets anemic, the whole motion-picture industry is going to need blood."

"Have you got any idea what's to be done about that?" I asked.

He told me, "We've got to concentrate on luring people in to see the bigger movies in the bigger movie houses."

"What's going to happen to the neighborhood houses?" I asked.

"Some of them will have to change into the best-looking bowling alleys anybody has ever seen," he said. (Continued on Page 97)

Hope, the TV star, with a lively young guest, actress Natalie Wood. He treats each of his shows "like there's not going to be any tomorrow."

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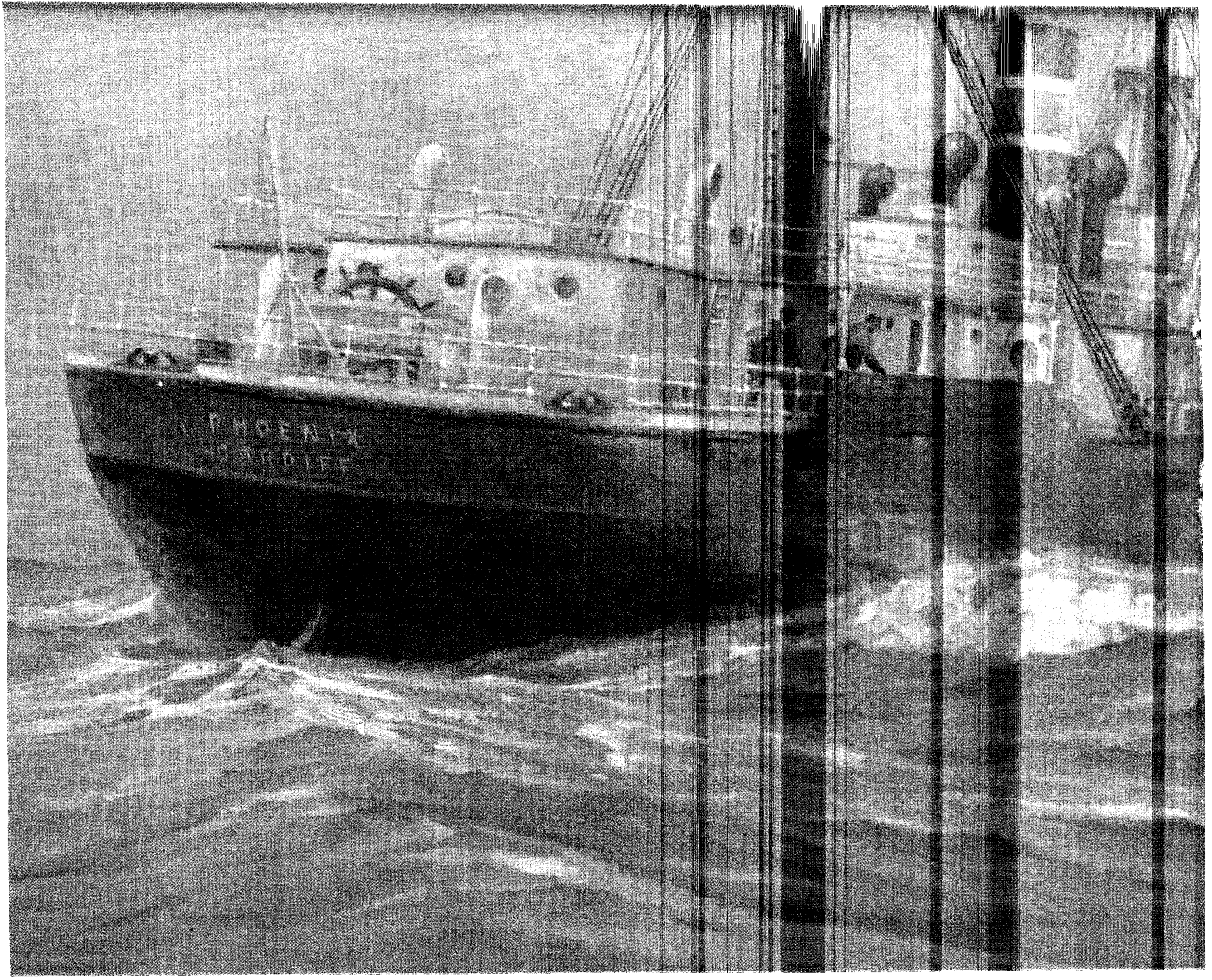

A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The treacherous captain was going to destroy his own ship—but first he had to destroy

The Inquisitive Mr. Gallup

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Fleeing through the black night, smashing into the head seas and freezing wind that screamed down from the Barents Sea, the few remaining ships of the Murmansk convoy, now unprotected by the Allied naval escort that had left to hunt down the German fleet, rolled and pitched indomitably onward, their shivering, red-eyed lookouts staring numbly ahead into the death-haunted darkness which at intervals was broken by a spectacular explosion and the sullen red glare of burning ships, while muffled detonations rolled along the bed of the sea. Through patches of wreckage and viscous pools of oil, dotted all too frequently by bobbing corpses, the survivors threshed doggedly on.

At the sternmost rim of the scattering convoy, her ancient plates strained and cracked by the near misses of Nazi bombers during the day's attack, and with one bucket sheared from her propeller, the small, Clyde-built tramp ship Phoenix butted into the rising seas at a limping five knots; slowly and inexorably

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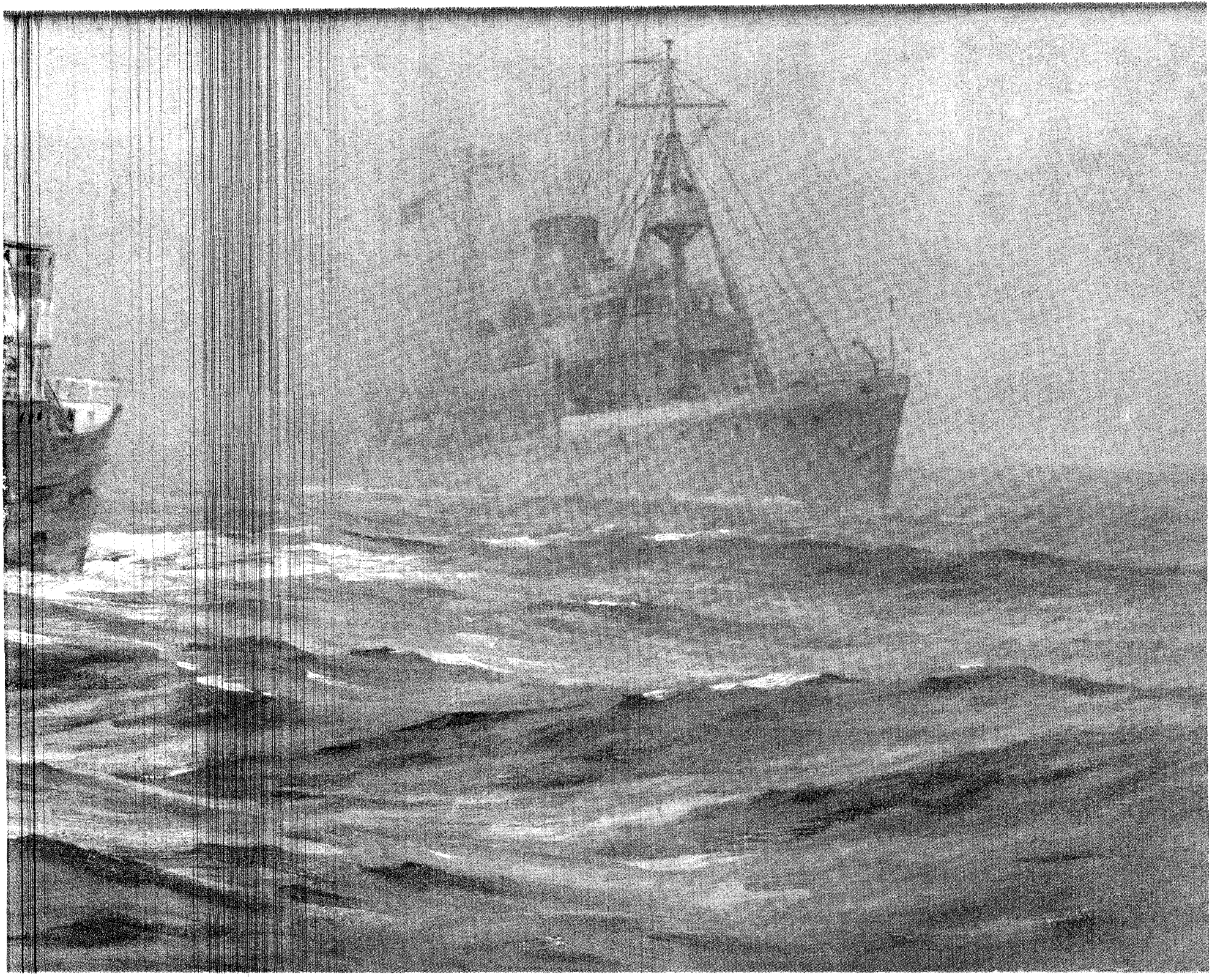

The Coast Guard cutter came like a ghost out of the fog.

falling behind. In her sick bay unskillful, gaunt-cheeked, chin-bristled seamen and stokers, with rough tenderness, eased the agony of bullet-ripped shipmates. And on her bridge Captain Pettigrew, whose spirit and courage were larger than his frail, undersized body, summoned his last reserves of fortitude to keep awake and conscious so that, after more than seventy-two hours of sleepless strain, he could live to fight through other hopeless days and nights. But try as he would, leaning for support against the rail of the open bridge wing and battling the deadly fatigue that drained the very marrow of his being, the dregs of his endurance had been reached.

As he fell he was caught in the pudgy arms of his chief officer, Mr. Krank, who carried him into the master's cabin below the chart-room. There, dumping him in his bunk, Mr. Krank surveyed him briefly through expressionless, heavy-lidded eyes. Then he forced open the iron-rigid jaws, and sloshed therein a gagging, choking half tumbler of raw whisky, during which rough ministration Captain Pettigrew struggled back to semiconsciousness.

"No, no!" he gasped, almost strangled, while the liquor ran down his grimy chin. "Can't quit! . . . Bridge! . . ."

Almost speculatively Mr. Krank watched him, his large pallid face within inches of his commander's. Then: "Nah-nah, sir!" he soothed in a rich cockney accent. "Wouldn't cheat old 'Itler afore 'e'd 'ad a fair charnce at yer, would yer? So yer've bin wivout sleep for a few days an' nights? Others 'ave done likewise an' come up blooming—though yer don't catch me doin' it! Not while I've the second an' third mates to share me watches wiv! That's right"—he watched without visible emotion as the shipmaster drifted into unconsciousness again—"you jus' doss off now, and don't worry. I'll keep yer blasted bridge for yer!"

He placed the bottle of whisky near the head of the now profoundly senseless man; reconsidered, and poured part of it over the shipmaster's face and clothing; threw the bottle on the deck and let its contents ebb into the carpet. Then, opening a fresh bottle from a locker, he put it within reach.

"Now!" he said softly. "If yer do wake up, 'ere's something to put yer back to bye-bye again! An' I'll be down from time to time, to make sure you take it!" Then, on elephantine tiptoes, Mr. Krank, snapping out the light as he went, returned to impassive vigil on the bridge.

The rest of the convoy was gone now, scattered each to its separate fate of sinking or survival; and since the Phoenix's chief officer judged that she would be safer, thus alone, with the wolf pack pursuing the main body, he relaxed, scheming, now that he had made the first, long-planned step, what further he would do, in the golden days of peace.

Nor could he know that, a few miles away over the dark and heaving waters, and on the bridge of another tramp steamer of the same convoy, the (Continued on Page 63)

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

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Marriage is Our Business

The tearful woman above broke down while recounting her troubles in a "group-counseling" session. Unhappy couples often find reassurance in openly discussing their problems with others in similar distress.

YOUNG PEOPLE IN LOVE

Boy loves girl, girl loves boy—but their marriage may be doomed before it starts. A marriage counselor's case histories point out the danger signs.

By EMILY HARTSHORNE MUDD, Ph.D., as told to Hannah Lees

CONCLUSION The United States is the most marrying country in the world. Over 90 per cent of all Americans fall in love and get married at some age between sixteen and sixty. This sturdy romantic situation might make us swell with national pride, if it weren't for the corollary fact that we are also the most divorcing country in the world. We have twice as many divorces per thousand marriages as Sweden, four times as many as England, and five times as many as Canada. No other country with any available statistics has a divorce rate approaching ours—which breaks down to more than a thousand divorce decrees granted every single day. We view the high divorce rate with alarm, but few of us ask why it is so. Here at the Marriage Council of Philadelphia—one of the pioneer marriage-counseling (Continued on Page 126)

The coeds below elected the "preparation-for-marriage" course at the University of Pennsylvania. Their instructor is Mrs. Virginia Henderson, Marriage Council lecturer.

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"I told you I did not type that paper!" Ripley screamed.

TWISTED EVIDENCE

Ripley was a sharp operator. His case was airtight—except for one small flaw.

By HARRY KLINGSBERG

April afternoon sunlight tinted the small office of Scott and Son, makers of gasoline engines, contrasting with the grim scene within. Here, pursuant to judgment and levy, a deputy sheriff was selling out the possessions of the company.

Numbly watching the demise of his modest business was its dark-eyed, twenty-six-year-old owner. Also present were the judgment creditor, a spruce, chesty man in his fifties; his lawyer; a few bargain-hunting bidders. The machine shop in the rear of the premises had already been put to auction; now the deputy dispatched the contents of the office: safe, desks, miscellaneous. The sale was over.

Standing apart in the familiar surroundings, an outsider here now, the young owner told himself bitterly that he'd been stupid and trusting and let the business his father left him slip through his fingers. He threw a furious look at his creditor and it seemed he would explode at him; then, turning quickly, began to walk out. At the door, a waiting lieutenant of detectives stepped toward him.

"You Frank Scott? I've got a warrant for your arrest."

"Hello, Bill. Come on in."

Assistant District Attorney John Doowinkle answered his doorbell, pleased to see his friend, Lieutenant of Detectives Bill Stuart. A slight, spectacled man, rather stubborn looking, he followed the tall officer into the living room. "Have a chair."

"Thanks." They exchanged commonplaces, Bill somewhat (Continued on Page 84)

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The Face of AMERICA

The Polish-Americans

There are more than six million Americans of Polish descent, not counting the Notre Dame tackles and guards. Count and General Casimir Pulaski might rightfully be acclaimed the sponsor of them all. He gave his own life that they might enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness or football in this country. The picture shows the Polish-Americans of Detroit parading in honor of their hero on last October thirteenth, the Sunday after Pulaski Day, October eleventh. The Italian-Americans of Detroit also paraded, in honor of Columbus, and the two colorful observances were combined as a sort of symbol of melting-pot success. The girls you see are aboard the float of the Polish Women's Alliance of America. Pulaski, exiled from his native Poland as a revolutionary, met Ben Franklin in Paris at the beginning of our Revolutionary War and offered his services to the cause of American independence. Franklin grabbed him. General Pulaski distinguished himself in several battles and was fatally wounded leading a cavalry charge against the British at Savannah on October 9, 1779. He died two days later. He was thirty-one. ● Photograph by Larry Keighley

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Washington's School for Young Soviets

Have you wondered how the Russians educate their children? This report from the nation's capital contains some real surprises.

By ELEANOR S. LOWMAN

It was Saturday in Washington, D.C., but not every school was closed. In front of one—a converted town house in a fashionable neighborhood—big black limousines with embassy license plates pulled up to the curb. Little children toting small briefcases and chattering happily in Russian scampered across the sidewalk and pushed into the side door. It was 8:45, the beginning of another day at what is perhaps the most unusual educational institution in America: the primary school for children of Soviet and Czech diplomats stationed in Washington. By special permission of the Soviet Government, I was allowed to spend that Saturday at the school in order to gather material for this exclusive report to The Saturday Evening Post. The facts I collected and the impressions I gained afford considerable insight into Soviet educational methods on the lower level.

This Soviet primary school, known to some Washington wags as the Little "Red" Schoolhouse, consists of grades one through four. (Soviet children of secondary level—grades

Between classes, fourth-graders play checkers before a bust of Lenin. The Red hero's brooding image (see picture at left) is the only decoration in their classroom.

Soviet second grade in the District of Columbia: Teacher Vera Popova gives a Russian lesson to children of Red diplomats stationed in Washington.

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These Russian first-graders don't "waste" any class time on "frill subjects" such as orchestra, dramatics and photography. And they get an hour of homework each night.

Photographs by Larry Fried

five through ten—are left behind at a special school in Moscow.) The curriculum is identical to that of all other primary schools in the U.S.S.R. Soviet children, on reaching the age of seven, must enroll in the first grade. They attend class four or five hours a day, six days a week, observing only a few holidays, such as the October revolution and the New Year. They study the same textbooks as do all Soviet children, cover the same specified subject matter and must pass the same final examination at the end of the fourth grade. The teachers are sent to the United States by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for two- or three-year assignments, after which they return to their normal teaching posts in Russia.

Now it was time to enter the Red school. I followed the children through the cloakroom entrance. The older ones helped the younger children take off their coats and hang them on hooks. They smiled at me shyly. Some greeted me in Russian. A few spoke a hesitant "Good morning, ma'am." Then they scampered up the stairs and placed their briefcases beside their desks. It was not quite nine o'clock, so the boys made a beeline for a row of chess boards. A group of girls formed a ring to play a sort of "patty-cake" circle game. Youngsters continued to flock in. Soon there were about fifty children aged seven to eleven gathered in the large reception-recreation room, which was dominated by a massive oil painting of Lenin. In the far corner a life-sized gilded head of Lenin rested on a scarlet-draped pedestal.

I watched the children at their play. Most of the little girls had pigtails. Some wore a single thick braid down the back. A few had two braids looped and crossed at the neck and tied up with gay ribbons. Several wore the brown serge, long-sleeved dress with pleated skirt, white lace collar and black pinafore apron which is the usual uniform of all little schoolgirls in Moscow. Many of them wore long brown stockings with black or brown shoes, usually high and laced. However, none of the little boys (Continued on Page 58)

When school is over, big cars from the Russian Embassy pick up the children and take them home. The children who get the best marks in class recitation each day are allowed to sit in the front seat as a special privilege.

Kindergarten, American style: At a school outside Washington the Russian principal, Mrs. Popova (dark suit), watches a teacher fascinate her relaxed, happy pupils with a cage of guinea pigs.

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The Pentagon Blonde

One thing they never taught this battle-hardened officer was how to outmaneuver a pretty secretary.

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

Capt. Lancelot Stubbs was awakened by the ringing of his telephone on a Sunday late in April. Eight-thirty was, he considered glumly, an unreasonable hour to be aroused on a morning when he had no duty and after a night when he'd been out late, singing and hoisting a few with some of the boys he'd served with in Korea. Also, from the way his head felt, he thought it just possible that maybe he might have sung a song or two too many.

"Stubbs here," he mumbled into the transmitter.

A voice said unfeelingly into his ear, "Mount your horse, pal, and ride forthwith for the Pentagon." It was the adjutant, one of the cheerful early-rising types.

"What's the Pentagon?" Lance demanded fuzzily.

"A lil ole cotton-pickin' shack in the Great White Father's city," the adjutant answered, chuckling at his own wit. "You've been ordered to duty with the staff there, doll."

Lance became fully awake with a bang. "They can't do that to me!" he yelled hoarsely. "I'll go back to Korea first if ——"

"Correction, dear," the adjutant said sweetly. "They have done this to you. Turn command of your company over to young Fessenden and away you go to Washington, my freckle-faced friend."

"I won't do it," Lance said. "I'll mutiny."

"Then we'll stand you up against a wall and shoot you, dear," the adjutant said more sweetly still. "Kindly do not forget to sign out before you go—and remember me to all of the brass in the Pentagon, won't you, laddie?"

Lance repeated into the transmitter a couple of the new words he'd picked up in Korea and heard the adjutant's chuckle before the phone clicked with a nasty finality. For a moment longer he sat on the side of the bed, staring at the telephone with a sort of shocked fascination—as though this whole thing were some sort of a garish nightmare from which he would presently awaken.

Lance was twenty-six and a paratrooper by trade; since his return from Korea he'd been happy as a grig commanding a company at Fort McKuhn. Since all of his duty up until now had been with troops, he possessed a line officer's natural distrust of the staff—considering such people his natural enemies and convinced that the lot of them were hooligans who cared little which side of the street they picked pockets upon. Now this had come!

He'd supposed that someday when he was an old man—say a major or a lieutenant colonel, perhaps—and no longer able to step from the door of a troop carrier into the jolting impact of the slip stream, he'd probably have to submit to a staff assignment somewhere. But to be struck down in the prime of his youth—it was monstrous! And at the Pentagon, yet!

Lance had been there just once and that had been enough. He'd gone for a look at his efficiency reports and 201 file just before he'd taken off for Korea. A bright-eyed girl at an information desk had given him a quick and appraising glance as he'd asked for directions.

Nice, she'd decided, *but shy with girls.* That last was understatement—girls scared the dickens out of Lance. *Lopsided grin and a face just homely enough for a girl to trust. I think you could like him, Holly Hicks, if you ever had the chance—though he's probably married. It seems like all of the nice ones are.*

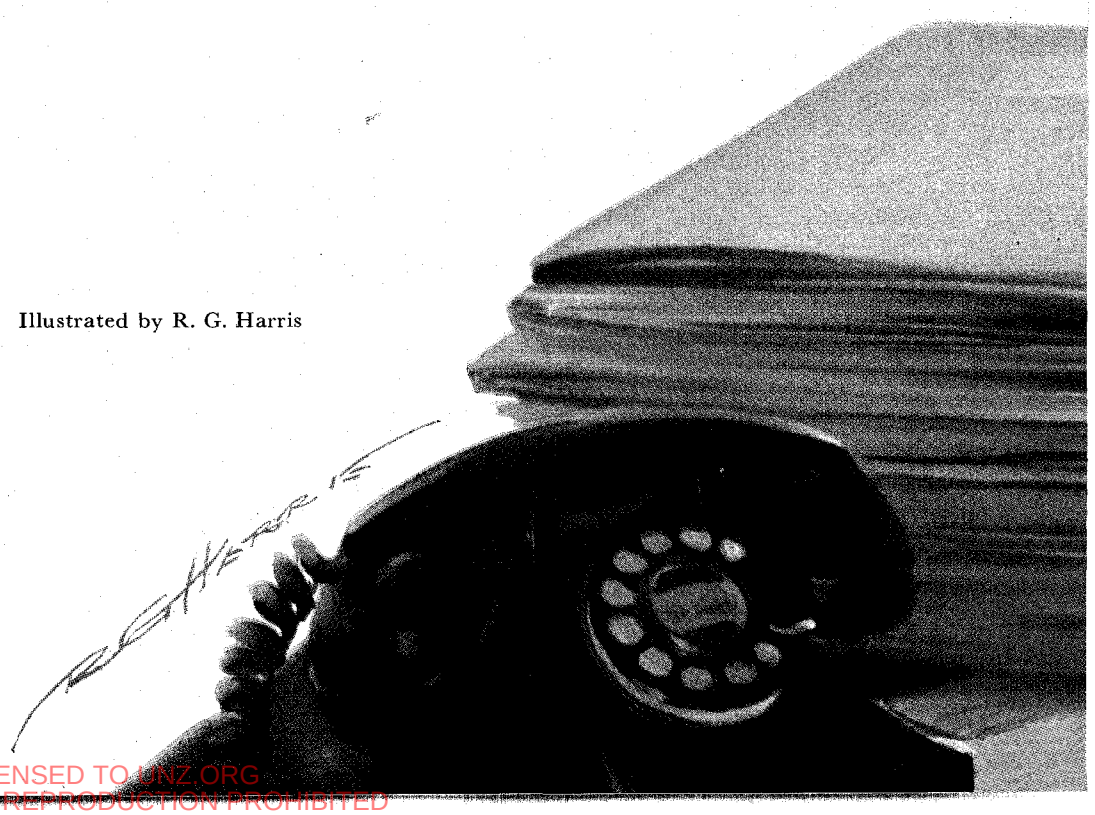
"The office you want is on E Ring on the first floor," she'd told Lance, and neither of them had had any inkling that they'd meet again and in the Pentagon. "Go up the ramp and take the second ——"

He didn't know why he should remember that now. After a little he got up and groped his way to the bathroom to peer morosely at the mirror. A lean, freckled face topped by sandy hair arranged in a stand-up haircut glowered back at him as he started to shave, his mind reviewing his actions since he'd been here at Fort McKuhn.

He'd done nothing that would warrant his exile to Washington, he decided. And in Korea he'd been a model of soldierly virtue except for one or two minor lapses. There'd been that geisha party in Tokyo and there'd been that time when he'd tossed Bongo Harrison off the LST at Pusan, but everybody had considered that as pretty much of a public service except, of course, Bongo Harrison.

Lance stopped, his razor poised in the middle of a stroke, as a little gong rang in his mind. "Bongo!" he said aloud with conviction. "He's (Continued on Page 110)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris



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"You mean you
don't want me to go?"
Lance asked Holly
a little incredulously.

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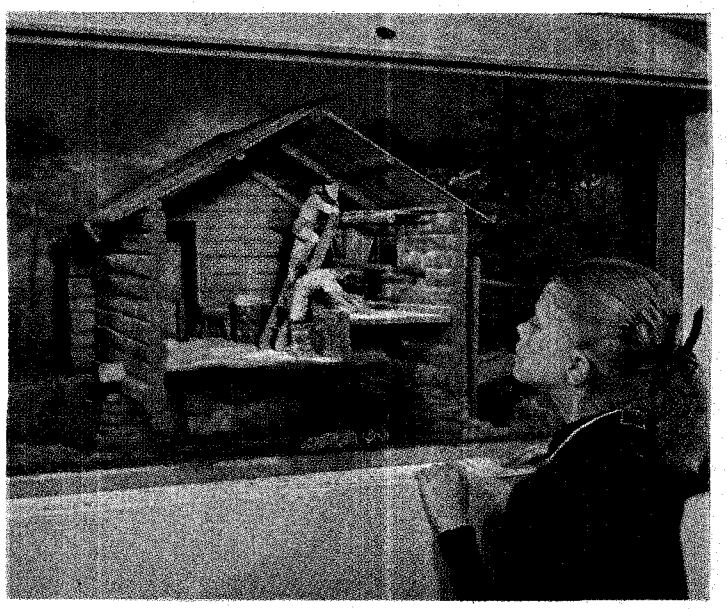
These gunpowder rolling mills were built in 1822. Fifty thousand people have visited them since the museum opened in May, 1957.

AMERICA'S FIRST "BOOM" TOWN

In Delaware's beautiful Brandywine valley a cluster of early-American factories has been turned into a remarkable historical preserve.



One of the scrupulously accurate models of early American industry: a 17th-century grist mill.

By Robert Cantwell

During the past five years the most unusual museum on earth has slowly taken shape in a wooded valley of the Brandywine, four miles north of Wilmington, Delaware. There are no art treasures from Greece and Rome in this institution, no mastodon bones, stuffed birds, or antique furniture. Its exhibits consist of a number of obsolete factory buildings, working models of out-of-date manufacturing equipment, rusty wheels, broken gears, pieces of shafting, old kettles, forges, furnaces and such stuff as is usually quickly deposited on the nearest scrap heap.

The director of research responsible for this collection of examples of early mechanical ingenuity is a young historian named Dr. Walter Judson Heacock, formerly of Williamsburg, Virginia, the magnificent colonial restoration financed by the Rockefellers. Doctor Heacock heads a staff that has numbered as many as twenty modelmakers, artists, research assistants and librarians— (Continued on Page 116)

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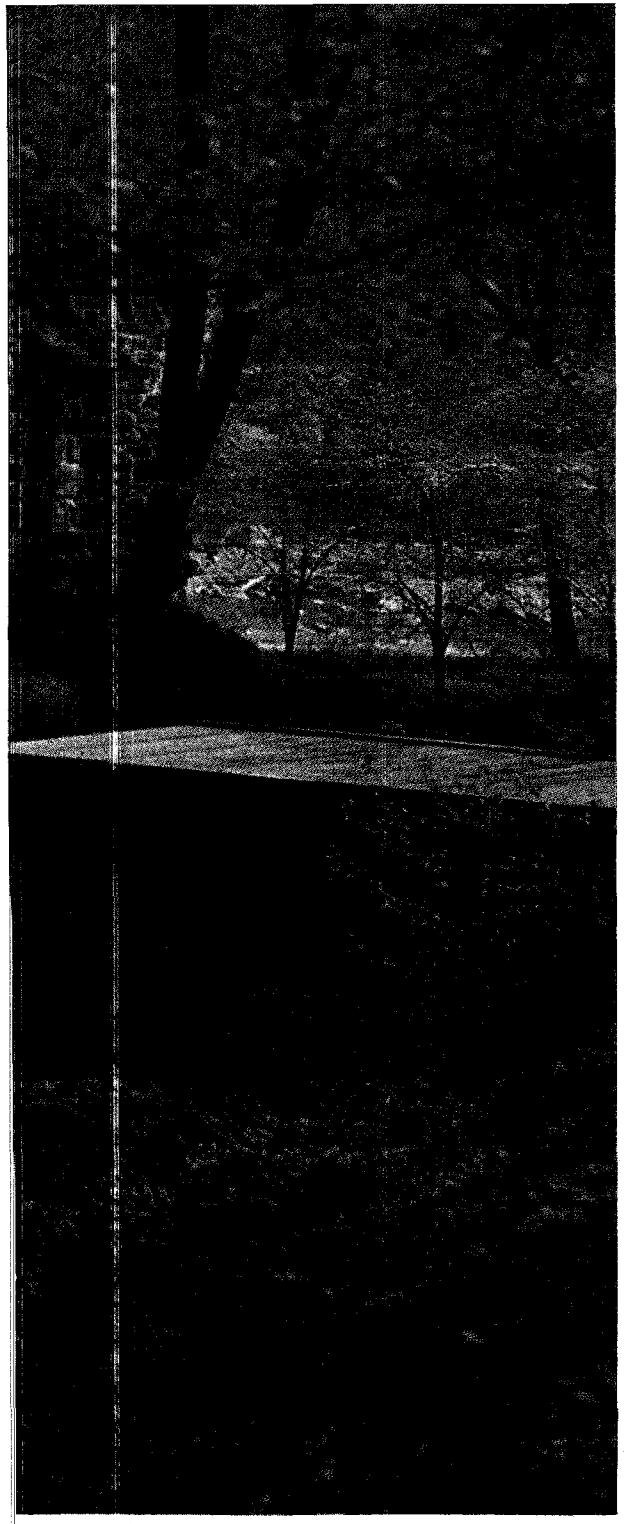
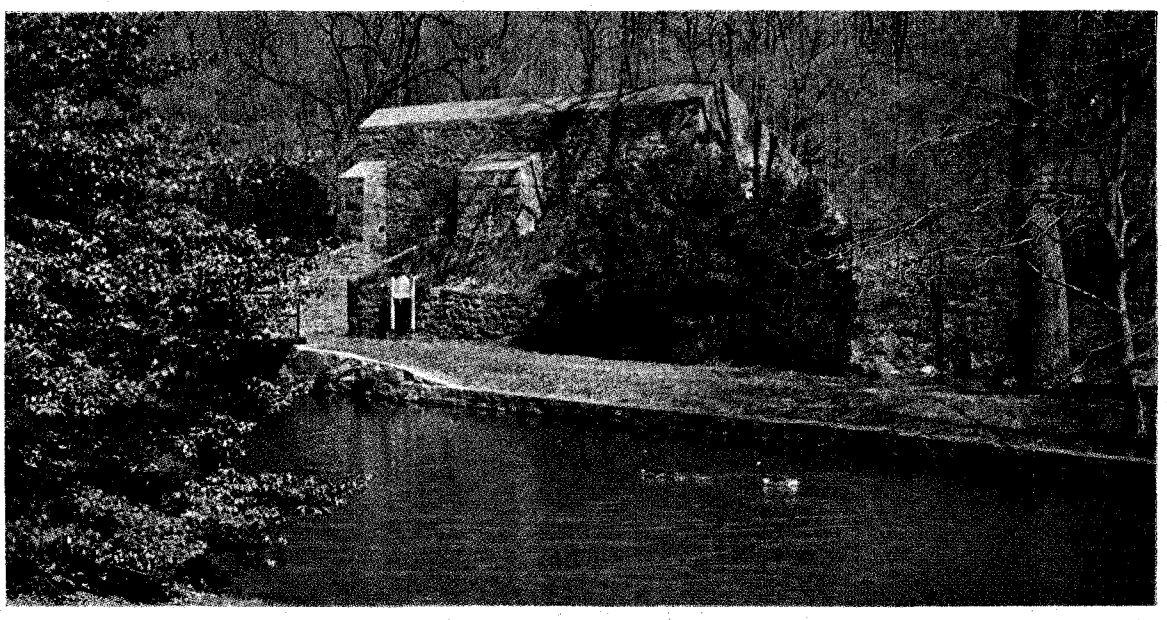
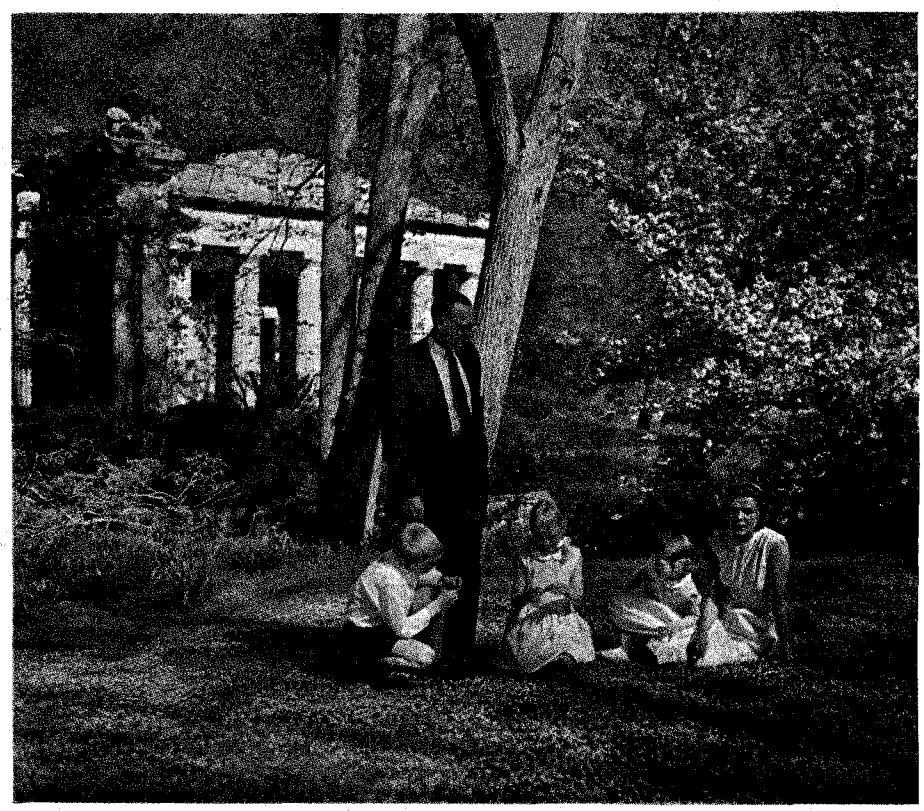


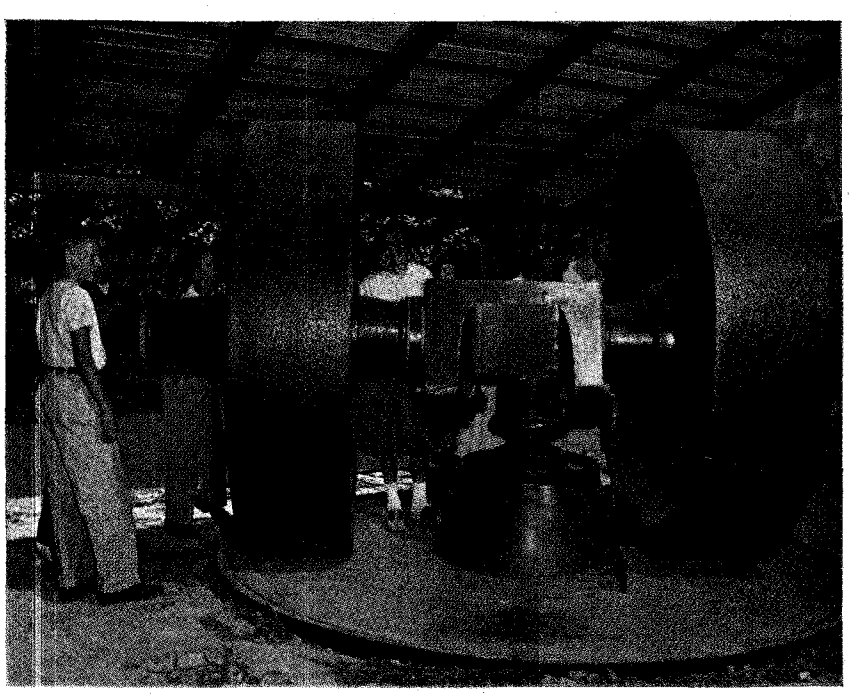


Another solidly built Du Pont powder mill. For the century prior to 1850, one of the largest industrial concentrations in America lay along the Brandywine.



Eleuthère I. Du Pont, great-great-great grandson of the dynasty's founder, and his family visit a garden that blossoms where factories once stood.

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella



These ten-ton rollers, turned by the plummeting waters of the Brandywine, crushed the ingredients into black powder.

Walter J. Heacock (right), the museum's research director, supervises the restoration of an old grist mill.

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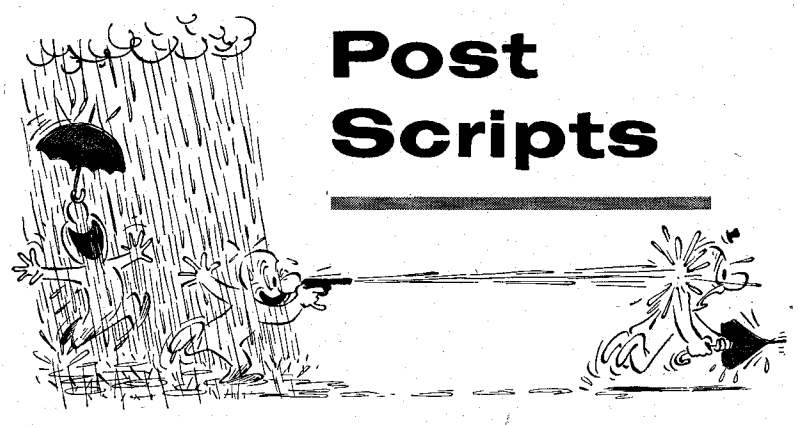


Post Scripts

Signs of the Season

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of Nancy,
Janet, Phyllis, Audrey, Rita,
Bertha, Jennifer, Anita,
Constance, Annabel, Christina,
Florence, Emma, Julia, Lena.
Spring is when a young man's fancy
Turns to one or more of those;
Spring is when a young girl's fancy
Turns to clothes!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Let Me Finish, Please!

Are you a good listener? Whether you are or not can have a profound effect on your life.

Not long ago, a charming Buffalo girl fell in love with the town's most eligible bachelor. They were practically engaged. One evening he told her that he had an important question to ask her.

"But first," he said, "let me recount what happened at the club today. As you know, we haven't had any rain lately and the greens are lightning fast. Well, sir, the fellows bet me that I couldn't score eighty."

"And you scored eighty?"

"Well, yes," he said. "But you didn't let me finish the story."

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "Go ahead."

"There's no use now. The story's ruined."

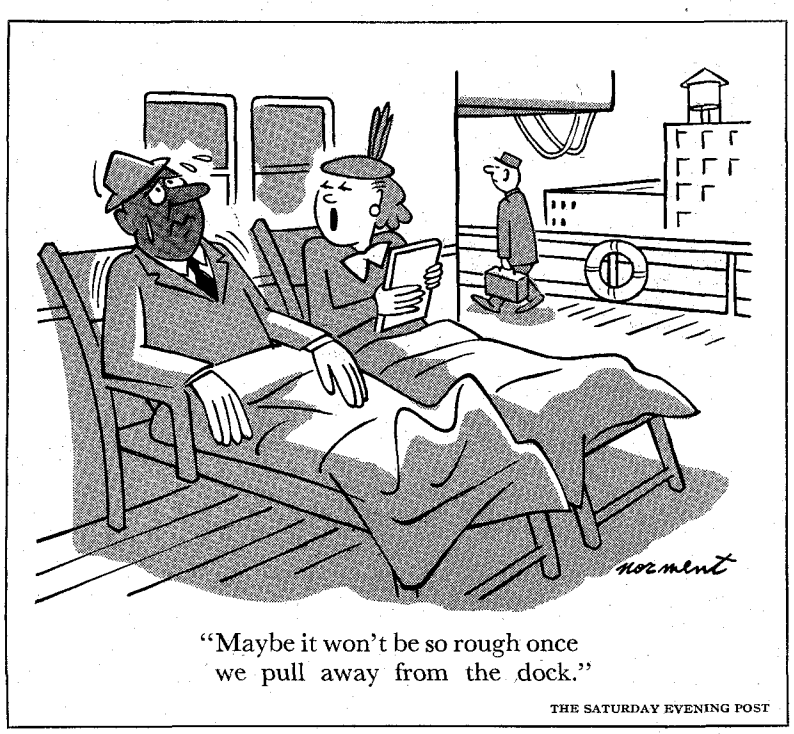
"It is not ruined," said the girl. "I think it's a perfectly wonderful story. Imagine scoring eighty!"

"But there were a lot of details to it."

"Well, you go right ahead and tell mother."

"No, no," said the young man heavily. "No, no."

"Well, then, what was the important question you were going to ask me?"



"Maybe it won't be so rough once we pull away from the dock."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I guess it's time I took you off your diet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Nothing," said the young man. "It can wait."

That girl's romance was shattered, and today she is going around with a short bald man of forty-five who breathes through his mouth. All because she was not a good listener.

A fellow I know, whom I shall call George, although his real name is Frank, held an important position with a company which manufactures folding paper boxes. He was resolute, intelligent and industrious. Everything pointed to a meteoric career in his field, except for one thing—he couldn't help interrupting stories.

One day the president of the firm, Mr. W. W. Brewster, called George to his office.

"George," he said, "a seat has fallen vacant on the board of directors. I am going to appoint you, George, to fill that vacancy. But before I do —— Have I ever told you about my experience on Casco Bay?"

"No, W. W.," said George, "you haven't."

"An almost unbelievable story," said Brewster. "A story involving a peculiarity of a boatman we hired to row us back in the dead of night from one of the islands in the bay to the mainland. A peculiarity that none of us suspected at the time. Well, sir, it was a fine bright morning when we started out for the island. There were six of us in the party ——"

"Was he blind?" said George.

"Was who blind?"

"The boatman."

"Yes," said Brewster slowly, "he was."

"I thought so," said George.

George never filled that vacant seat on the board. In fact, his own seat in his office fell vacant. The last I heard of him he was making thirty-six dollars a week.

A friend of mine, Harold Pusey, the president of a small railroad, wanted to amalgamate his railroad, The Husey & Pusey Railroad Company, which had forty-six miles of track, with the Great Northwest, Southeast, Atlantic & Pacific, which had tracks running all over the place. The deal was all set. Harold was in the office of the great railroad magnate to sign the papers.

"Speaking of railroads," said the great magnate, taking his fountain pen from his vest pocket and unscrewing the cap, "reminds me of a narrow escape from death I had as a child. It is a thrilling story of boyish recklessness, desperation and courage. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Harold.

"I was a boy of ten at the time," said the great magnate. "I was playing down by the railroad tracks with two boyhood chums, Sammy Morse and Tommy Edison, when we decided to go swimming in one of those big wooden water tanks they use to water engines. We climbed up the ladder and dove in. Well, sir, we were swimming around in there ——"

"When a train came along and took some of the water?" asked Harold.

"Why, yes," said the great magnate.

"Then what happened, sir? Were you saved?"

"Yes. Yes, we were."

"Somebody heard your cries?"

"That's right," said the G. M., putting the cap back onto his fountain pen and replacing it in his vest pocket. "Somebody heard our cries."

Those papers never were signed. Harold returned to his office a broken man.

Is there any hope for these people?

Yes! Not many years ago I was myself a chronic interrupter. I determined to fight it. In a year I had conquered the problem. In the past three years I have not felt the slightest urge to interrupt a story.

The change it has made in my life is remarkable. Society opened its doors to me. Invitations flowed in. Just the other day Dexter Willoughby, of the Snob's Point Willoughbys, rang me up to invite me to go for a cruise on his yacht to Monte Carlo, Cannes, Biarritz and return.

"I can count on you, of course?" he begged.

"Delighted," I murmured.

"By the way," he said, "have you heard the rather amusing riddle about the chap who left his eighth-floor apartment every morning, entered the self-service elevator and pushed the button for the first floor?"

"No," I said, "I haven't."

"Well," said Dexter, "every morning this chap would leave his eighth-floor apartment on his way to work, enter the self-service elevator and push the button for the first floor."

"Was it a midget?" I asked.

"How on earth did you know that?"

"I remember now," I said. "I've heard the story before. It was a midget, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Dexter, "it was."

There was a short silence. Then: "Who else will be in the yachting party?" I inquired.

"Er—it's not entirely settled as yet," replied Dexter. "I'll write you tonight and let you know."

That was Tuesday. Today is Friday and there was no letter from Dexter in the morning's mail. No doubt it will arrive tomorrow.

JOHN BAILEY

Look at it This Way

Don't feel sad about the dollars
  Taxes beckon from your pockets;
They are spent for jet planes, missiles,
  Warning systems, H-bombs, rockets
And for transportation to those
  Bases where we may allot them—
Also for investigations
  Into why we haven't got them.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

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Don't bite off more than you can chew!

Makes good sense, doesn't it, particularly when you're planning to finance a car. So avoid stretched out "easy" terms. Use only as much "time" as you need, for the *longer* you pay, the *more* you pay. Millions of families have bought their cars on the GMAC Plan with terms arranged to suit their needs. Ask your General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Plan how you can enjoy the convenience and other valuable benefits of financing where you buy.

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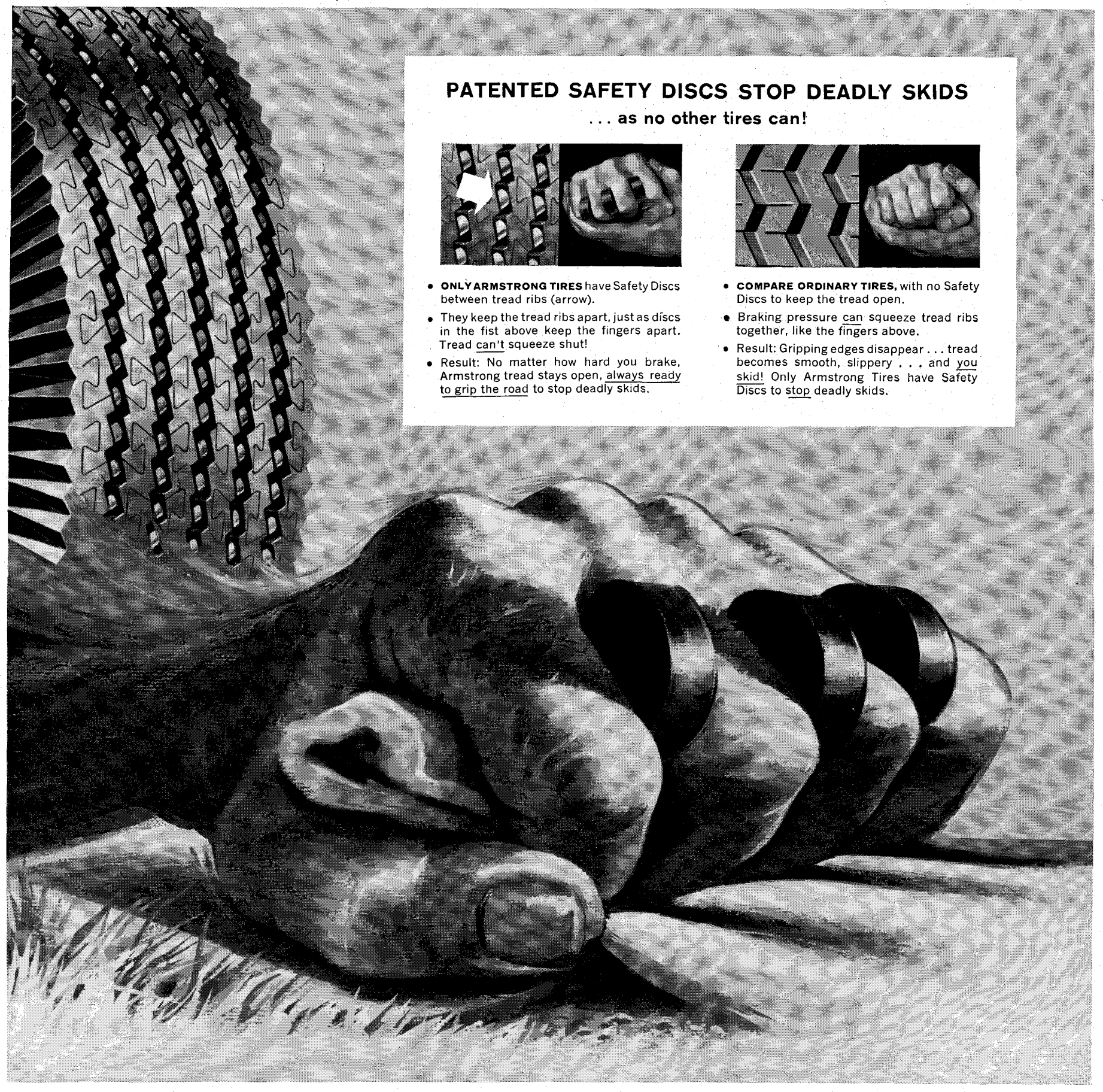

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. . . as no other tires can!

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- They keep the tread ribs apart, just as discs in the fist above keep the fingers apart. Tread can't squeeze shut!
- Result: No matter how hard you brake, Armstrong tread stays open, always ready to grip the road to stop deadly skids.

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- Braking pressure can squeeze tread ribs together, like the fingers above.
- Result: Gripping edges disappear . . . tread becomes smooth, slippery . . . and you skid! Only Armstrong Tires have Safety Discs to stop deadly skids.

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Bound to the mast, they awaited death in the shrieking wind.

HORNBLOWER'S HURRICANE

Hornblower, without a command, faced death on a helpless ship in the teeth of a hurricane.

By C. S. FORESTER

"Hurricane!" the captain of the Pretty Jane shouted to Hornblower over the howling wind.

"Likely enough!" shouted Hornblower in reply. "Worse before it's better!"

The storm was a fitting sequel to the unfortunate events of the past few weeks. Hornblower's assignment as commander in chief in the West Indies was over. With his wife, Barbara, he was sailing to England and retirement, a gloomy prospect.

And his command had not ended well. A marine bandsman named Hudnutt refused to obey a trivial order and was jailed for mutiny. To avoid the death penalty, the guileless young musician escaped from prison, thereby adding desertion to his crimes. The affair had gravely upset Barbara, not to mention Hornblower himself.

Now, as the seas thundered down on the little brig, thoughts of past unpleasantness faded before the present danger.

CONCLUSION

A hurricane had no business to appear at this time of year, a good two months earlier than one should be expected, but that hot breath, the indications of yesterday evening, the direction of the wind at present, all seemed to prove that that was what they were experiencing.

Pretty Jane shuddered and lurched drunkenly as a mass of water came in over her bow, gleaming white, almost phosphorescent, as it raced aft at them; Hornblower hung on desperately as it surged past him, waist deep—a nasty warning of what might be still to come. They were in very considerable danger. Pretty Jane might not endure the pounding she would have to undergo, (Continued on Page 91)

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Arson, Incorporated (Continued from Page 25)

blade, a nail file, a corkscrew, a screw driver, a small pair of scissors and a bottle opener. Next is a small silver box about an inch long and three quarters of an inch wide, with a design on top of crossed arrows and zigzag lines probably representing lightning flashes. The third thing is a menthol inhaler. Next to it is a yellow wooden golf tee, and last a gold bill clip ornamented by a wee gold coin. There used to be tiny gold dollars. I couldn't see its date."

He exhaled and tensed his shoulders as if under severe strain.

"Go ahead. Six to go," said the chief marshal.

"First I remember a small brass swivel with a ring on each end. Next a bit of a metal thing. Some sort of key. Oh, yes, an old watch key. Next an earring with the gadget that fastens it to the ear missing. After that a small red pencil about two inches long sharpened by a sharpener and not a knife. Number five is a folded piece of something like piecrust." He swallowed dryly. "It's one of those Chinese things with a slip of paper inside telling your fortune. And last," he said, hesitating again as if struggling to recall, "is a thing the like of which I have seldom seen. It is a gold cylinder with a ring on one end as if to hitch it to a watch chain. Not more than an eighth of an inch in diameter. Some kind of an antique —— I get it! Grandfather used to have one. A gold toothpick."

The chief marshal was impressed. Indeed, he was astonished, but he was resolute not to let it show.

"All right, lad; turn around now. Not bad. Not bad for observation and remembering. Have ye the photographic eye? But now to use your brains. Small good to see and remember if you can't reason from there. What can you deduce from these trinkets?"

"The big knife, now," Craig said. "A sensible man like yourself would never buy such a clumsy, cumbersome thing. Yet you set store by it and carry it with you. A present." He closed his eyes and made a grimace. "Only a small boy would think such a thing a good present, because he would like to own it himself. I'd say your grandson."

The chief uttered a gusty snort.

"The silver box is Indian make. Either you have visited Arizona or New Mexico, or it is a present from there. Either way it says you are a habitual pill taker. Probably a bit of a hypochondriac. Stomach trouble. The inhaler says you're subject to nose colds. You're a golfer and have played recently or you'd not have a tee in your pocket or a bit of a pencil to keep the score. The bill clip also is a present, and a tasty one, from a lady, a young lady of modern ways. Your daughter, likely. Maybe the same whose earring you have there to take for her to the jeweler's to be mended."

"Proceed."

"You're a fisherman, the little brass swivel says. The watch key is to an old watch that you're proud of. I'd say it was a presentation watch to your father maybe. Was he, too, a fireman? And the toothpick was his as well. You take pride in your folks that have gone before you, and you pamper your family, else a busy man like you would not be running errands for a daughter."

"That all?" the chief asked disparagingly.

"Just general things like you're a pushover for your young ones. You even bring home for one of them that fortune thing from a Chinese restaurant where you ate the other night—and forgot about it. A man proud of your ancestors. You'd take delight to leave for your grandchildren an inscribed watch or a medal.... Is that enough, sir? It is exhausting."

The chief marshal returned the several articles to his pockets and his desk drawer. He pretended to listen to the voice coming out of the box. The alarm of radioactivity in the school was false. He drummed on his blotter without lifting his eyes to Craig's face.

"You come of a fire-fighting family," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you not content with the uniformed force?" he asked. "If you're ambitious, advancement can be quicker and you can rise higher. Over there you have fourteen hundred lieutenants. There are four hundred and thirty-eight captains and two hundred and fifty-one battalion chiefs. Plenty of civil-service examinations for promotion. Here in the Bureau of Fire Investigation we have only fifty-six persons. Of these, nineteen are civilian investigators and thirty-two from the uniformed force. Where, then, are the opportunities for promotion?"

"I still wish the transfer, sir."

"Is it the glamour of it? Is it that you want to play cops and robbers?"

Craig smiled and seemed very boyish. "I do want to play cops and robbers, sir," he said.

"There will be hard study."

"There is hard study in the uniformed branch."

"To be sure," the chief marshal admitted. "The department is changing. Under our commissioner the accent is on preventing fires, on educating the public. It's on inspections and patrols to minimize or eliminate fire risks. It's on educating people in their homes how to be careful, or in their shops or lofts. Among other things you will have to learn bookkeeping and chemistry. And chemistry doesn't mean just knowing that H_2O is water. The city today is lousy with radioactive materials. Fifty years ago, about all a fireman had to know was how to climb a ladder and squirt a hose. Now he's got to know how to cope with isotopes. Muscle and courage aren't enough. To rise in the department you must be a scientist."

"I've read about protons and electrons and neutrons," Craig said. "Since that fire in the electronics plant I've been digging in."

"It could be," said the chief more to himself than to Craig, "that torches will be using atomic devices to touch off blazes instead of gasoline or phosphorus. For that day we must be ready." He snorted. "A man in Albany may be touching off a fire in the Bronx by remote control! . . . Before you can transfer to my department," he said directly to Craig, "there must be a vacancy. Return to your duty. If there comes a vacancy, and I deem you fit to fill it, you will be notified."

"Thank you, sir," Craig said, and saluted and walked out of the office. When he was gone the chief marshal called in his aide from the outer room.

"John," he said, "there is a young man who must have his chance. I've seen his like but once. He's a natural. It's a trick mind he has, and if he doesn't get too big for his britches the day well can be when he'll bring pride to us all. If—if a trick mind isn't all there is to him. Could be he's nothing but a grown-up quiz kid."

"Not," said the aide, "if he takes after his father."

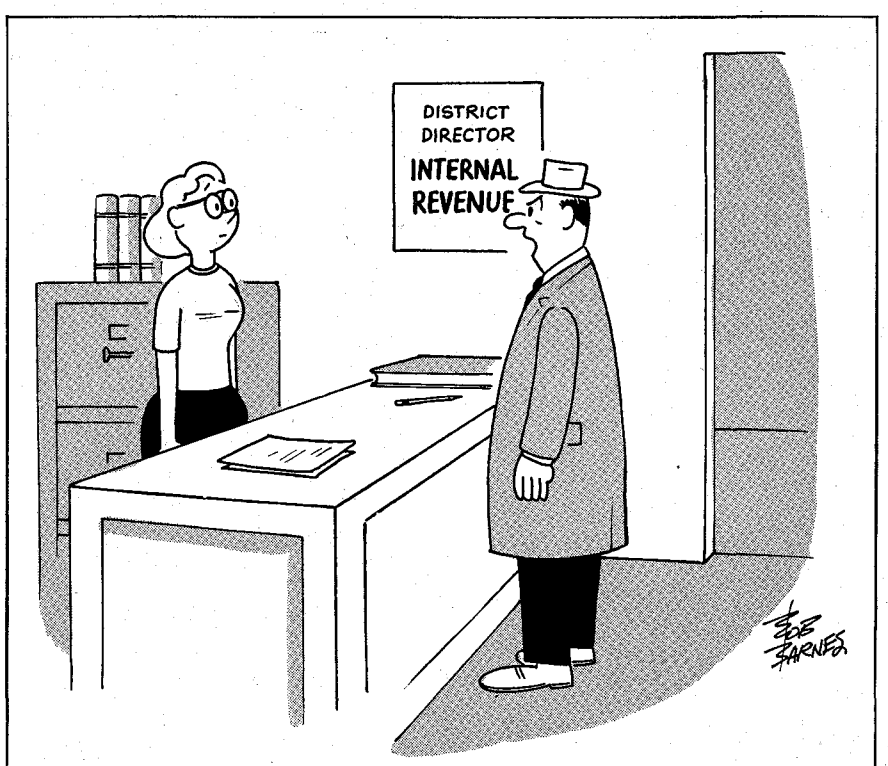
"I wonder," mused the chief, "why he wants this transfer. The deep reason."

"I think I can make a guess," said the aide. "Do you recall that his father died in an incendiary fire—and that the torch was never caught?"

"Is it so? Is it so? That would be a moving reason. If he loved his father. We well know that getting even, revenge, is one of the prime motives of arson. Why, then, could it not be a strong reason for wanting to catch firebugs? Anyhow I must have that boy and give him his chance."

The Fogartys, father and daughter, occupied an apartment in Fortieth Street in Brooklyn. It was not a new apartment with modern gadgets, but no argument could move the chief to uproot himself and find a residence in step with the march of progress.

With this attitude his daughter of twenty summers and glorious red hair was in complete disagreement. Of course she had not experienced the serene and splendid days that came before the First World War, when you could always rent a dollar for six cents, and when the only contact a citizen had with his national government was when he went to the post office to buy a postage stamp. In the good old days, when her mother went to the beach she covered herself so completely and hideously as scarcely to be recognized as a human being. When Nora went to the beach she wore so little, and that so charmingly, that one could not mistake her as anything but one of the most desirable girls ever to dazzle the eyes of any male from sixteen to sixty-five.



"I'd like to remind somebody I'm a taxpayer—delinquent, but nevertheless, a taxpayer!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She kept house for her father with skill and efficiency and a minimum of hard labor, for she imported into his kitchen every laborsaving device from an electric dishwasher to a stove that sounded a tocsin when the roast was done. He roared about the expense of it and the nonsense of it and the evil ways of a girl afraid to put her hands in soap and water. To which she countered by asking why the department had swapped horses for gasoline motors and fitted its men with respirators so that they could work in smoke- or reek-filled rooms for half an hour at a stretch instead of being dragged out to the hospital choking, gasping, maybe dying.

Her father came stomping up the stairs, for it was a walk-up apartment. From the door he bellowed, "Hey, Nora, set another place. There'll be company!"

"Who?" she asked from the kitchen.

"Young spriggins," he said as if that were full and proper identification, which it was.

"You could have telephoned," she said severely.

"For why? So ye could cook something special? What's good enough for me is good enough for him."

"I'm not," she said, "thinking of quality, but quantity."

"What's enough for two can always be stretched to three," he said didactically.

When the bell rang she ran to press the buzzer and open the door. Craig Batts was halfway up the stairs.

"The top of the evening to you, Cupcake," he called. He peered at her and shook his head disparagingly. "Your nose," he said, "is red as a rose."

"From sweating away my young life over a hot stove," she snapped. "And were you invited or did you crash the gate?"

"Don't be obstructing traffic. Out of a man's way."

She made as if to kick his ankle, but he sidestepped deftly and aimed a spank that missed.

"Oh, for a guest just once with manners," she said, "who has time to say good evening before he makes for the icebox and a bottle of beer."

"Is the old man home?" he asked over his shoulder.

"He's washing behind his ears," Nora said. "A thing that would do you no harm."

He tossed his cap on the sofa and walked through to the kitchen, where he helped himself to a bottle of beer. From his bedroom Chief Fogarty could be heard in song, an Irish folk air of many verses. He emerged, pink and scrubbed, still giving voice. But on the threshold he stopped, disgruntled that memory had failed him. "There's a hole in the ballad," he said, and fell silent while he strove to recall the words that would fill the gap.

He plumped himself down at the tastefully set and garnished table and uttered complaint to tease his daughter. "Time was, Craig," he said, "when a man could come home to comfort in his home. When he could kick off his shoes and eat hearty food in the kitchen."

"Time was," retorted Nora, "when the company ran (*Continued on Page 52*)

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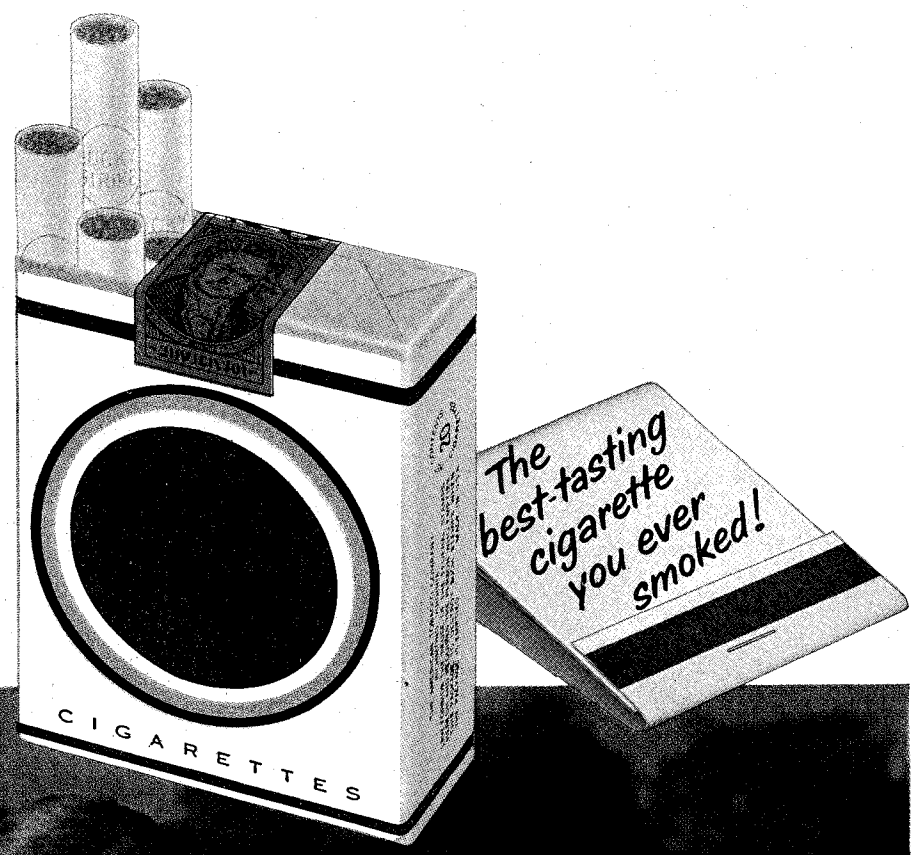

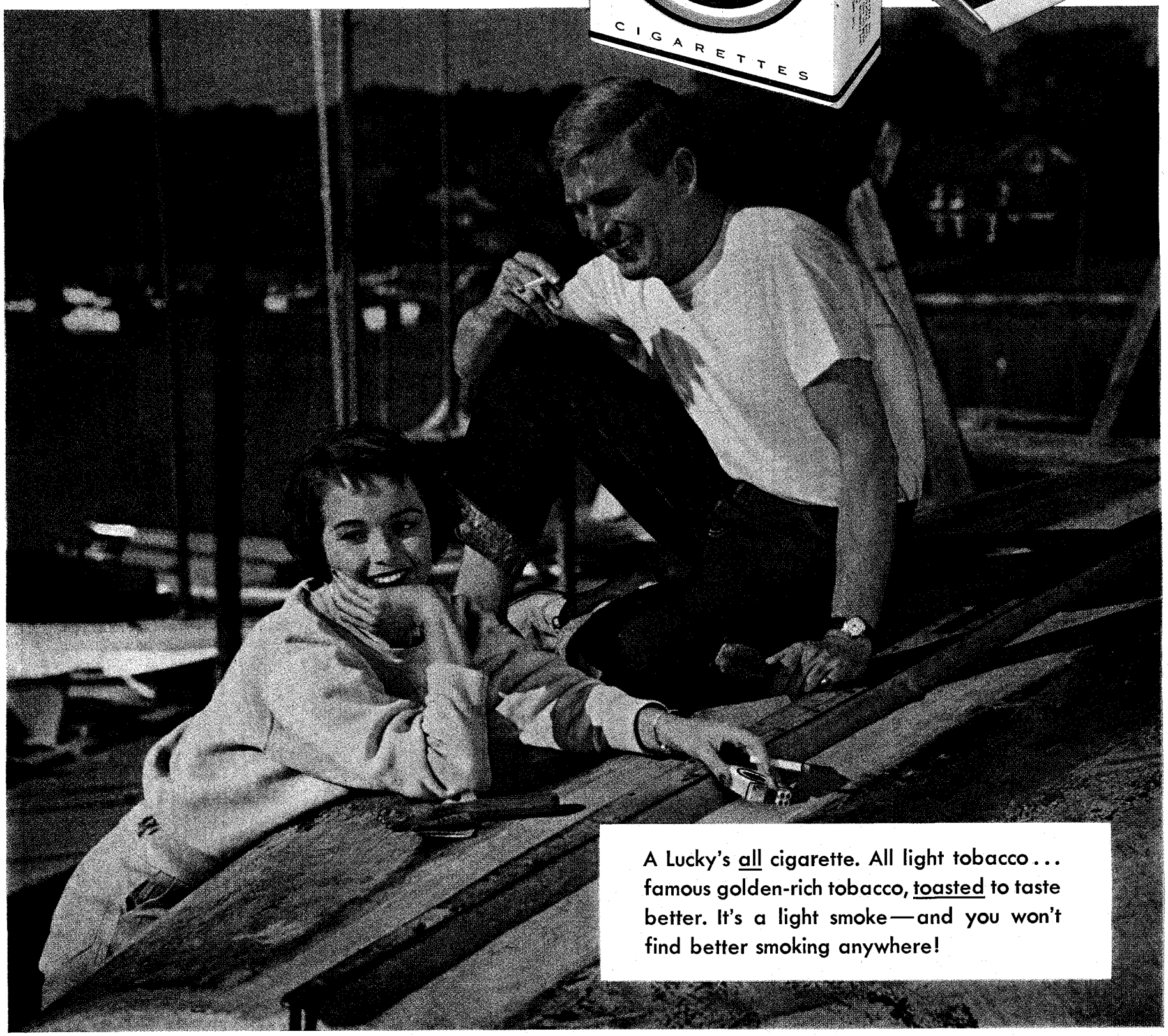

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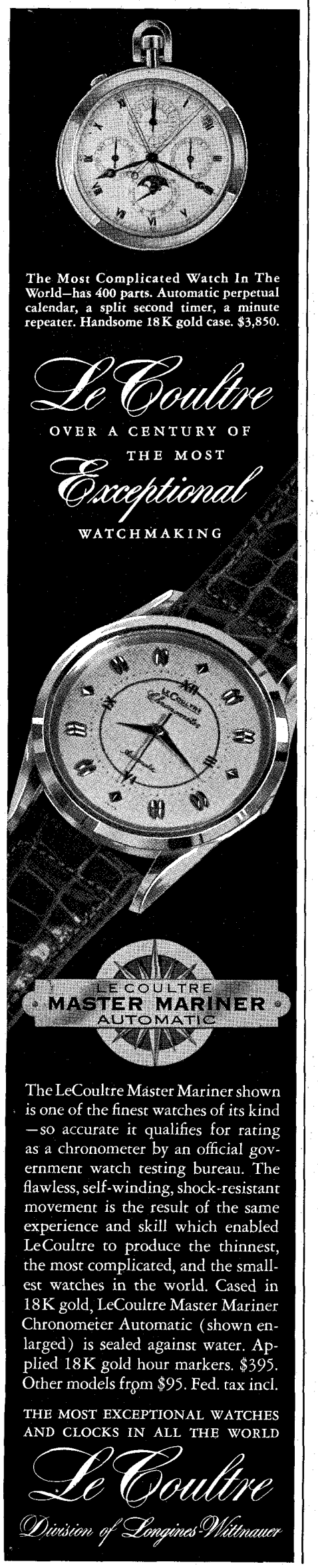
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(*Continued from Page 50*) up the hill pulling the hose cart by hand. You're a chief now, the highest any Fogarty ever climbed. So behave accordingly."

She placed before her father a platter of steak and a bowl of fluffy mashed potatoes. At her end of the table she set peas in cream and wee dishes to hold them, and a pot of coffee with cups and cream and sugar.

"What's special about this evening?" she asked. "What are you all swelled up with, Craig?"

"The boy was summoned by the chief fire marshal," said Chief Fogarty. "To be put in his place, I hope, for wanting to leave the uniformed branch."

"You put in for a transfer to the fire marshal's department?" asked Nora critically. "Why?"

"Everybody asks me why," Craig complained.

She nodded her head in three staccato nods. "I know why," she said. "Did you make it?"

"Two," he said, "will get you ten I did."

Nora raised her brows and widened her blue eyes at her father. "Would you say he was too modest to get along?" she asked.

"Thinking ill of himself," said the chief, "will never clog him from climbing the ladder."

"So," asked Nora, "you said to the chief marshal and the chief marshal said to you?"

"I did tricks for him," Craig said, "to the extent that I flabbergasted him."

"'He stuck in his thumb,'" quoted Nora, "'and he pulled out a plum, and he says What a Big Boy Am I.'"

"What kept you so late at Eve Tourney's this afternoon?" he asked with an irritating grin.

"We were planning ——" she commenced, and then stopped, scowling at him. "All right, Show-off. How did you know?"

"That you were late home is easy. You're a neat body, Nora, but your hat and gloves and bag were thrown anyhow on the seat in the hall. And you hadn't time to change your dress before you started supper. I know you didn't change your dress because there are a couple of white cat hairs on your skirt. Who has a white cat that always wants to jump on your lap?"

"The girl that marries you will be sorry for it," she said shortly. "With your spying eyes, she could have no secrets from you."

"A good wife," he said with counterfeit smugness, "should have no secrets from her husband."

"No girl can be a good wife unless she keeps many secrets from her husband," she retorted.

"Put a stop to your snapping back and forth," said the old chief. "And tell me, Craig, what happened today."

Craig became serious. "I think it went well," he said.

"If he did not cast you out on your ear, then it went well," said Chief Fogarty. "He is not one to palaver."

As they finished the meal the buzzer sounded. Nora went to the door and came back, frowning.

"It's that man with the bristles again," she said. "Why does he come here with his good manners? And his cat's smile. What has he to do with you, father?"

"Is it Mr. Tupper?" her father asked.

"It is him," Nora said without regard for grammar, which usually she held in respect. "I was of a mind to tell him you were not at home. But he walked right in. If I had not stepped aside he would have trod on me."

"Is that so?" Craig asked, and flexed his shoulders. "Is he welcome in this house, Uncle Paddy?"

"It is a matter of business," the old man said, but neither face nor voice was happy, and his steel-gray eyes, usually so steady and level, shifted as if to avoid his daughter's gaze. "It is private business. You, Craig, will take Nora to the movies, or whatever."

"The dishes," Nora objected.

"You will leave the dishes," her father said in voice of command. And then with ill-simulated humor: "Twenty-three. Skiddoo with ye."

"With his slang," Nora said, "father is as up to date as a space ship. If we are to be thrown out of our home, let us be on our way."

They arose from the table and followed in the chief's wake as he went into the sitting room. A man came to his feet as they entered. Every hair on the man's head stood straight and erect. Every hair was a needlelike bristle, and there were many of them, a bumper crop. This gave to the handsome face a Prussian look, and definitely negated what otherwise would have been a feminine—or a feline—cast of countenance. He was straight of back, with an exaggerated erectness as if it were a matter of pride with him to stand with shoulders back and chest outthrust.

Craig estimated him. He would be a scant six feet in stature and he would weigh a hundred and ninety pounds. Craig had noted the easy grace of the man as he got to his feet.

"My daughter you have met," said the chief. "Our friend Mr. Craig Batts, this is Mr. Clyde Tupper."

The men nodded curtly, each taking an instantaneous dislike for the other.

"Miss Nora! More lovely than I remembered," Tupper said, bold eyes sweeping her from top to toe.

"From you," she said coldly, "I want no compliment."

The man raised his brows and spread his hands in a sort of comical dismay. "And how," he asked, not disconcerted, "may I have given offense?"

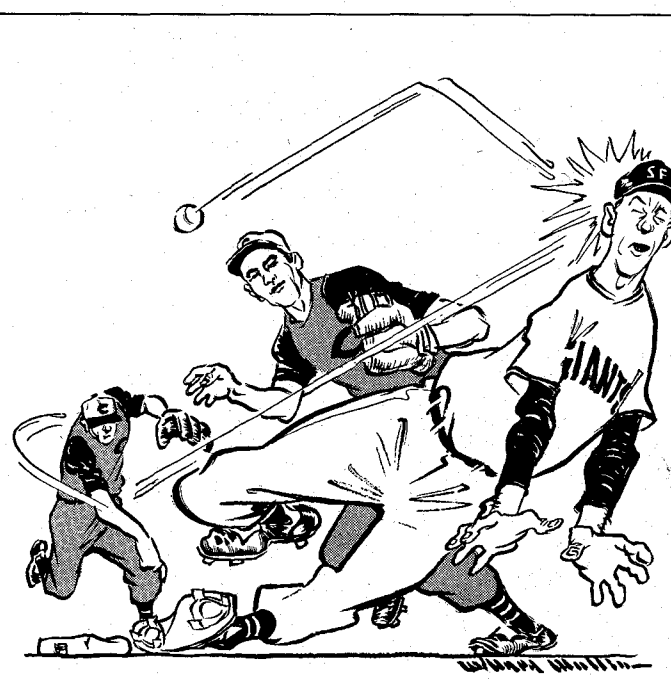
"I wish I knew," she said, more to herself than to him, and then walked past him and into the hall.

Craig followed in her wake. She did not speak as they descended the stairs.

"A revolting man," she said as they reached the sidewalk.

Craig halted and looked down at her. "Does he annoy you? Does he make a pass?" he asked softly.

"No. Always soapy good manners, except his eyes. X-ray eyes. Why does he come? What's between him and father? For days after he calls, father is not himself. He keeps silent, he avoids me. He acts —— Oh, it is a dreadful thing to say, but it's true. He acts as if he had been kicked." (*Continued on Page 54*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

In old-fashioned baseball, about A.D. 1840, the fielders had the option of throwing the ball at the runner instead of tagging him. If hit while off base, the runner was out—sometimes out cold. Here is a hypothetical play in modern big-league setting in which this happens accidentally.

Say the San Francisco Giants trail the Cincinnati Redlegs, 2–1, as the new Californians come to bat in the last of the ninth. Daryl Spencer opens with a single to right. He takes second on a wild pitch and moves to third on Wes Westrum's sacrifice bunt.

Hank Sauer, batting for the pitcher, lifts a high fly into left field. Spencer tags up and breaks for home as the Redleg outfielder makes the catch. It looks like a close play at the plate. Then the outfielder's throw beans Spencer and he falls, just short of the plate, like a spent sputnik. Third Baseman Don Hoak snatches up the ball and tags him as he lies there.

If you were umpiring, how would you unravel this one?

See page 55 for answer

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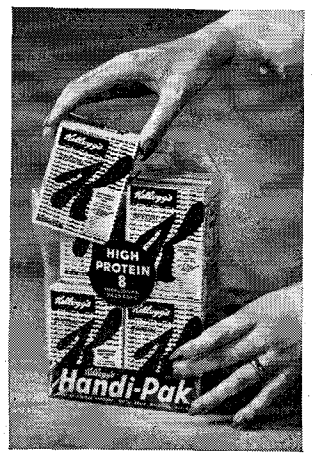

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Breakfast is when most people need protein the most —and are least likely to get it. Realizing this, doctors, dieticians and nutritionists have welcomed Kellogg's Special K.

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Next time you're at your grocer's, help yourself to a healthy supply of Kellogg's Special K.

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

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QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.
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(*Continued from Page 52*) "Shall I go back up and ask him questions?" Craig demanded.

Nora shook her head violently. "To do that," she said, "would wound father's pride. He is a proud old man."

"By good right," Craig said.

"Something is not good with him," Nora said, "but he must work it out himself."

"Could it be he's run into debt?"

"Father!" she exclaimed.

Nora was convincing. And Craig himself knew that, as the old saying has it, Chief Fogarty hated and feared debt as the devil hates holy water.

"If not money troubles, then what?"

"There's hardly a trouble," Nora said unhappily, "that, if you seek far enough, you don't find money at the root of it."

"He is a good man and a contented man and a wise man," Craig mused. "But there's no thing he would not do for you, Nora, and maybe for me. Or for someone he held in high respect and affection." He paused and frowned down at her. "Are you in any trouble, Nora?"

"No," she replied without rancor. "Are you?"

"No trouble," he answered. "That Tupper man has the air of a cat that's eaten the canary. . . . Look, Sugar Plum, the street is deserted, and I'd not be interrupted did I wait for him and knock his teeth and the answer out of him at the same time."

"This is no time to be primitive," she said. "It is a time to be adroit."

"She makes," Craig said ironically, "with the college education."

"Also," she said, ignoring his remark, "if you're as noticing as you brag, you would have seen how his coat was loose, but that nevertheless there was a bulge under his left arm."

"That I saw," Craig said, "and it did nothing to make me worry less. Why should your father be letting a gun-toting slicker set foot in his parlor?"

"It could be nothing to do with the department," she said fiercely. "Next to his religion the department is the most sacred thing in his life."

"What we are afraid of, Cupcake, is that this Tupper is putting some sort of pressure on your father."

She nodded unhappily.

"Isn't it possible," he asked, "that the shoe is on the other foot? That your dad has got wind of some skulduggery."

"It could be. Oh, I hope that's the way it is. But his manner and Tupper's manner didn't indicate it was that way. And father's an organization man, a member of a service. If he discovered something, would he try to run it down all by himself? I can't think so. If it touched the department he'd report it. To the commissioner, or to the chief fire marshal."

They had been walking slowly as they talked so earnestly. Their snail's pace had now carried them to the corner, and they paused uncertainly.

"Where to?" Craig asked. "Picture?"

"I'm in no mood for pictures," Nora said miserably.

"Somewhere to dance?"

She shrugged. "No," she said after a moment.

"Then how about going over to my place and watching television?"

She considered that suggestion. In neither of their minds was there even a thought of impropriety. Their relationship was more that of brother and sister than of boy and girl. "Yes," she said, "that would be nice. Just sit until it will be all right to go home."

They did not pay attention to a car parked at the curb—a car in which sat three young men smoking cigarettes and waiting. The car started suddenly forward, reaching speed so quickly that a motor that had been worked upon by experts to give it extra speed was indicated.

The sudden roar caused Craig and Nora to turn their heads and follow the sedan with their eyes. They saw a man on the walk, turning toward them as if he just had emerged from the apartment house where the Fogartys lived. As the lurching car came abreast of the man there were two detonations not unlike backfires. But Craig saw an arm extended through the car's window and the flash of gunfire. The car sped away.

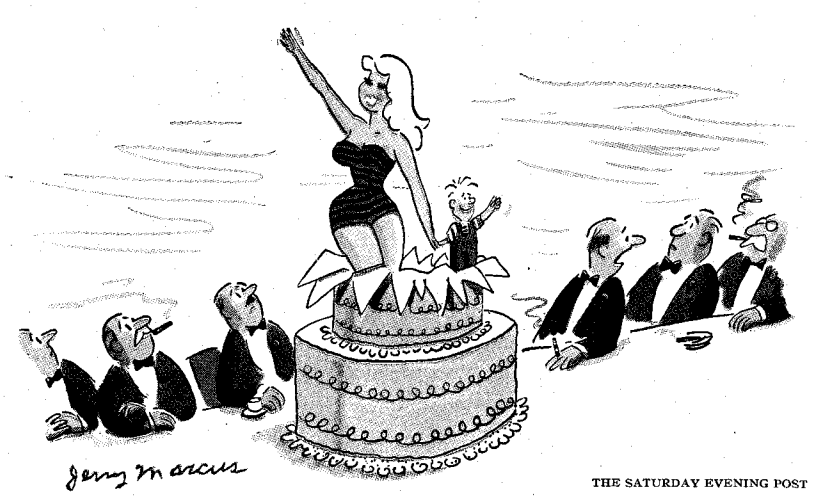
The man on the walk had thrown himself flat upon the concrete of the sidewalk. For a moment it seemed that he had stopped a bullet. But he leaped to his feet, stood a moment staring after the vanishing car. He dusted himself off as best he could and then resumed his progress. He walked hurriedly toward Craig and Nora, and their startled eyes recognized him. It was the Mr. Tupper whom they had met in Chief Fogarty's living room.

"Somebody," Craig said grimly, "doesn't like our Mr. Tupper."

The pinging of the 2-2-2 signal, most welcome of all sounds that assail the fireman's ear, announced that pay checks were on their way up from headquarters. The saddest of all signals that could come over the air was the 5-5-5-5 announcing the death of a comrade.

Craig Batts, with four companions, was sitting at the rough table in the mess room adjoining the well-equipped kitchen at the left. They were in shirt sleeves, enjoying a midmorning cup of coffee. The morning papers had been read, the crossword puzzles completed, and nobody seemed inclined to a game of cards.

"Doldrums," said Craig.



"I understand she couldn't get a sitter."

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Jim Dodd, the statistical hound of the house, was moved to exhibit his specialty. "Always dull before noon," he said. "Last year only 4866 fires from midnight till six in the morning. Busiest time from noon till six at night, 23,754 fires."

"He ought to be on one of them question programs," jeered Ned Waters.

"Bet you a quarter," Craig said, "that he can tell you within a hundred gallons how much water we used last year to douse blazes."

"How could anybody know that, least of all the sloppiest buttman in the department?" A buttman is a fireman who braces the bottom end of a ladder when it is being raised by hand.

"Put up or shut up," Craig said genially.

Waters spun a quarter on the table and Craig matched it. "Speak your piece, Jim," he said.

"In 1955," Dodd said, preening himself, "we squirted 98,836,771 gallons of fresh water and 27,149,941 gallons of salt water."

Craig reached for his companion's two bits, but Waters protested. "How do I know he's right?"

"That's how it stands in the commissioner's report," Dodd said. "I read it from cover to cover, and I never forget a figure."

At that moment, over on Seventh Avenue, an excited citizen was turning in an alarm at a corner fire box. Miles to the north in the building of the Bureau of Fire Communications in Central Park, a light flashed on one of the series of panels that formed an arc at the right of the desk of the supervising dispatcher, and in less than thirty seconds the alarm was automatically sent out over the transmitter to the zone affected. A first alarm.

The five men lounging at the table in the engine house resolved into action. Other firemen came sliding down the pole from the dormitory above. All leaped to their assigned stations, donning helmets and rubber coats and boots. Waters was chauffeur of the ladder, Craig was tillerman. Motors roared. The man on the house-watch desk hurried to the street to help clear it of traffic, and then leaped aboard the huge piece of apparatus as it screamed out of the house.

Craig Batts, gripping the wheel that controlled the rear axle, must calculate to a nicety. He felt elated. The sensation of speed; the element of danger; the concentration required of him; the urgent warning sounds—all these lifted his task above drudgery and into the realm of excitement and contest. They turned south and halted at the alarm box, where an excited citizen motioned and shouted. But no directions were needed, for smoke was pouring from the windows of a six-story brick warehouse, old, dingy, weatherbeaten—a relic of an earlier generation.

As they stopped, Craig and his chauffeur lifted down the thirty-five-foot ladder. This was routine. With Craig acting as buttman, they raised the ladder against the face of the building. The pumper already had reached its station, and the chief's red car. It was a first alarm to which had responded four engines, two hook-and-ladders, and one rescue unit.

Already the chief with his aide carrying a walkie-talkie had entered the building, whose ground floor was free of smoke or gases. The creaking elevator was working, but deserted. It carried them upward to the fourth floor, a dirty, cluttered loft, where, even in the murk, the chief could note half a dozen violations of those rules laid down to minimize the risks of fire. Cartons were piled high so that they clogged the sprinkler system; the stairway upward was choked with rubbish; the rear windows through which light could scarcely penetrate, were nailed shut.

Over his walkie-talkie the chief uttered curt orders. Outside, the orders were obeyed. The water tower lifted its nozzle. Connections were made with the standpipe that ran up the face of the structure. Firemen using the stretch were lugging hose lines up the fire escape. Suddenly the chief fire marshal made his appearance beside Chief Fogarty, his civilian clothes covered by a rubber coat, his feet

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 52

Call "Obstruction" and award Spencer his run. The game continues, a 2–2 tie.

(Section 7.06a: "A batter who has become a runner is entitled to unimpeded progress as he advances around the bases. Whenever a fielder impedes the runner in any way, unless he is attempting to field a ball or has the ball in his possession, the umpire shall call 'Obstruction.'")

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in boots, and a helmet on his head. The blaze had been in the right-hand corner, to the rear of the loft. As the marshal arrived there was a second upsurge of flame over by the right-hand wall.

"Get a fog nozzle up here," he shouted to the chief. "This one stinks."

Two wooden crates were burning stubbornly, and men who had at last succeeded in getting up a hose line, directed its stream upon these cases. There was an immediate pyrotechnic display, silvery, blinding.

"Keep water off those cases," yelled the chief. "Magnesium powder!"

But it was too late. Water mingling with the magnesium liberated hydrogen gas and there was a violent explosion, followed by a choking cloud of smoke. The chief, his aide and the marshal were hurled backward, choking, half unconscious. As they struggled to their knees, groping blindly, another fire came to life between them and the elevator shaft.

"Fog nozzle! Fog nozzle!" the marshal half mumbled, half shouted. "Don't knock everything with a solid stream. Don't destroy evidence."

"Yes, sir," responded a voice.

It was Craig Batts who, helping to operate the stretch, had hoisted hose up the rusty fire escape. At the end of the hose was a nozzle that could be regulated as the nozzle of a garden hose is regulated to produce either a solid stream or a spray. Were there no other purpose for a fog stream than protection of advancing firemen it would be justified, for it interposes between the fire fighter and the blaze a screen of water which cools and smothers flame while it protects its operators from flame or smoke or gases. Behind this shield of water particles the men advanced, the fog washing and cooling the air as it moved forward, dispersing smoke and fumes, absorbing heat and almost miraculously extinguishing surface fires. Also, because it lacks volume and violence, it does not destroy evidence, if evidence exists, nor does it cause the water damage to perishables that must come from a solid stream hurling hundreds of gallons each minute.

Chief Fogarty and the marshal, eyebrows and hair singed, coughing and gagging from inhaled smoke and reek, could well have been hospital cases, but they clung grimly to their place of duty. The chief could only croak orders for his aide to transmit over the walkie-talkie. A second alarm went out over the air, to be responded to by another hook-and-ladder and four engines. Now a deputy chief and chief of department would arrive to take over command.

The explosion had dispersed the fire through the rear of the loft, but now reinforcements arrived, and a detachment from Rescue Unit No. 10 with a second fog nozzle. Solid streams smashed the nailed rear windows so that ventilation was established. The main thing now was to confine the fire, to prevent it from reaching up to the floor above or swooping down to the floor below.

To a civilian, trapped in that loft, it would have seemed an inferno urging to panic; a dreadful holocaust from which there could be no escape. But to the men in helmets it was routine. Exciting routine, dangerous routine, but a ravening thing they knew how to handle. And they mastered it, drove it back, quelled it, until only embers remained, the air rapidly being purified by the fog. The fog nozzles did not abate their work until all danger of flashback was eliminated. Then, with one motion of the control device of the nozzle the fog was changed to a solid stream to penetrate and extinguish any smoldering and deep-seated fire remaining.

Then the chief fire marshal and his assistant took over, and systematic search for evidence of arson commenced. Craig, eyes smarting, throat burning, would have loved to remain and watch, but he was ordered elsewhere. Presently he was in the street performing the chores of lowering and replacing ladders, of returning hose to the pumpers, of preparing to return to the enginehouse which was his station.

As Craig mounted to his seat at the tiller he glanced up the face of the loft building, peered ahead and to either side, blinked burning eyes, and was impatient to get back to where he could apply unguents to his minor burns. As he waited for the motor to roar to life he saw, pushing his way along the opposite sidewalk, a tall, vigorous figure in a beautifully tailored suit of blue serge. The man walked slowly, scowling, face turned toward the building in which fire had been extinguished. The man was angry.

As Craig watched, the man cursed and kicked viciously at a bit of rubbish on the walk. Even with watering eyes Craig recognized the pedestrian. It was the Clyde Tupper whose call had so troubled the Fogarty home; the Clyde Tupper who had so narrowly escaped bullets discharged from a speeding car outside the apartment house.

Had there been time, had he not been chained to the tiller, he would have leaped down and accosted Tupper. He would have demanded why the man was there, in that place, obviously so interested in the building where the fire had been, obviously in a rage. He would have asked Tupper what caused that rage. But, because that course of action was

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impossible, Craig stored the incident in his retentive mind, so that, in a year or in five years, he would be able to describe Tupper, recite his expressions of countenance, and the expressive, disgruntled movements of arms and body. For Mr. Tupper, something had gone amiss.

As the ladder started and his hands were firm on the tiller, Craig wondered if Tupper's unhappy state of mind was connected with the fire. A fire which the marshal, shouting to Chief Fogarty, had said was a stinker. It was elementary that innocent fires do not start in half a dozen places at once. That one fact was sufficient to establish evidence of arson so strong as almost to be conclusive.

Craig chewed over this morsel mentally until he reached the enginehouse, and continued to masticate it as he stripped and got under the shower and applied soothing ointment to his burns. Then he went down to the kitchen, where the aroma of coffee was most welcome to his nose, and filled a cup and sat down at the table.

"What did you boys think of it?" he asked, his voice hoarse, almost a croak.

"A torch done it," Dodd said, and expressed his opinion of arsonists.

"Seems like," said another fireman.

"Sloppy job of it," Dodd criticized.

"Firebug?" asked Craig.

Dodd, who had been on the force at least a dozen years, and whose opinion was always worth listening to, shook his head vigorously. "Firebugs don't mostly work in lofts," he said. "It was a torch."

"Not a pro," said another fireman. "Too sloppy. I'd say an amateur—or maybe a learner."

"I read in the paper," Craig said, "that there is no organized, professional arson in New York."

"Not like in the depression, maybe," Dodd answered, "but I bet you can always hire a bozo with a candle and a bottle of gasoline."

"Or a dose of nitrocellulose. Or maybe a dab of phosphorus."

Dodd, the statistician, said, "There were 284 known incendiary fires in 1957 and 2513 fires started by mischievous acts of children. Them juvenile delinquents you hear talks about."

"More families ought to own razor straps," Craig said. "If there were more lads with sore behinds at home there'd be less nasty mischief abroad."

Chief Fogarty came into the room, begrimed and out on his feet. A cup of coffee was set before him and he gulped it thirstily.

• •

Parable for April

By Vonna H. Adrian

Linda swings in the April elm
And points her toes
Elegantly straight. She hangs
Head down and drags her pigtail bows

Through trampled mud.
She gazes up
Through newborn leaves
And robin nests to the blinding blue
Above the lattice the elm tree weaves.

Linda swings, a limber arc
(She's only seven).
In love with mud, attuned to earth,
Linda keeps her eye on heaven.

• •

"Had you not better get doctored?" Craig asked solicitously.

"I'm able yit," the chief said morosely, "to cope with a little swallow of smoke."

Craig followed the elder man out of the room. Fogarty turned on him angrily. "For why are you doggin' my footsteps?" he demanded.

"Just thought you ought to know," Craig said. "Clyde Tupper was prowling the street outside the fire."

"And what of it?" demanded Chief Fogarty. "What business is that of yours?"

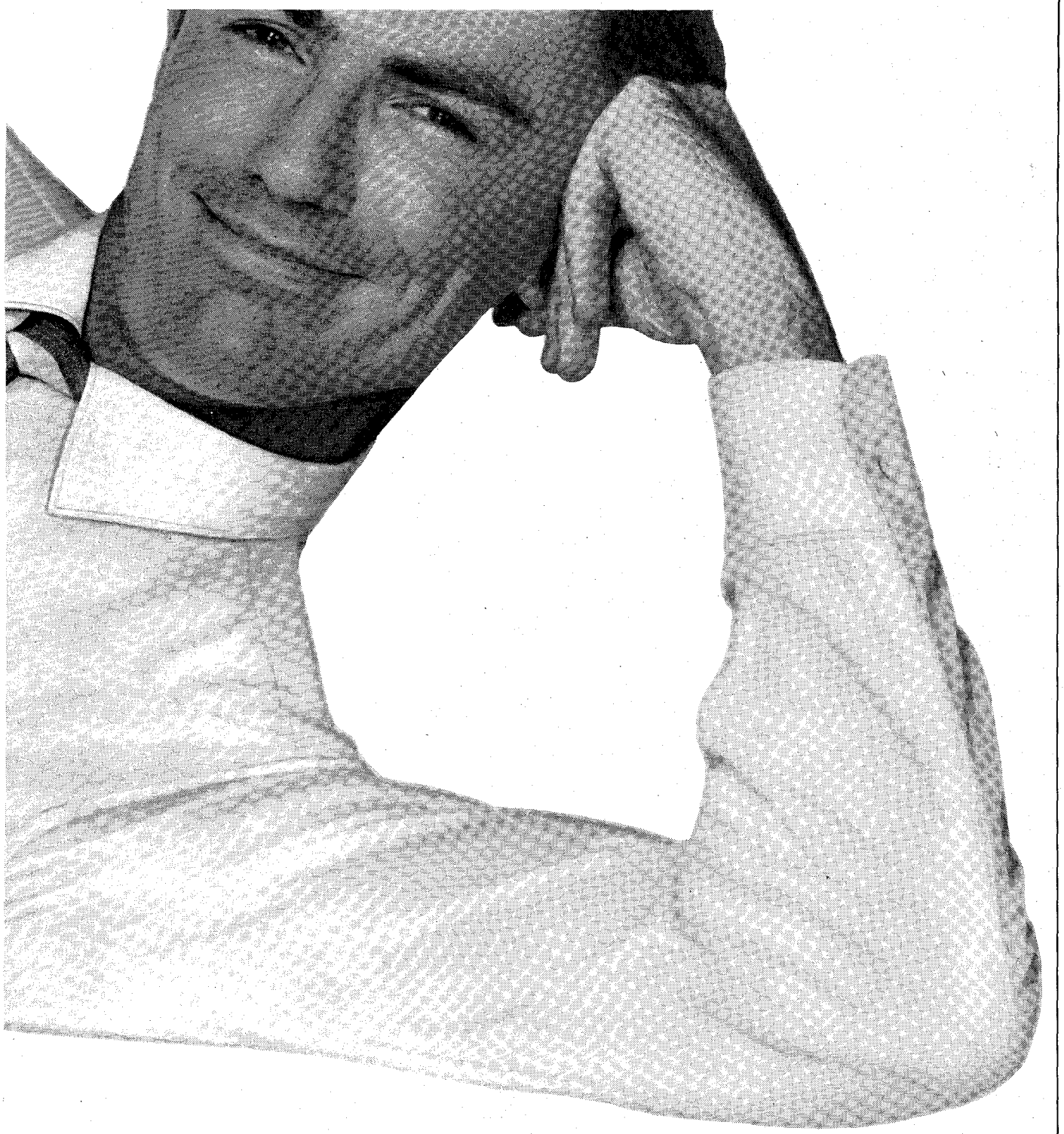
"None, sir," Craig said stiffly. "Nor was it my business that Nora and I saw him get shot at as he came out of your apartment the other night."

"You," the chief said savagely, "and that snoopin' daughter of mine had best cease and desist from pokin' your snoots into what don't concern you."

"Anything, sir, that concerns you does also concern Nora and me," Craig said sturdily. "And anything that stinks of arson concerns me, that am about to become a fire marshal."

The chief's erect shoulders slumped; his straight back seemed to lose its stiffness, and without another word he turned and ascended the stairway as if it were a toilsome climb.

TO BE CONTINUED



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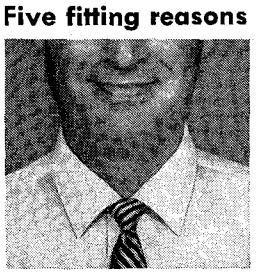

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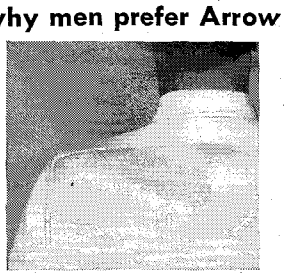

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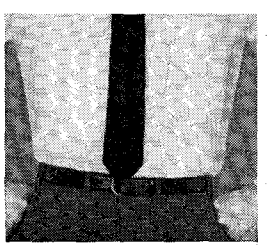

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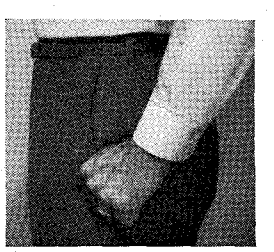

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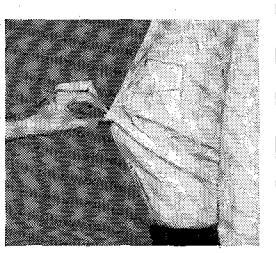

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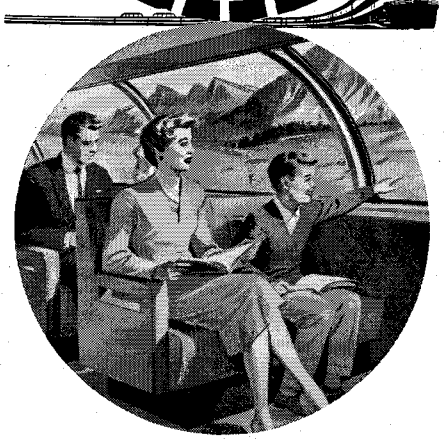

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Washington's School for Young Soviets

(Continued from Page 41)

wore the dark gray, belted tunics and long matching trousers usually seen on Soviet schoolboys. These well-scrubbed little lads all had on neat sweaters, shirts and slacks or regular suits.

Although most of the children were not yet able to speak English, I soon discovered they could all understand my English better than my Russian. Normally, Soviet children do not begin the study of a foreign language until the fifth grade, when an estimated 40 per cent take up English. They study the same language for the next five years, graduating from "high school" with a fairly good reading knowledge and a limited ability to speak it. But at this school, the Soviet Embassy has hired a very pretty American girl to come in five days a week, following the regular school session, to give all children, except the first-graders, formal English instruction. They use the same Scott, Foresman & Company readers that the American children in my own neighborhood use at school.

One little pigtailed lass was particularly proud of her ability to read her American book. During a recess, she read almost all of the stories in it to me: "See Jane. See Jane and Deek. This is their father. He goes to verk."

Soon I heard the soft tinkle of the nine-o'clock bell. Instantly all play ceased. These boys and girls, like their counterparts all over the U.S.S.R., lined up before the doors to their classrooms. One by one, they entered, stood silently behind their desks until their teacher came in, bade them good morning and asked them to be seated.

The class monitor—a different student is selected each day—closed the door, collected the copybooks with the previous night's homework assignments, and gave them to the teacher.

Soviet children have a lot of homework. Usually, it is about an hour in the first grade and ranges up to a good four hours nightly in high school. They used to have an even heavier load. However, two years ago, following the protest of school doctors about the need for children to have some time off to relax and play, a law was passed forbidding teachers to assign homework for Sunday or to require more than the specified daily maximum.

The first room I visited contained the first and second grades. (There are not enough embassy children this year to warrant more than one teacher for two grades.) I gazed around the room. Although the gay linoleum on the floor, the desks and chairs lined up in neat rows facing the teacher, and the blackboards were U. S.-made, there was no mistaking this classroom for an American one.

Above each teacher's desk was a handsomely framed, colored portrait of Lenin. Another picture of him hung on a side wall. There were no other pictures. There were no examples of the children's work. It was a stark atmosphere. "We do not want the attention of the pupils to be distracted from their lessons or from the teacher."

On this Saturday morning the first-graders were hard at work on their arithmetic lesson. The teacher called upon the children for the answers to the problems she had written on the blackboard:

6a	+	5a	=	14k	–	7k	=
5c	+	9c	=	12p	–	5p	=
7x	+	8x	=	11b	–	4b	=

When asked to recite, the child stood by his seat, gave his answer, and if it was correct, he was told to write it on the board. If his answer was wrong, the teacher promptly called upon another student. Children who knew the answers sometimes raised their hands, not in the energetic manner of American children, but with elbows kept on the table.

My attention was caught by the inkwells resting on the desks. Each of these wells sat on a bright square mat of oilcloth woven of one-inch red and yellow strips, which, I later learned, were made by the children during their weekly hour of craftwork. All written work in a Soviet school is done in ink—even by first-graders. "Using ink teaches them to be careful, to think through the task at hand before starting it," one of the Soviet teachers told me.

While the arithmetic lesson for the first grade was in progress, the second-graders were copying a story from their readers into their copybooks. This was a "Russian-language" class. They were learning how to hyphenate words and simultaneously practicing penmanship. As they wrote, the teacher gently shifted some of them into a better writing posture.

Noting that all children were using their right hands, I asked what was done about left-handed youngsters. "All children are taught to write with their right hand; they may use their left hand for throwing a ball, though."

When they had finished their writing, the teacher asked them if there were any new words they wished to have explained. In response to two raised hands, she carefully pronounced each of the unfamiliar words, and explained its meaning through illustrations as well as synonyms.

Then she called upon one of the students to come before the class and tell the story he had just copied. The Soviets place great emphasis on the ability of the students to retell what they have read. The child learns through such training to read for meaning, grasping the main ideas as well as substantive detail.

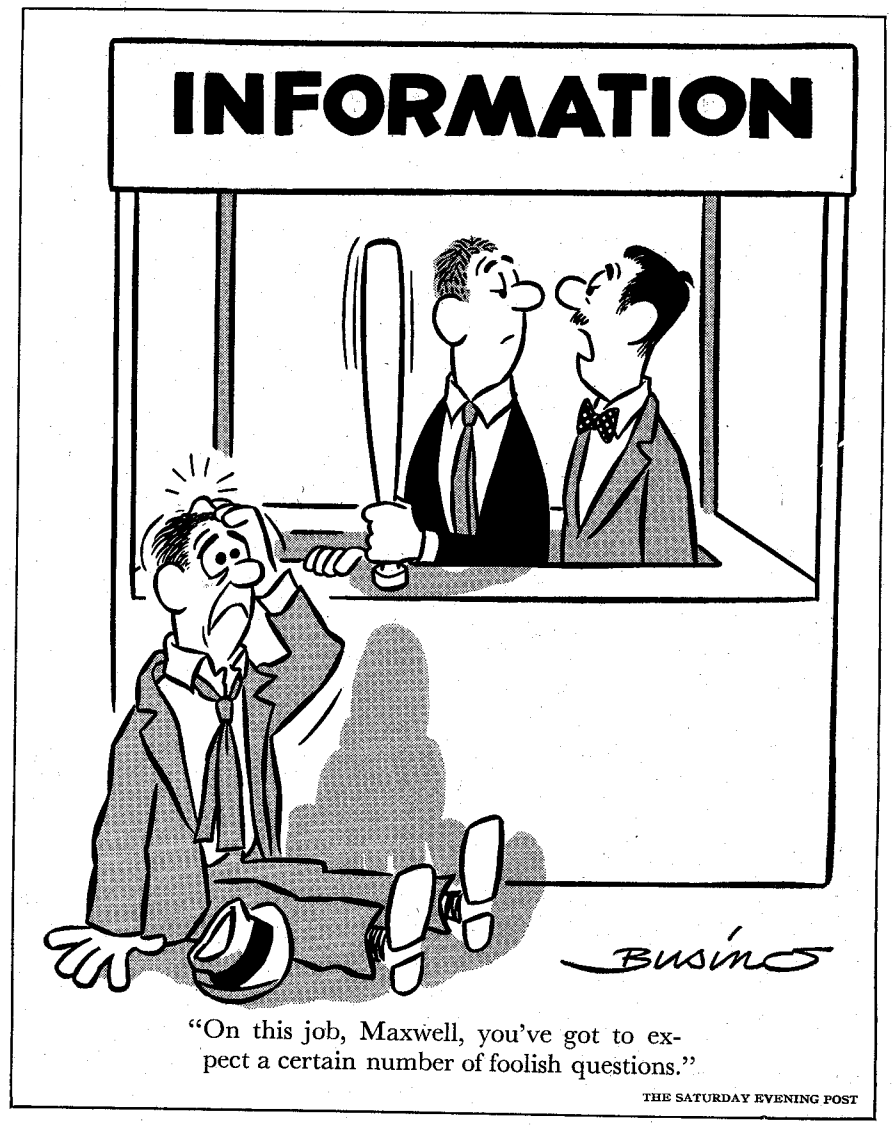
In grading the recitation of the pupil, no consideration or allowance appears to be made as to whether he is naturally shy or might happen to be ill. He is marked strictly on the quality of his oral presentation: five for excellent, four for very good, three for satisfactory, two for poor, and one for failure. This grading system is used throughout the U.S.S.R. These cumulative daily marks, plus weekly tests, quarterly and final examinations, determine his year's grade for the subject.

He must pass all basic subjects with at least a three—satisfactory—to be promoted to the next grade. Physical education, craftwork, drawing, and singing are not regarded as basic subjects. A grade of two—poor—in one or two subjects can be made up during the summer by passing another test successfully in August. Those who receive more than two poor grades or who fail a subject are required to repeat the grade. And in the U.S.S.R. as a whole, an estimated 10 per cent annually do repeat a grade.

I looked at the copybooks. The penmanship was beautiful. The pages contained horizontal guide lines less than one-fourth inch apart, cross-hatched by diagonal guide lines about one-eighth inch apart. The letters placed in the small "boxes" thus created, were exceptionally clear and easy even for a foreigner to read.

Just as the last copybook had been collected, the bell rang for the first recess. The children left the room row by row. The period had lasted forty-five minutes. Throughout this time these little children had remained completely quiet, attentive, giving no sign, through squirming or fidgeting, that they were restless or finding the long session too much.

The pace had been quick, precise, efficient. There (*Continued on Page 60*)



"On this job, Maxwell, you've got to expect a certain number of foolish questions."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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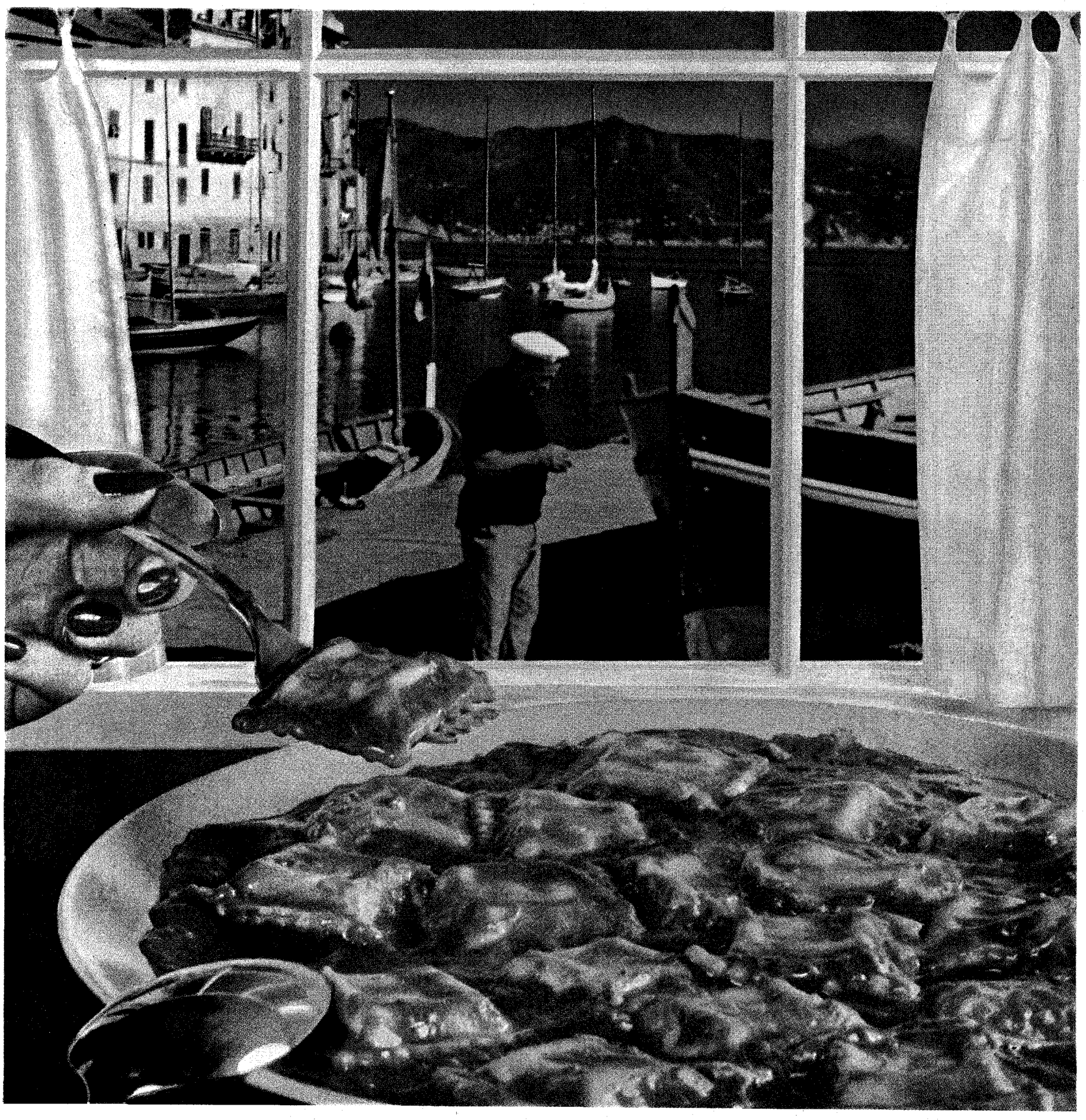

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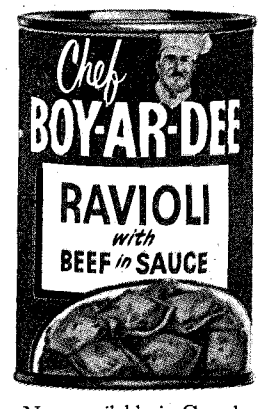

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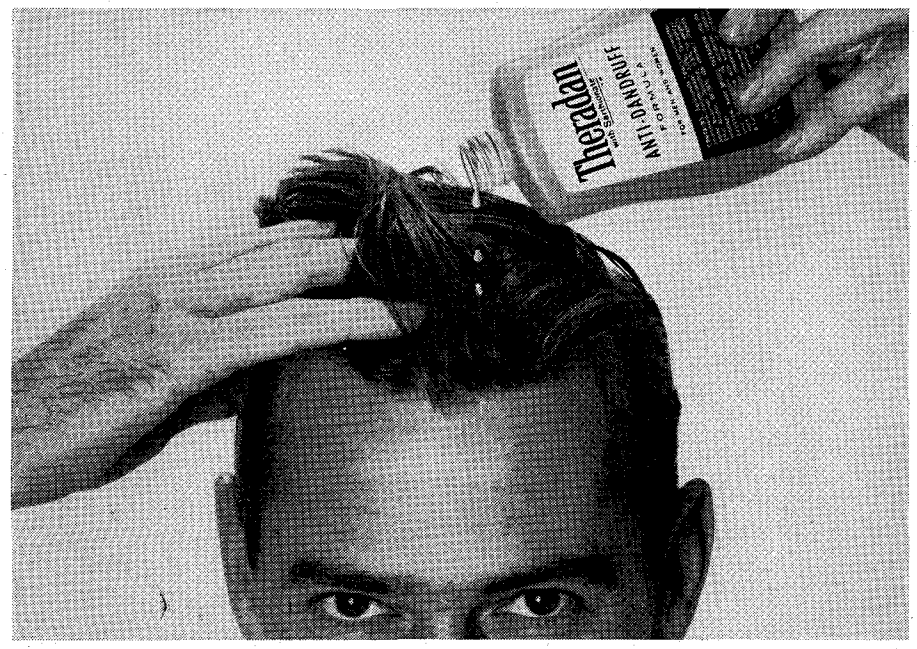

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with exclusive penetrating ingredient **SARTHIONATE®**

Theradan T. M. clears up dandruff that mere shampoos can't reach

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(*Continued from Page 58*) had been no familiarity between teacher and student. The only reward for good work had been a prompt "correct." Not once had I seen their teacher smile at them or give any sign of warm support or encouragement of their efforts. On the other hand, there had been no reprimand for a wrong answer, no scolding for insufficient study of the previous homework assignment. She had simply dismissed the wrong answer to proceed to another child who knew the right one.

During their ten-minute break there was again a scramble among the boys for chess and checker boards. The girls played various circle games and talked among themselves.

When I commented on the movie projector I had seen in the classroom, the principal, Mrs. Popova, led me upstairs to inspect the collection of movie films and the elaborate visual aids prepared centrally, and sent out automatically to every school.

Special movies, produced for the schools by the Soviet movie industry, are an integral part of the curriculum. On an average of once a week, each class is shown a film pertaining to a subject currently being studied. Titles of some of the films shown primary-school children include: The Adventures of the Sea Horse, Moscow, the Capital of the U.S.S.R., Winter on a Collective Farm, and Domestic Animals.

Movies have proved particularly effective in the science courses, the principal told me. Those relating to astronomy, for example, deal with such topics as the universe, thunder and lightning, solar and lunar eclipses, the rainbow, the changing of the seasons, and the sun. Sample titles of movies used in physics classes include: A Drop of Water, In the World of Crystals, In the Laboratory of the Sun, Rays of the Spectrum and Marked Atoms.

There were enormous, beautifully made maps to accompany reading assignments in geography; and there were mountings of insects in various stages of growth, collections of minerals, and specimens of water life to illustrate text passages on science.

Field trips are also an integral part of the teaching process, and are specifically called for in the study program. I was shown the leaves of various trees and plants which the pupils had collected, pressed and identified, following nature-study excursions.

As a class, students conduct simple experiments on plants and carry out gardening projects in school experimental plots. There was also a variety of games designed to build and strengthen vocabulary, to reinforce the learning of numbers, and how to tell time, all distributed by the Ministry of Education to every school.

During the next hour I visited the third and fourth grades. The children jumped to their feet the minute I entered the room, and remained standing until I was seated. I found the same formal atmosphere.

The nine-year-old, third-grade pupils were having a literature class. The previous night's assignment had been to memorize a well-known poem by Pushkin. Two of the children were called upon to stand before the class and recite it. The first girl did so with meaning, thought and the poise that comes from numerous such experiences. The second was a boy, equally poised, but unsure of his poem. He recited it rapidly, stumbling over passages, obviously giving no thought to its meaning. The class listened politely, but once he had completed his recitation several hands were quickly raised to point out to the teacher those lines and phrases he had forgotten or misquoted.

The teacher then asked this boy why certain expressions had been used, and could he think of synonyms? What shades of meaning had the poet meant to convey in his choice of words, of phrases? The class took turns expressing opinions.

Then the teacher assigned a story for the children to read over to themselves, silently. It was about the famous Czarist general, Suvorov. Before the pupils started to read the passage to themselves, the teacher gave an impassioned monologue describing the battle of Izmail Fortress, for which Suvorov is honored by the Soviet citizens today. It was as though, for a brief moment, the teacher had become an actress in her effort to put across an important Russian historical event for these children.

The impression a visitor gains is that these monologues are centrally prepared for Soviet teachers and that they are designed as an effective learning device. I heard a similarly electrifying account delivered to another class the following hour—this time on the Soviet struggle against the Nazis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Miss Eugenia Falstonbury, President, Falstonbury Products, Incorporated. Darling, colon . . ."

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Turning to the fourth-graders, the teacher called upon them one at a time to give their answers to the problems in finding the volume of each of the wooden cubes she had previously distributed. While they were answering, another student was sent to the board to work out a practical problem: Given a storage bin full of potatoes which is six meters long, four meters wide and three meters deep, find the weight of these potatoes if a cubic meter of potatoes weighs 680 kilos.

I looked through the arithmetic book which every Soviet fourth-grade pupil must complete. Here are several of the problems in the unit on fractions: Three-fourths km plus one-eighth km equals—— One-fifth cc plus one-half cc equals —— A problem in practical application in that unit was: Find how many square meters there are in one half hectare, in four fifths hectare, in one tenth hectare (a hectare contains 2.471 acres).

The final arithmetic examination for promotion from primary school into the fifth grade covers addition, subtraction, multiplication and division of whole numbers; the metric system and measures of time; addition and subtraction of fractions; and elementary mensuration. Pupils are expected to apply their knowledge and to solve simple problems involving whole numbers and fractions.

Money still talks, but it's gradually losing its voice.

HOMER PHILLIPS

I was told later that arithmetic ends at the conclusion of Grade 5, which includes fractions, decimals, percentages and proportions. Slide rules are introduced at this time. Algebra and geometry begin in Grade 6. For comparison, United States students normally study algebra and geometry in high school.

My attention returned to the third-graders, a few of whom were still studying the reading assignment. The little girl in front of me had finished, however, and was staring in fascination at an anatomical drawing of the human body. I noted the page and turned to it, somewhat surprised to find an illustration of this type in a literature book I had supposed to be full of poems and famous passages of prose.

I examined the reader more closely. It included excerpts of outstanding Russian and foreign authors. But this didn't alter the topical arrangement. The primer was planned by sections: the seasons, climate, school and family, fables, city and village, Soviet geographical data—including habitats of animals, reptiles, fish, discussions of vegetation and river systems—great scientists, inventors and travelers, the human body and historical data of the U.S.S.R.

Along with passages on the anatomy of the body, describing muscles, bones, nervous system, and so on, there were cross-sections of the eye, the ear and other important organs, each carefully labeled. The text pointed out the function of these organs, described the types of infectious diseases to which they are prone, and discussed means of avoiding and combating some of them. Illustrations of different important microbes showed the children what germs look like.

Later on, when I had a chance to survey the literature readers for the other grades, I found this same practice followed: simple concepts of nature, history and geography systematically presented via excerpts of famous poetry and prose.

Following the first two forty-five-minute periods, Soviet pupils are allowed a break for tea. A woman whose job it was to assist the teachers brought out trays filled with large mugs. Each child squared a napkin on his desk, set the mug upon it, and produced fruit, cookies or other snacks brought from home.

The last class at the Little "Red" Schoolhouse on that Saturday morning was the weekly hour devoted to craftwork, where I saw boys and girls in the first two grades embroidering flowers and butterflies on doilies. About 8 per cent of the first four years of a Soviet child's education is devoted to craftwork and painting, I was told. Music absorbs another 4 per cent, and sports activities 8 per cent. "Frill subjects" such as photography, orchestra and dramatics are conducted after school hours. In other words, 80 per cent of the class time of a Soviet student at primary level is spent mastering language skills, learning arithmetic and studying science, history and geography. And because of the longer school week, fewer holidays and shorter summer vacations, Soviet children spend as many hours in class in ten years as do American children in twelve.

Once again I heard the soft tinkle of the bell. Lessons were over at the Little "Red" Schoolhouse. I watched through the window as the children argued over where they would sit in the cars going home. It seems the front seat of each car is reserved for the one or two students with the best marks that day in class. The acknowledged winners took their places next to the drivers. The others scrambled into the back seats, the doors closed and the cars drove out of sight. THE END

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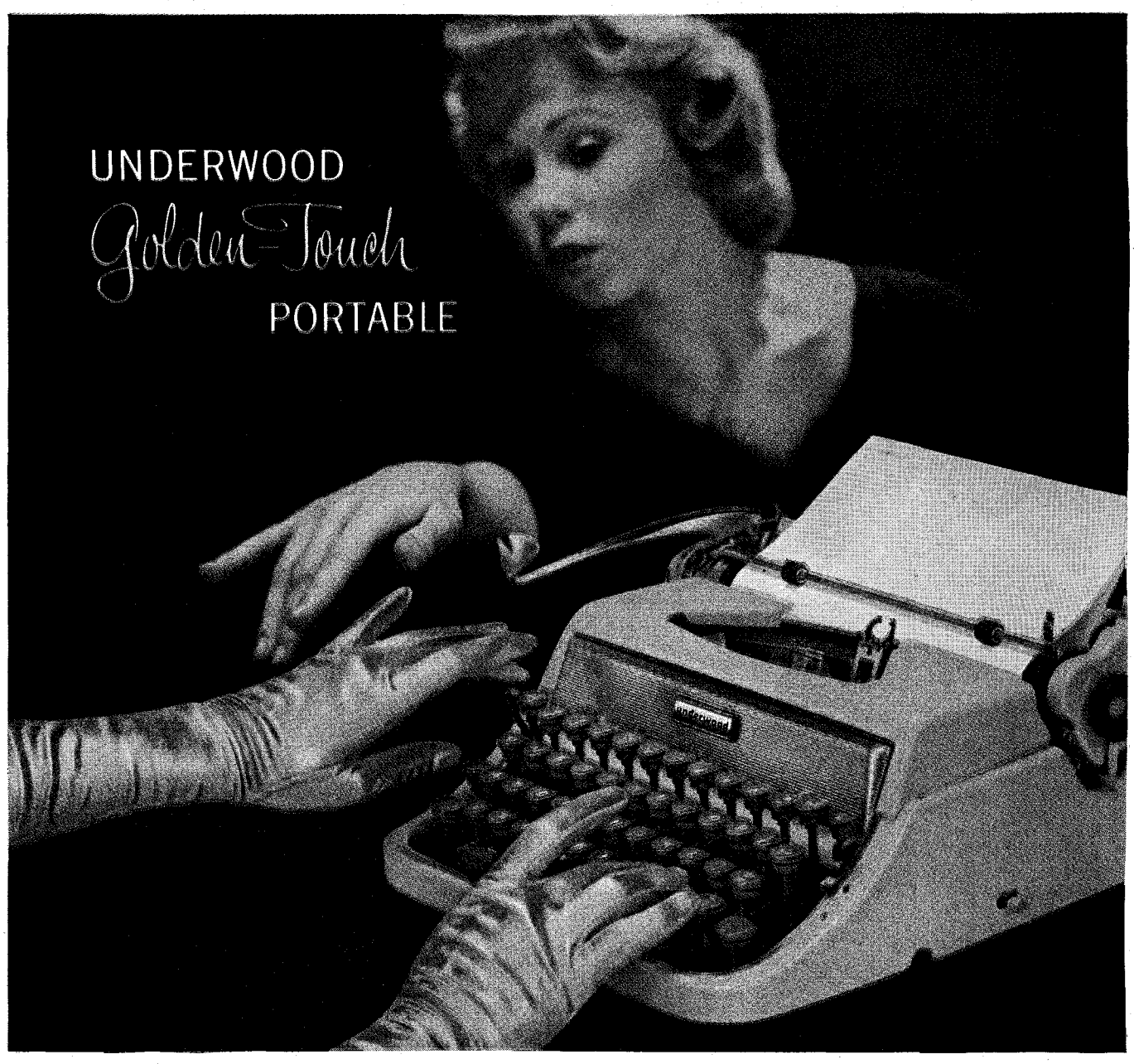

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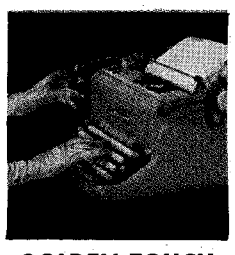

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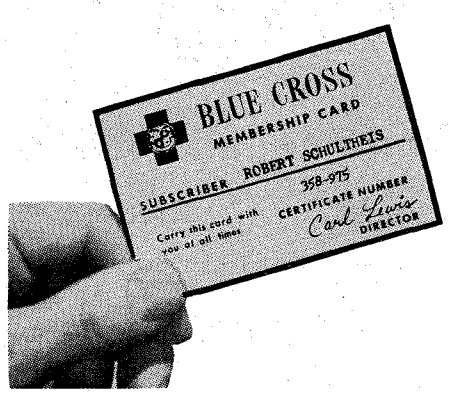

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The Inquisitive Mr. Gallup (Continued from Page 35)

Jaipur Prince, was a tall, rawboned, wide-shouldered and elderly third mate, whose vessel was almost sinking from a torpedo burst in her engine room; a man whose course, a few years hence, he was to cross again.

It was shortly before daylight when a Los Angeles park policeman, noticing the long, ungainly and shabbily dressed figure recumbent upon a bench down near the man-made lake, shone his flashlight full into the sleeper's face and gave a smart rap with his night stick upon the cardboard-reinforced shoe soles.

"Thanks, bosun. . . . Be topside directly! Wot's the weather like?" said the man on the bench, instantly awake and sitting upright. "Oh-oh!" he said then, flinching from the strong beam in his eyes. "Beg parding, sir! I—I thought you wos ——"

"Yeah," said the officer with sardonic humor. "Ya thought I was Santy Claus." He surveyed the other's threadbare and wrinkled suit, his uncouth, equine face, with its small, solemn, close-set eyes and ragged walrus mustache. "What's your name? Where ya from?" he demanded.

"Name o' Belial Gallup, o' Truro, Nova Scotia, master mariner, sir," replied the other promptly. "'Course I'm on'y a third mate, reely; but ——"

"Third mate o' what?" demanded the officer skeptically.

"Third mate o' the British steamer Jaipur Prince, sir."

"Why aren't ya sleeping on your ship, then?"

"I'm jining her when she makes port later today. Me train got in last night. Ye see, sir, when we wos in Halifax I were given a furlough home to wisit me little fambly. A wife an' eight bonny sprats I got, sir—not countin' the new arrival. Penicillin, we're a-callin' her, becos it a'most rhymes with Mary Ellen, our third. Got some pitchers of 'em here," went on Mr. Gallup proudly; and producing a worn and sadly flat wallet, and with deep-set eyes glowing with affection, he extracted a sheaf of well-worn snapshots. "Now if ye'd jist lend me that there flashlight ——"

"A windmill," murmured the officer. "Goes on and on! Mister, this is a park, not a flophouse! So stay upright or I'll run ya outta here! Got it?"

"Aye, sir," replied Mr. Gallup cheerfully, and tucked his snapshots lovingly away. "Soon be daylight anyway."

As the officer, after another suspicious scrutiny, shook his head and strolled away toward the boathouse across the lake, Mr. Gallup retrieved from beneath the bench a battered old hard hat which for years he had worn, ashore and afloat, crammed it on his skull and gazed philosophically across the placid water. And presently, because he had ridden day coach across the continent, unable to afford a berth, and because the visions of food on the Jaipur Prince when he rejoined her, had had, for the same pecuniary reasons, for the past forty-eight hours, to take the place of more substantial nourishment, Mr. Gallup slept again.

He was awakened suddenly by a series of prolonged, wild and vociferous ululations and whoops of defiance, which originated from a small electric boat, such as was hired by pleasure seekers in the park. And the navigator, as Mr. Gallup observed with intense interest, was a rather undersized man with ginger hair who, while high-spiritedly waving a bottle in each fist, was steering with his stockinged feet, out in the middle of the lake.

"Now that," mused Mr. Gallup appreciatively, "is a wery unconwentional character! Oh, dear-oh, dear! . . . There goes the bobby arter him!"

Running down the boathouse landing, Mr. Gallup's recent acquaintance leaped into another electric boat, whereupon ensued an exciting chase, with overtones of heated legal comment from the policeman, and derisively triumphant yells from the pursued, whose expert maneuvers quickly convinced the watcher on the bench that he was a seaman of experience and resource.

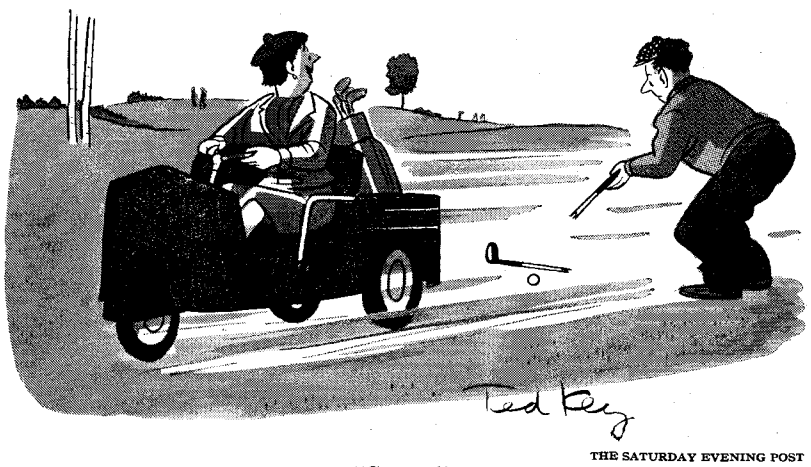
"Hooroo!" cried Mr. Gallup, enchanted with this miniature naval engagement in the early dawn. "Stay away from that there little bay, chum! Stick to open water!" And, quite carried away, he jumped to his feet, shambled rapidly along to the boathouse float, appropriated a craft of his own and sped enthusiastically toward the fray.

"You keep outta this or I'll run you in!" the policeman bellowed indignantly, and strove to cut alongside his quarry—but too late! For with an expert spin of the wheel Mr. Gallup intervened and arrived at a strategic position in between, which he was assiduous to maintain.

"I'm warning ya!" the policeman stormed, and pulled his gun. "Steer into the bank, both o' ya, or I'll blow ya outta the water!"

"Wot's that, sir?" cried Mr. Gallup, speciously aggrieved. "W'y, anybody could see that all I'm a-doin' of is helping ye! Why don't ye put a shot across his bows, and ——"

"How can I?" the policeman demanded, frothing. "How can I do anything when you keep runnin' in between us?"



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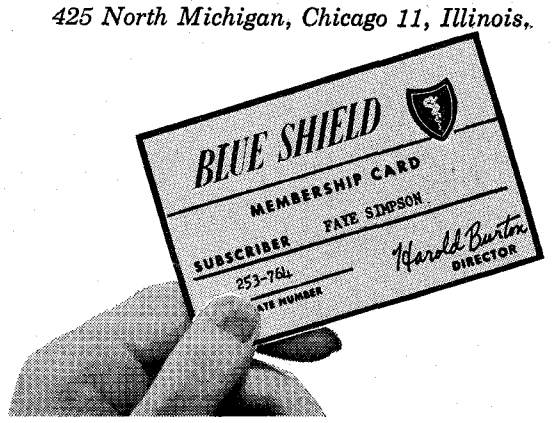

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"I wot, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup in artless surprise, and looked slowly and carefully about him. "Well, bless me soul, so I am! Sorry!"

From the corner of his eye he saw that the fugitive, now racing directly for the far bank, was but a yard or two from safety; so, with a quick spin of the wheel Mr. Gallup came about, which brought him to a clumsy but thoroughly impeding halt alongside the policeman's boat, to which he clung with quite unnecessary fervor, both boats now moving in quite a fast, tight circle, but without forward progress. Then, as he saw the gallant mariner he had befriended leap ashore and scuttle away, reluctantly though apologetically he released his grip upon the officer's gunwale.

"Too bad, sir!" he said sorrowfully. "I'd not be supprised if that there drunken scallywag's got clean away!"

"Which is a sight more'n you're goin' to do," said the policeman grimly. "Ya're under arrest!"

"Under arrest?" protested Mr. Gallup righteously. "Wotever for? All I done was to ——"

"Under arrest!" the other interrupted with what Mr. Gallup deemed excessive spleen. "Interference wit' an officer in the performance of his duty! Come along—or would I prefer to drag ya?"

"Having made a nobby, all me seafarin' life, o' maritime lor, Yer Worship," said Mr. Gallup, nobly oracular, when arraigned in morning court an hour or so later, "me on'y plea is that a judge in Admiralty should try this case, me said infraction, if any, having took place on nawigable waters—to wit, the lake. An' since, to any fair-minded man, that'd on'y amount to a floatin' peccadillo——"

"A—a what?" asked the judge sharply.

"A 'floatin' peccadillo,' sir," repeated Mr. Gallup firmly, adding, with great presence of mind, "It's rather a nold term, sir, larst used generally about the time o' Capting Kidd."

"Fifty dollars or ten days," said the judge. "In memory of Captain Kidd."

So, for the next ten days Mr. Gallup languished in the city jail; and despite his chronic cheerfulness, born of a lifetime of uncomplainingly battling adversity, he was intensely depressed, particularly when he learned from a shipping page given to him by a friendly turnkey, that his ship, the Jaipur Prince, had come and gone, bound for San Francisco and Vancouver, British Columbia. And with no money to rejoin her at any of her West Coast ports, when he did get out, stranded and jobless, what would his beloved fambly do?

Still, although his long horse face was furrowed with anxiety as he changed from jail denims to his threadbare blue-serge suit on the day of his release, he was a free man again; and since even the smallest good fortune was sufficient to raise Mr. Gallup's spirits, he grinned.

"Got to pick up me suitcase at the tram station fust," he confided to the friendly turnkey. "Then from there, wot's the shortest way to walk to the port, chum? P'raps I can ship out on another wessel."

Given the directions, he had trudged but a little way from the jail, however, when from out a doorway and directly into his path stepped a small, ill-at-ease man in an overlarge suit, whose Adam's apple bobbed agitatedly behind the too-big collar, but whose pale, wistful blue eyes beneath a primly plastered-down red thatch shone upon Mr. Gallup with what, unmistakably, was both gratitude and admiration.

"Hu-hullo," he said abashedly, and stuck out a surprisingly sinewy hand.

Mr. Gallup, puzzled but gratified, accepted the hand. Then he stared. "W'y—w'y, you're the little monkey wot fought that small-boat action the other day!" he cried, astounded.

"Yes," the little man admitted diffidently. "That was me."

"Well!" marveled Mr. Gallup. "If this ain't a coincidink!" And he solemnly shook hands again. "How-de-do!"

"It's no coincidence," the other said shyly. "I was waiting for you. The name's Pettigrew—chief officer in the Phoenix, out of Cardiff. And I'm—I'm much obliged."

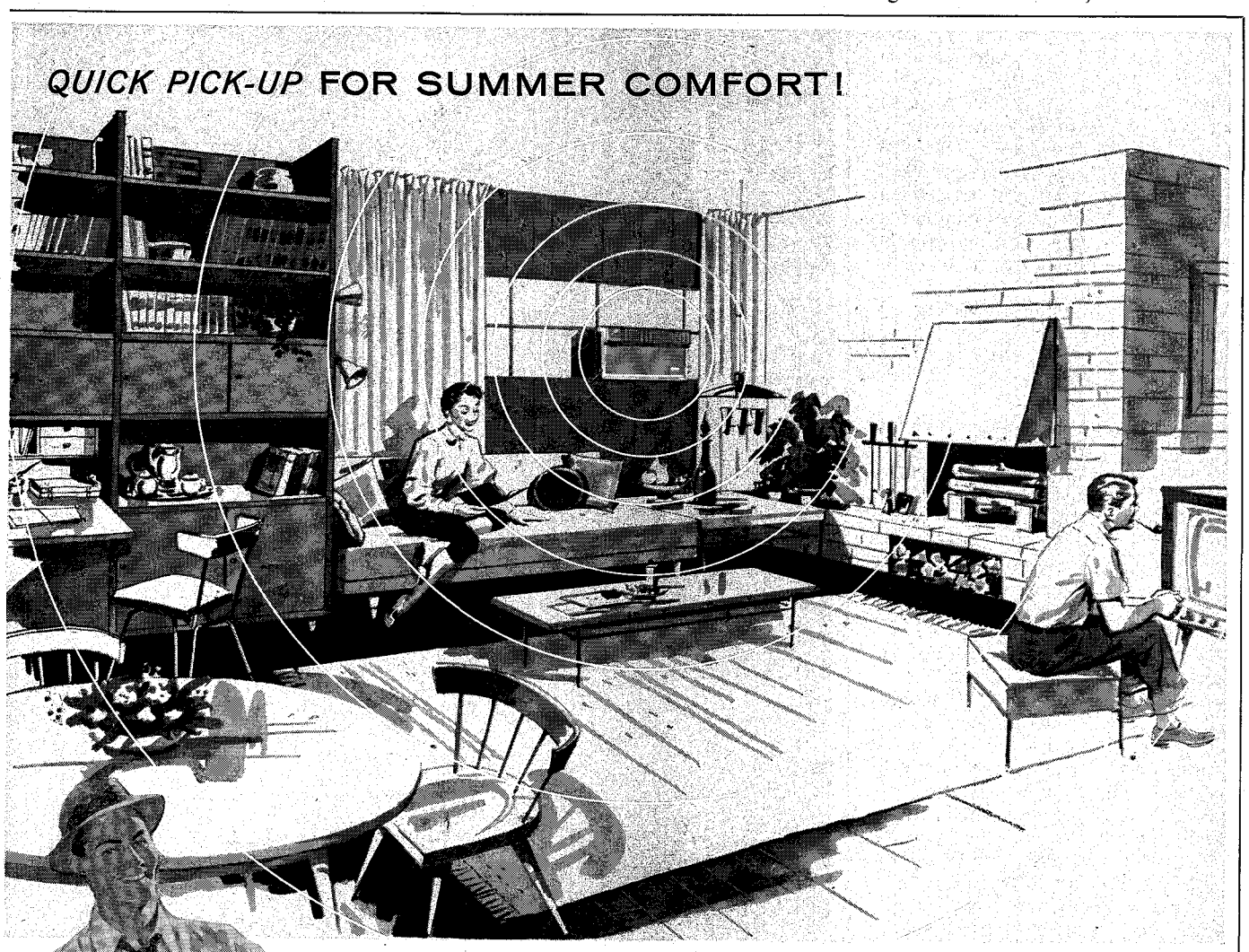
"A pleasure, I'm sure," Mr. Gallup assured him heartily. "But how did ye know where I were?"

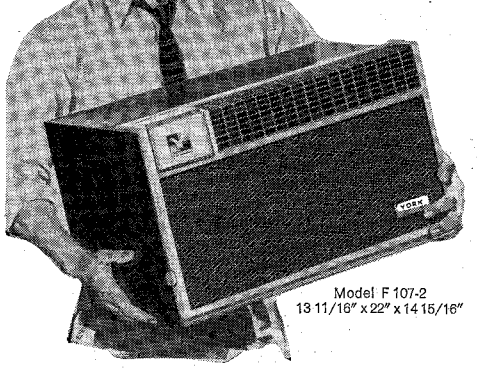
"I wasn't that drunk, Mr. Gallup," said Mr. Pettigrew, a trifle stiffly. "You see—I even know your name. And I was behind the bushes when you got towed off to the cooler. Then, when I—I'd sobered up enough, I checked on you. And here I am. Were you—er—going some place special?"

"On'y to collect me bag. Then I'm off to the port to see if I can ship out," Mr. Gallup told him cheerfully; then, briefly, he outlined his predicament.

"Tck-tck-tck!" clucked Mr. Pettigrew remorsefully. "And all on account of me! But don't think I always cut up jinks like that," he said anxiously. "Only when there's a reason—which," he added bitterly, "in that case, there was! Look—why don't you go back to the ship with me and we'll knock back a couple, while I explain?"

"We-ell—as a rule I'm a teetotaler, but," ended Mr. Gallup with alacrity, "ye've jist talked me over!"





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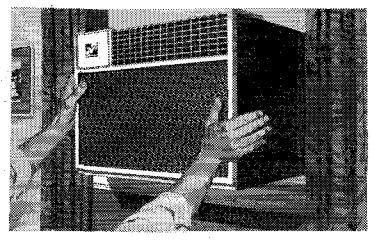
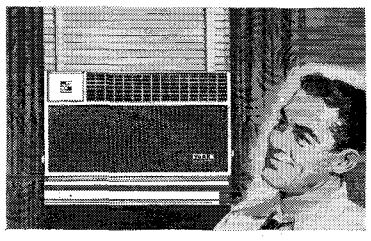
Now York proves high-power cooling can come in a small, lightweight package...proves installation can be fantastically quick and easy. If you have ever shopped room air conditioners, you have probably found that the higher the cooling power, the larger the size of the unit. But now, in the Power Mite, York has discovered a way to reverse this principle—a way to build a room air conditioner 2.6 cu. ft. small and give it power enough to cool over 3,769 cu. ft. of living area! And this new unit is fully equipped—with exclusive Rotary Deflector Grille, 2-Speed Fan, Automatic Thermostat and new snap-in installation kit!

Carry it home. No waiting for delivery. Pick the model you want... take it home in the car. Choice of three deluxe models... 7½ amp. 115 V. for use with ordinary household current ...12 amp. 115V... and 230 V. Beautiful decorator styling in soft grey and gold blends with modern or provincial decor.

Now Producing its 2nd Million Room Air Conditioners...



Install it yourself. No inside or outside supports. Simply tighten wing bolts by hand, snap side panels into place and pull down the window. Low amp. Power Mite simply plugs in wherever wiring is adequate.



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At the Wilmington docks Mr. Gallup and his new friend approached a small coal-burning tramp steamer whose ancient plates and superstructure were leprous with rust and patches of red lead; and upon her old-fashioned counter, in faded letters, were the words: "PHOENIX—Cardiff." Her untidy decks were cluttered with neglected gear, adding to the turmoil and noise of discharging cargo.

As they reached the foot of the gangplank Mr. Pettigrew, glancing up at the lower bridge, seemed suddenly to shrink. He drew back, nervously clutching at Mr. Gallup's arm.

"Wot's the matter?" asked Mr. Gallup.

"It's him!" muttered Mr. Pettigrew. "That's the blighter! Sleepy-eyed devil—he misses nothing!"

Mr. Gallup stared at him. "Who?" he said; then, following Mr. Pettigrew's now weakly defiant glance, he saw, staring down at them, a large, phlegmatic-appearing man, with droopy lids and a fat putty-colored face, and wearing the uniform, untidy and gravy-spotted, of a merchant-navy master.

"'Igh time you got back, Mr. Pettigrew," he said as they stepped on deck. "We're sailin' tonight—'less ye're too 'igh an' mighty to 'ave 'eard!"

• •

Poor Me!

It's a struggle to live on my
take-home cash,
It's the cheapest of wine
that I fill my cup with.
It's a life overflowing with
beans and hash,
And a very poor Jones that
I'm keeping up with.

William W. Pratt

• •

"I'm on board, aren't I, captain?" snapped Mr. Pettigrew.

"Don't give me no lip, now," adjured the captain. "And if yon queer feller wiv yer is one o' yer boozin' pals an' yer arskin' 'im for lunch, it'll be took off of yer pay, o' course."

"All right, all right, Captain Krank!" said his chief officer, red with embarrassment. But he ended in a mutter: "You'd prob'ly not care for the cockroach soup and fillet of bones he serves on board here anyway, Mr. Gallup. Stingy brute! . . . Watch your step over that gear there!"

Picking their way over the clutter, they arrived in Mr. Pettigrew's cabin. It was small and crowded, but an oasis of neatness in the general untidiness.

Mr. Pettigrew produced a bottle and glasses, and water in a cracked carafe. But when he had poured the drinks he neglected to add water to his own.

"Here's how!" he said, and finished it at a gulp; and Mr. Gallup, watching the eager trembling of his hands, formed his own conclusion.

He said quietly: "What's troubling ye, Mr. Pettigrew—him?"

"Aye—him!" the other replied savagely. "Pound-and-Pint Krank. That's his nickname. You know what it means."

Mr. Gallup nodded sagely. "Means minimum Board o' Trade rations. A pound o' this an' a pint o' t'other. As little as the lor allows." He chuckled. "I sailed wid a shipmaster like that once. Wery frugal, he were. Cured hisself o' seasickness by holdin' a sixpence between his teeth an' keepin' his hands behind his back. But about Capting Krank?"

Mr. Pettigrew poured himself another stiff drink, quickly drained it and stared at nothing, through the open porthole. He said, his voice strained, "It was account of him I went on that bender the other night. I couldn't stand it any more. Not knowing what he's up to, on board here—or rather, knowing only part, and being scared to guess the rest."

Mr. Gallup waited; then prodded gently. "About the bit you do know?"

Before answering, Mr. Pettigrew put his cabin door on the hook, so that he could both hear and see anyone approaching. While he was at the door Mr. Gallup unobtrusively placed the bottle beyond his ready reach.

"All right! I'll tell you," said Mr. Pettigrew. "He buys stores by the ton. Far more than the ship needs, and in every port! Kingston! Maracaibo! Lima!"

"Why in the world should he buy ——"

"To sell! Provisions, hawsers, paint, anchors—anything that'll find a ready buyer! But listen—he pledges the ship's credit to purchase the stuff, then pockets the proceeds!"

"Oh-oh!" Mr. Gallup sat abruptly upright. "How does the wessel's owners like that? It's them wot has to pay when the liens comes due, ewentually."

"They won't find out for a while. Oh, he grafted a bit before, but never on the scale of this voyage!"

"But still—s'pose somebody does tip the owners off? It'd be wuth a bit to 'em, to know. The chief engineer, say; or the chief steward."

"They get their squeeze. As for the crew ——" Mr. Pettigrew shrugged contemptuously. "You saw some of 'em as we came aboard! Drunken trash from half the waterfront stews o' Europe. Can't even speak English, most of 'em. Krank's got nothing to fear from them. Besides ——" He broke off, as if reluctant to continue. "Have another drink?"

"In a minute. Besides wot?"

"Krank's one of the owners," Mr. Pettigrew said abruptly. "He's got one-third share in the ship."

Mr. Gallup's jaw dropped. "But that don't make sense, sir! He's got to pay them bills someday—a third of 'em, anyway. So wid this sellin' caper o' his, he's jist cheating hisself! Who's the other owners?"

"Two elderly women—sisters—in Cardiff. Their father built the ship. An old shipmaster. He's dead now."

"Then how did Krank ——"

"There was a son," said Mr. Pettigrew. "He sold out his interest to Krank. And now Krank's going to—to ——"

His voice trailed off, and he reached again for the bottle; but Mr. Gallup checked him. "Best finish tellin' me, first, sir," he suggested mildly.

The other stared at him, almost hostile for a moment. Then he put the bottle down. "You've seen what the ship's like, Gallup!" he said abruptly. "She's falling apart. Squeezes under the 'seaworthy' requirements, each departure, by only a hair. Because of Krank's neglect it'd cost half what she's worth to put her in shape."

"Ar!" said Mr. Gallup profoundly. "I seen that."

"Yet if she was reconditioned," Mr. Pettigrew continued—and now, curiously, his eyes were glowing, his face intent and flushed—"and if she was free of debt, she'd make a fine profit, freight rates being what they are."

"Don't Krank see that too?"

"He's no longer interested in long-term profits! He's sick of the sea! Wants to retire ashore! That's why he's building a stake for himself. But now it's not coming in quick enough or big enough. So he's up to something—something that'll make him a big, quick killing!"

"I see," said Mr. Gallup thoughtfully, and his (*Continued on Page 68*)

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"THE NEXT TIME, MY DEAR,
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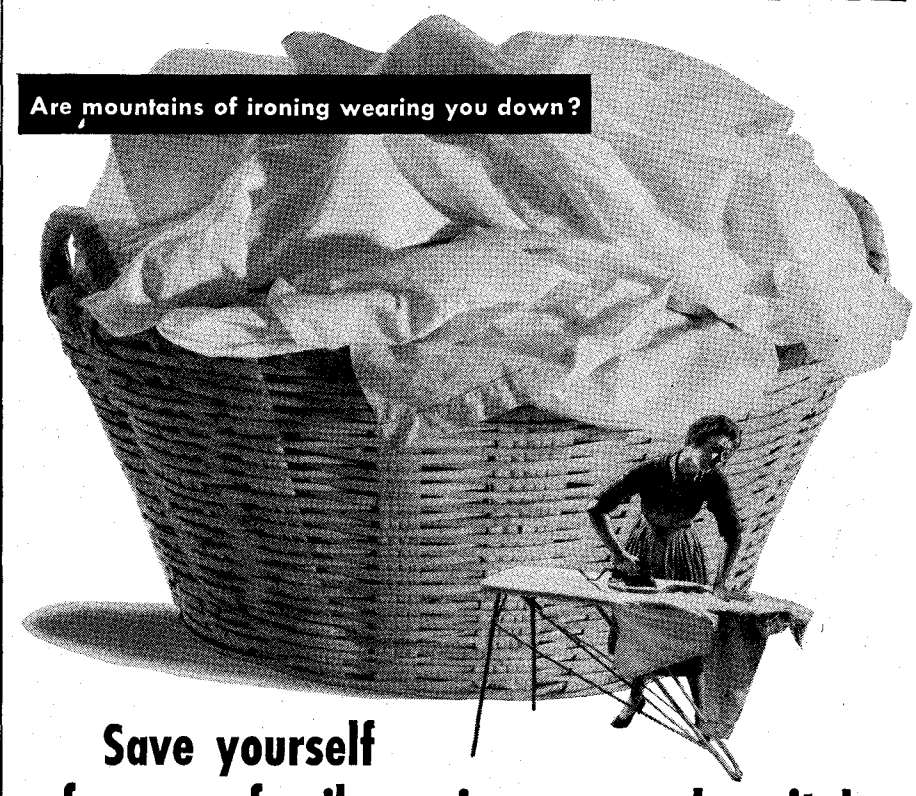
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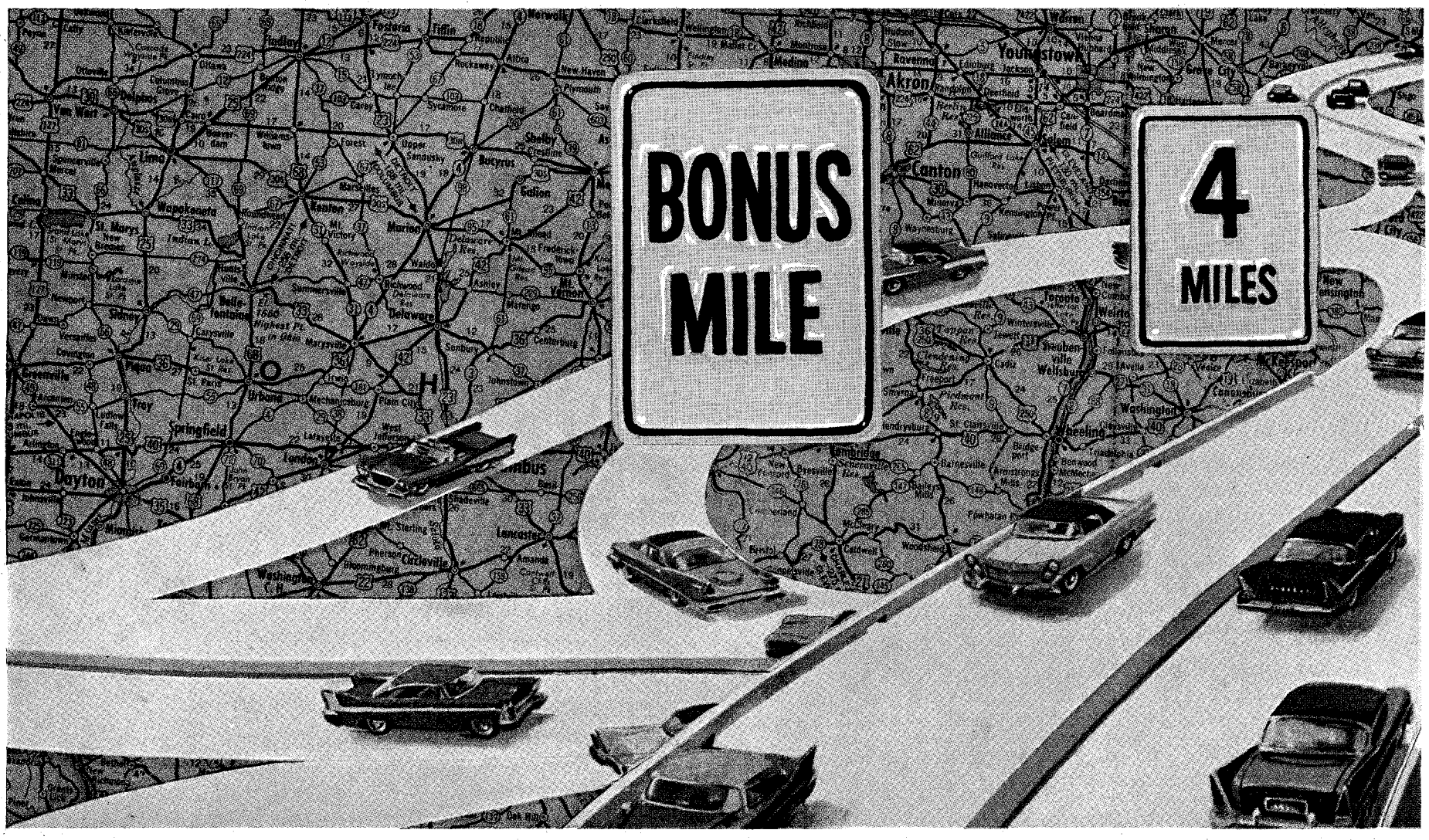

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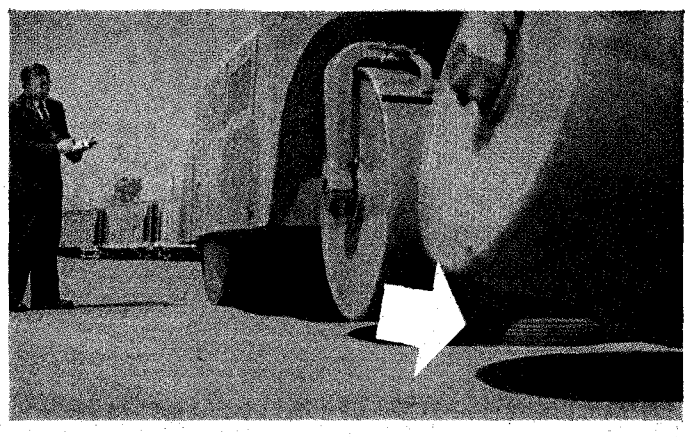

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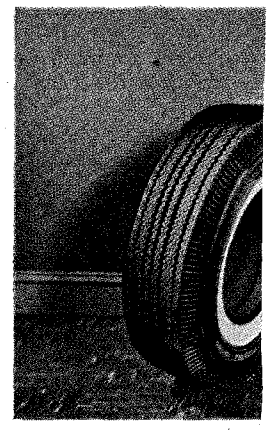

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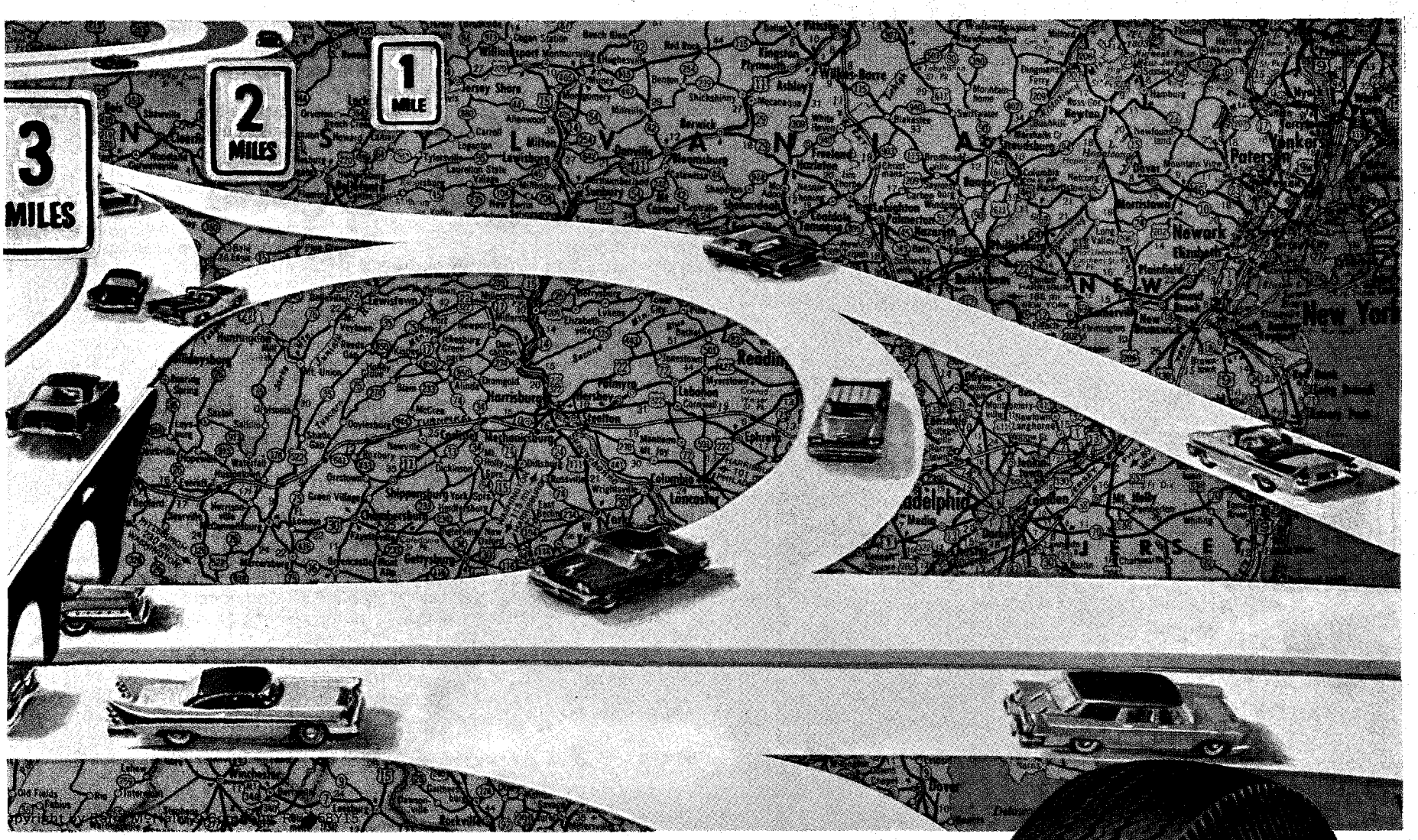

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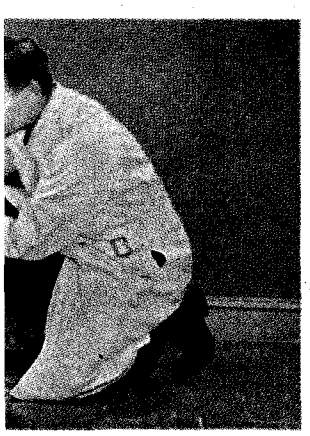

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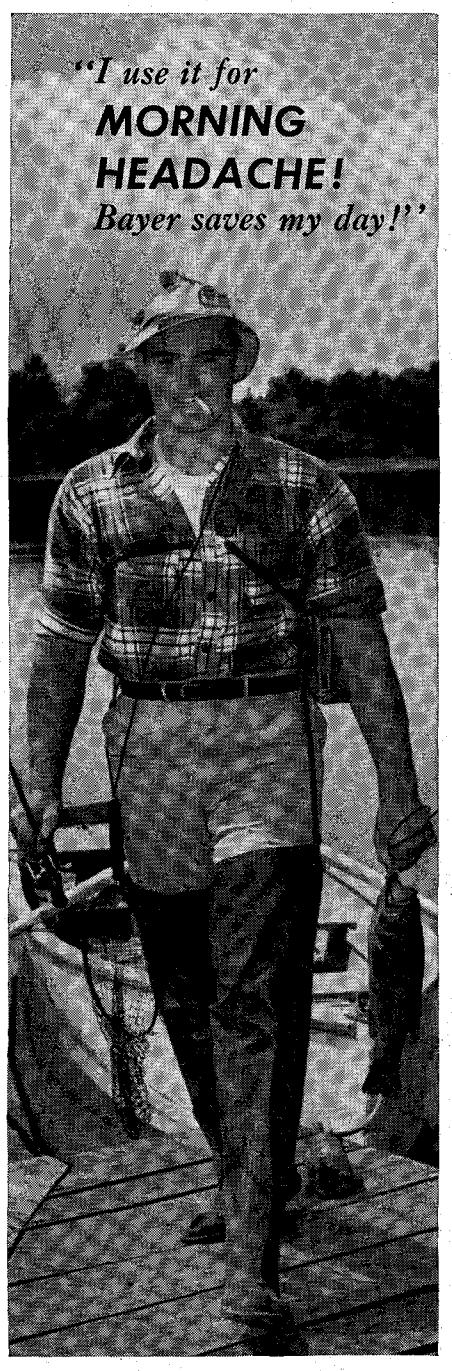

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FEEL BETTER FAST—with BAYER® ASPIRIN

(*Continued from Page 65*) deep-set little eyes began to burn. "And have ye any idee, sir, wot ——"

"I have!" rasped the little man, his face contorted with both worry and fear. "But I'm not sure what shape it'll take. That's why I can't sleep o' nights! Why I go off on silly drunks!"

"But look, sir," reasoned Mr. Gallup gently. "If this upsets ye so bad, why don't ye quit? Arter all, it's jist a job."

"I—I have my reasons," said the little man, and his face froze. "They're strictly personal."

"Sorry!" said Mr. Gallup. "But gettin' back to this big killing o' Krank's—wot makes ye so sure?"

"For one thing, the vessel's heavily overinsured. Recently—and by him."

"And a scrimpin' character like him's not going to pay big premiums for long widout a payoff? Hm'm-m. I begin to see. Where are ye bound, from here?"

"To Seattle. We discharge heavy machinery and load general cargo for Rotterdam and Hamburg."

"So there's no need to worry between here and Seattle, then," said Mr. Gallup with a grin. "He'll not pass up the machinery freight that'll be due him there. And remember, there's one clear pattern to all this mess—the man's greed! Foller that path widout deviatin' an' it'll lead straight to the answer! An' now, sir, p'raps I'd better ——"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Mr. Pettigrew sharply, as footsteps sounded along the alleyway. Then a steward appeared at the doorway.

"Old Man wants you, sir," he told the chief officer. "At once!"

With a quick apology Mr. Pettigrew hastily and apprehensively departed, while Mr. Gallup, frankly curious, scanned the little cabin. Then, seeing a framed, old-fashioned photograph on the bulkhead above the bunk, he stood and for some moments closely examined it.

"Oho! So that's it, eh?" he said softly to himself; and sitting down again he sank into such profound and troubled thought that, when Mr. Pettigrew returned, he did not look up.

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Gallup!" the chief officer said hastily, as he entered. "The Old Man says you're to—to push off. And he says if—if you're not gone in five minutes he'll kick you off."

"Will he now!" growled Mr. Gallup, rising. "There's many a better man has broke his foot agin my starn afore today! Still," he added prudently, "since he's bigger an' heavier'n me, he might do it. So I'll take meself off, sir"—he held out his hand—"an' bid ye a fond adoo."

"Good-by, Mr. Gallup." Mr. Pettigrew looked at him in queer concentration, then spoke with slow, deliberate emphasis. "I'm sorry you couldn't go with us, since Seattle is so near to Vancouver, where your ship's going to be! I said Seattle, Mr. Gallup, near where ——"

"I heard ye, sir," said Mr. Gallup, momentarily puzzled.

"Yes," said Mr. Pettigrew. "Too bad you have to go ashore! Now let me see. . . . Where did I put the key to the forepeak? In the cabinet there?"

Then, suddenly, Mr. Gallup got it, and chuckled. "W'y, bless yer heart, sir," he said, "what you're a-hintin' on is, why don't I stow away! But, tell ye the truth, sir, I had the wery same idee earlier; and it'd do no good to look for the key to the forepeak, for it's already in me pocket. I stole it while you wos out!"

And clapping his old hard hat tight on his bony cranium, he shambled hastily out and back onto the wharf.

When darkness fell, it was easy to one of Mr. Gallup's seafaring experience to slip back on board, and into the darkness of the forepeak with the door locked behind him.

But in case something was needed and the bosun had a spare key, he lifted the manhole cover from the chain locker, and descended the ladder into the space below, wherein lay endless fathoms of heavy anchor cable, already shackled to the anchor on the fo'castlehead and ready, in emergency, to let go. And here, in utter blackness, amid the smell of iron rust and the dust of bottom mud, Mr. Gallup crouched, waiting.

Presently the tremor of the hull plates told him the Phoenix was under way; and he could relax. Hooroo! Seattle next, then Vancouver!

Then, suddenly, it happened—a panicky, confused shouting far overhead; the wild, convulsive shudder of the entire steamer as the engine went full astern; then, with the rustle and movement of an enormous python the murderous anchor cable leaped to life, the cable ripping at the hawsepipe as the anchor was dropped, the confined sound beating like a hundred drop forges at once.

Instantly Mr. Gallup knew what had happened, and he leaped for his life to reach the ladder, escaping, by inches only, the writhing coils which would have

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, I haven't been waiting long—I went home and ate."

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drawn him up the pipe and ripped him to bloody shreds.

His groping hands found the ladder rungs; and although afterward he could not remember how he did it, he got to the top. Then, frantically, he fumbled the key into the forepeak lock and staggered out on deck. As he tried to get his bearings he heard from the bridge the furious wheezing bellow of Captain Krank.

"'Oo the 'ell's that feller wot jus' sneaked out o' the forepeak—a ruddy stowaway?" he demanded. "Stone the bloody crows if this don't tear it! Fust, a blarsted fisherman wivout lights under our bows, then that drunken swine of a carpenter drops the stinkin' 'ook—an' now this perisher! Mr. Pettigrew!"

"Aye, sir?" answered the chief officer from the fo'castlehead.

"Heave that anchor up an' let's get under way again! And 'ere, you!" to the junior mate on the bridge beside him. "'Ave the bosun scrub the muck off that stowaway an' kick 'im up 'ere!"

The last thing Mr. Gallup desired was to face the irate shipmaster; but when presently he was escorted to the bridge he decided to meet it boldly. So, with the manner of a polite scarecrow, he took off his battered hat and said ingratiatingly, "A wery good evening to ye, captain!"

Captain Krank stared incredulously. Then: "W'y, it's Pettigrew's chum again!" he roared. "Wot you doin' back 'ere?"

"Stowed away, sir," replied Mr. Gallup; and to keep the shipmaster's mind off Mr. Pettigrew he gave a rapid and vivid recital of his recent experience in the chain locker.

This, somehow, struck Captain Krank as exceedingly funny.

"Too blinkin' bad yer didn't go up that pipe," he wheezed, and chuckled. "But since you're 'ere, you'll bloody well earn yer keep. Wot can yer do? Ship's carpenterin', for instance?"

"Me fav'rite occupation, sir!"

"Hm'm-m! We'll see! You'll take the place o' that fat-'eaded numskull wot let the anchor go. An' don't let me see yer ugly mug, rest o' the voyage! You 'ear?"

"Thank ye kindly, sir," replied Mr. Gallup, immensely gratified. "Can I go below an' start me juties now?"

"Ain't nailed down, are yer?"

An hour later, the Phoenix, with gentle roll and pitch, pursued her voyage north. And Mr. Gallup, infinitely contented, and in clean dungarees loaned to him by the bosun, walked along the waist, savoring the old familiar sounds and odors of shipboard life; and somehow, perhaps because he was back in an atmosphere wherein he thought of them most often, his little fambly seemed very close, and the problems of other humans puny and far away. And yet—what of Mr. Pettigrew?

Yes, here was his friend and benefactor in trouble; yet he, Mr. Gallup, was doing nothing to help! So, consciously, he put his methodical, slow-moving but exceedingly thorough mind to work.

Captain Krank's buying of supplies by pledging the ship's credit was legal. A shipmaster's established right and custom, through many centuries. But selling them for his own profit was only, Mr. Pettigrew had convinced him, part of a larger, more sinister plan. That plan, Mr. Gallup agreed, was to cast away or otherwise dispose of his vessel for the insurance—a criminal act, known to Admiralty law as barratry. Yet until the attempt actually was made or provable intent discovered, nothing could be done.

"Le's see, now," mused Mr. Gallup. "In his place, wot would I do? Fust, insure her good. But he's done that already. Proves I'm on the right track, though! So wot's Step Number Two?"

Patiently he worked out the possibilities, considering each factor—opportunity, weather, place; mentally testing and eliminating; and as he grew nearer to his goal Mr. Gallup's patient, horselike face grew increasingly solemn, his closeset little eyes more grim.

Then, at last—"Got it!" he growled. "That is, if I remember that coast well enough—which I do! Eureka to Flattery! I've sailed it enough times! But has he, I wonder! An' if not, how would he find out? . . . Why, o' course!" he exploded suddenly. "If this bit fits, I'll be as good as inside his ugly fat head!" Abruptly he left the rail and walked along the alleyway to Mr. Pettigrew's cabin.

Outside, he stood for a moment, or two, debating whether to reveal his conclusion to Mr. Pettigrew. Then he decided. "Aye!" he said softly to himself. "Better check his ideas against mine. Then we can decide wot to do," and he tapped on the door.

There was a pause; the sound, from within, of a drawer being hastily opened and closed. Then Mr. Pettigrew's voice, blurred a little, said: "Come in!"

The little chief officer was in pajamas and slippers; propped up in his bunk, ostensibly reading a Los Angeles paper. But Mr. Gallup was not fooled, nor did he need the smell of Mr. Pettigrew's breath to tell him the reason for that hastily closed drawer, and for a moment he was tempted to make his excuses and leave. Then, something in the man's tormented, guilty eyes aroused his pity and the moment passed. But his intention to confide was gone. This was too serious, too dangerous a business, with perhaps the lives of forty men involved, for him to

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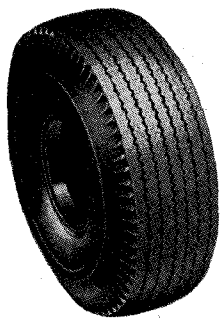

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"Beg parding, sir," said Mr. Gallup, "but do you happen to have a chart o' the Washington coast south o' Cape Flattery?"

"No," said Mr. Pettigrew, trying to focus. "There's one in the chartroom, though. Why do you ——"

"Tell ye later, sir," said Mr. Gallup. "If it's not too much trouble for ye to git it for me."

Mr. Pettigrew stumbled a little as he got out of his bunk and into his greatcoat. Presently he was back, empty-handed.

"Not there," he said thickly. "The third mate says the Old Man hash—has it in his cabin. Prob-prolably wants study approaches to the strait. But wait—that's queer. Told me he knew 'em like inside of his hat."

"And we're still eleven hundred mile south o' there," observed Mr. Gallup dryly. "Well, thanks anyway, sir. I've found out wot I wanted to know. Sorry to disturb ye. Good ni——"

"Wait!" said Mr. Pettigrew. "Very f-foolish of you today, Gallup, hiding in that chain locker. Might have been killed."

"I know, sir," said Mr. Gallup slowly. "But I couldn't risk being caught an' sent back ashore. Arter all, I got to rejine me ship. I got a fambly to support."

"Think a lot of that family, don't you, Mr. Gallup?"

"Aye, sir," said Mr. Gallup, around a lump in his throat. "I do."

"Was going to have one myself, once," said little Mr. Pettigrew, climbing back into his bunk. He looked at Mr. Gallup, his pale eyes clouded. "But my wife—killed in the blitz."

Mr. Gallup was shocked, his doubts and resentments swept away in a wave of sympathy and compunction. Then, gently, he said: "Mind if I ask you something, sir?" Mr. Pettigrew nodded, and he went on. "Ye said, this arternoon, that this here wessel was owned by two sisters—and a brother who sold his share to Captain Krank. Would their name, by any chance, be Pettigrew?"

Instantly little Mr. Pettigrew was sitting up, eyes blazing. "Who told you that?" he demanded.

Mr. Gallup pointed to the old-fashioned photograph on the bulkhead. "You an' them together, sir. A spittin' likeness," he said.

For a few seconds there was silence; then Mr. Pettigrew's face crumpled. "You're right," he admitted, weakly defiant. "I'm the brother. The family black sheep!" he added bitterly. "Hand me that bottle out of the drawer."

"In a minute, sir," said Mr. Gallup.

"Hand me that bloody bottle!" yelled Mr. Pettigrew. "And a glass!"

Mr. Gallup obeyed and Mr. Pettigrew poured himself a stiff hooker. But instead of drinking, he sat there, his glazed eyes lost. And when Mr. Gallup removed the bottle he did not notice.

"When did ye start to go off the rails, sir?" asked Mr. Gallup presently. "When yer wife ——"

"I'm not looking for alibis!"

"Then," pursued Mr. Gallup gently, "Capting Krank got a nold on you?"

Mr. Pettigrew, defeated, nodded. "I'll tell you. Why not? I'd come home from a Murmansk run. Maybe you know what that was like?"

Mr. Gallup nodded somberly. "I remember," he said.

"I found that my wife had—had been ——"

"I understand, sir," said Mr. Gallup. "Go on."

"They sent us off on another Murmansk trip. In this vessel. I was master—part owner—of her then. Krank was first mate. That was in June, 'forty-two."

"Wait a bit, sir!" said Mr. Gallup abruptly. "Would that be Convoy P.Q.17? Why, I wos in that one meself! We got a sardine through the ingine room an' fetched up on the Nova Zembla coast, with half the crew froze to death! Them wot wasn't already dead, wid bombing an' the torpedos! A bit rough, that one!"

"So you know," said Mr. Pettigrew dully. "Anyway, with the cold, and heavy seas, and night-and-day attacks with no sleep—well, I don't remember it exactly. All I do remember is passing out on the bridge. When I came to I was in my bunk, and started hitting the bottle. I got drunk! Stayed drunk!"

"And Krank took over?"

"Yes. When we finally limped into Archangel I tried to resume command and hit a Russian mine sweeper. The Russian ship went down with all hands. I'd have lost my ticket, but ——"

"Krank shouldered the blame?"

"We—we arranged it between us! When we got home he swore he was on watch on the bridge and that I was below, exhausted, after a hundred hours without sleep. The Admiralty took his ticket away till the end of the war ——"

"And to keep his mouth shut you signed over your share o' the wessel, an' arter the war he took command wi' you as mate! Wos that it, sir?"

"That's it. By that time I was—well, broken up and drinking a lot; and my sisters, well, they thought ——"

"He persuaded 'em, ye mean!" said Mr. Gallup loyally. "And you've never dared say anythink?"

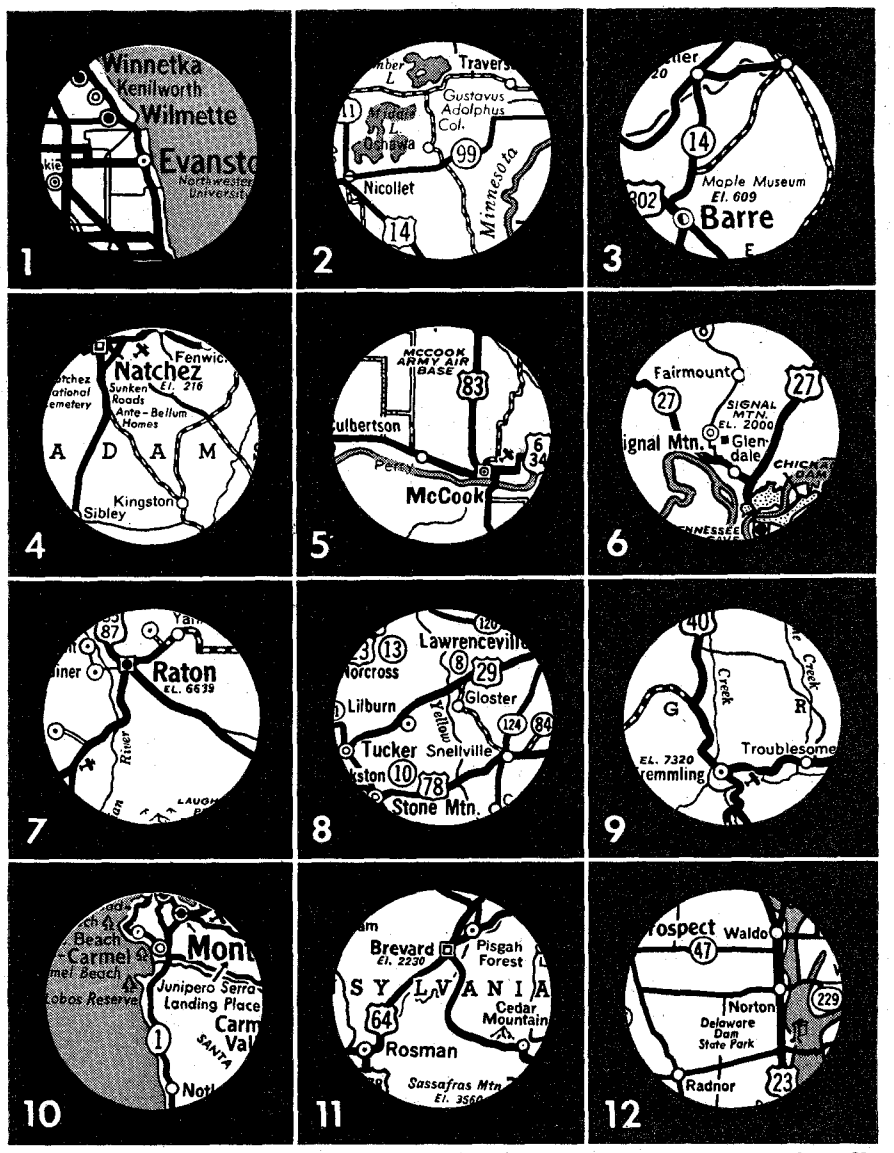
"Not till now." Mr. Pettigrew left his bunk and crossed to the washstand, added water to his drink and stood there. "I don't know why I told you—except that you're the only man I can remember, since the war, who ever did me an unselfish good deed!"

"Look, sir," said Mr. Gallup huskily. "W'y don't ye tell the world the truth now? Everythink! Wot he's plannin' on; wot he done to you."

"How the hell can I?" Mr. Pettigrew demanded fiercely. "If he opened his trap, even after all this time—well, you know the British Admiralty! He'd be a bloody, self-sacrificing hero and I'd be on the beach without a ticket."

"But s'pose things wos to turn for the better, and you seen a way clear to get back on yer feet again, d'ye think ye could—could give that up?" and he pointed to the glass in the other's hand.

A crimson wave of indignation suffused Mr. Pettigrew's troubled face. Then deliberately, he poured his drink into the washbowl; (*Continued on Page 72*)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(*Answers on Page 72*)

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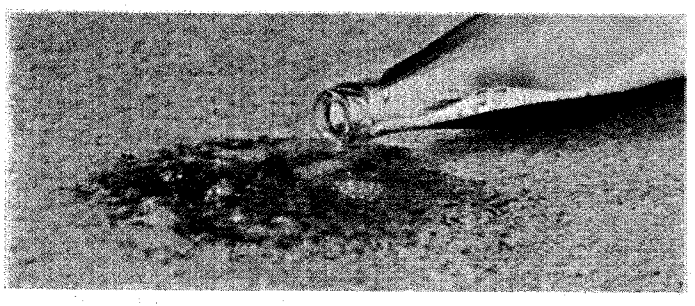
April 26, 1958

NOW—SHAMPOO YOUR RUGS STANDING UP!

New Bissell Shampoo Master cleans a 9 x 12 rug professionally in 30 minutes at home. Easy as using a carpet sweeper!

LADY, GET OFF YOUR KNEES! Now Bissell's new Shampoo Master Applicator does all the hard work for you. No stooping. No scrubbing. No messy mop-ups. Your hands never touch the cleaner or the rug!

CLEANS A SQUARE FOOT FOR 1¼¢. Each can of Shampoo Master Liquid Rug Cleaner cleans one-and-a-half 9 x 12 rugs, or 162 square feet of carpeting. The Applicator is sturdily built to last for years—will save hundreds of dollars in cleaning bills.



REMOVES EVERY KIND OF STAIN that professional cleaning can remove. Milk, coffee, soft drink, and greasy food stains disappear with a few easy strokes. Shampoo Master Liquid Rug Cleaner leaves rugs beautifully clean, soft and fluffy.

This is all you have to do: Simply push the Bissell Shampoo Master Applicator over your rug or carpet. A trigger in the handle releases the liquid rug cleaner which sponges deep into the fibers of the rug, removing all soil and stains.

You can actually see the colors brighten as you go! When rug is dry, simply vacuum. Rug is bright and clean and fluffy as new!

Safe for all types of rugs! Can be used on wool, cotton, nylon, rayon, and other synthetics—antique Orientals, too. With the Bissell Shampoo Master method, you can shampoo your rugs every three or four months, to brighten their colors and prolong their life.

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Price slightly higher in Canada

NEW BISSELL SHAMPOO MASTER

Applicator and Liquid Rug Cleaner

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(*Continued from Page 70*) and, bracing himself, he gave Mr. Gallup a long, direct stare.

"When I commanded this ship, Mr. Gallup," he said with quiet dignity, "I was a different man. Maybe I could be that man again."

"Thank ye, sir," replied Mr. Gallup; and, queerly, he had trouble swallowing his Adam's apple. "That's all wot I want to know."

He closed the door softly behind him; then, as he turned to go out the alleyway he bumped, head on, into Captain Krank, heading for the main companionway.

"Damn you!" wheezed the shipmaster. "Why don't you watch —— Oh! It's you!" Instantly his heavy-lidded eyes went to the chief officer's door and back. "What you skulkin' around the officers' quarters for?" he rasped suspiciously.

"On'y askin' him if he wanted me to repair the stringpiece on Number Three Hatch tomorrer, sir," said Mr. Gallup, and added innocently, "Anythink wrong wid that?"

"Well, if that's all," said the shipmaster. "Still, I'm gettin' shut o' you, soon as we reach port! You're too bloody impident to suit me!"

"Wery good, sir," grinned Mr. Gallup. "The feelings we'll part wid will be mutual, I'm shore!"

Stopping briefly at Port Angeles on the Juan de Fuca Strait for quarantine and immigration inspection, the Phoenix took a Puget Sound pilot on board and proceeded on to Seattle. Soon after the vessel was made fast alongside, Captain Krank went ashore; and when he returned he had with him a large, towheaded Norwegian with mahogany features and a broken nose, and carrying a heavy tool case. So Mr. Gallup was not surprised when, a few minutes later, Mr. Pettigrew approached him along the littered deck.

"I know, sir," said Mr. Gallup cheerfully. "It's the sack."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Pettigrew morosely. "Even though you might get your own ship back I—I was hoping, somehow, that you could stay."

"Wery kind o' ye, sir," replied Mr. Gallup appreciatively. "But since me own wessel's not due into Wancouver for a day or two yet, I'll be around."

Mr. Pettigrew looked relieved. Then, coughing and looking embarrassed, he held out his hand. "You've been a good friend," he said. "I—I'll miss you."

When Mr. Gallup took his hand away, in it were two crumpled ten-dollar bills. He stared at them, incredulous but pleased.

"Now look here, sir," he said deeply. "I can't take this; unless"—he thrust them quickly in his pocket—"ye'll let me pay ye back!"

But with a fervent "Good luck!" Mr. Pettigrew already was walking away, and Mr. Gallup's gaze followed him with the fidelity of a faithful hound.

Ashore he found a cheap water-front room, then bought a Seattle newspaper, the shipping page of which informed him that the Jaipur Prince, having been diverted to Astoria for a consignment of plywood, would not arrive at Vancouver for another four days. And, curiously, instead of being impatient, Mr. Gallup felt a deep sense of relief.

"Gives me that much more time to figger wot His Nibs on the Phoenix is agoin' to do," he reflected, his loyalty to Mr. Pettigrew as alive as ever. "But p'raps I'd better wire Capting Sloan at Astoria, jist in case."

It was late afternoon when he received a reply. It read:

BE AT PIER 8 VANCOUVER BEFORE SAILING OTHERWISE NO JOB.
SLOAN—MASTER.

But during the discharge of the Phoenix's cargo, Mr. Gallup, night and day never was far away, unobtrusively watching the cargo go out, and the stores and supplies go in, for her long voyage via Panama to Europe.

"If he's agoin' to pop it," Mr. Gallup told himself, observing, from the cover of a nearby cargo shed, the arrival of a truckload of provisions, "he'll sell most o' them afore he sails. Likewise when he bunkers. He'll take on'y enough coal on board to carry him south o' the cape—an' when that happens an' I go to the Coast Guard, Capting Krank's in for a painful supprise!"

Instead, however, it was Mr. Gallup who was surprised; for the stores that went on board stayed there; and when, after discharge of her cargo, the Phoenix was shifted to the coal tips and loaded her bunkers chock-full, Mr. Gallup was all adrift.

"Can't understand it," he mumbled to himself, watching sharply from the wheelhouse of an abandoned hulk not far away. "Everythink pointing to a coop-de-disgrace, an' now this!"

Patience, however, was one of Mr. Gallup's strongest virtues; so he hung on, forgoing sleep and food, so that nothing, however small, might escape his notice. And his vigilance had a double purpose; for he was convinced that if Captain Krank was caught out, Mr. Pettigrew might find the courage to assert himself and start the long climb back.

"Wot if I miss me ship?" reflected Mr. Gallup, making a hard decision, as he watched through a thin, drizzling rain on the morning of the Phoenix's scheduled departure; for this also was the day on which the Jaipur Prince was due in Vancouver, and Captain Sloan's message had been grimly explicit.

"But I've got to stop here an' watch till she sails!" groaned Mr. Gallup miserably to himself. "Becos then I'll know, if nothink happens, that he's been scared off it. An' if I do lose me job in consekence ——"

But this was a thought so painful that he thrust it quickly to the back of his mind and again concentrated upon watching the bunkering steamer.

When finally, however, shortly after noon, the fueling was completed, the bunker hatch was dogged down, and she was ready for sea, conceding that he might have been mistaken in the intentions of Captain Krank, Mr. Gallup was conscious of vast relief.

"I'll watch her go," he told himself, "then I'll hop a bus for Wancouver. An' if it is too late," he comforted himself philosophically, "p'raps I'll be able to ship out on another wessel from there."

So he watched, tense and nervous, as a pilot boarded the Phoenix and a small tug chugged into the rain-pitted waters of the slip and put a line on board. Then, as the steamer was drawn slowly away from the pier (*Continued on Page 77*)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 70

1. Ill.	2. Minn.	3. Vt.
4. Miss.	5. Nebr.	6. Tenn.
7. N.M.	8. Ga.	9. Colo.
10. Calif.	11. N.C.	12. Ohio

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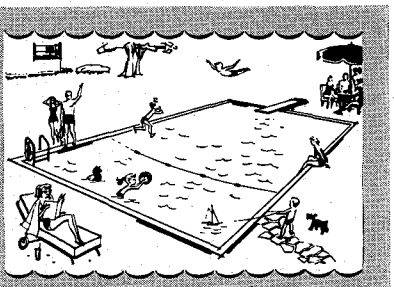

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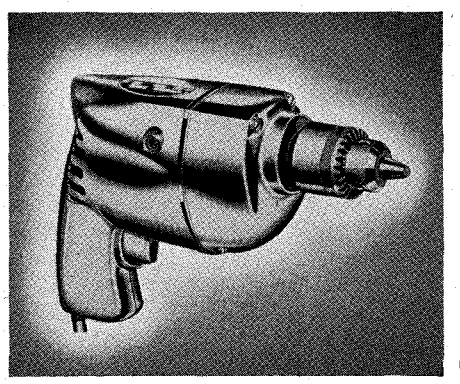

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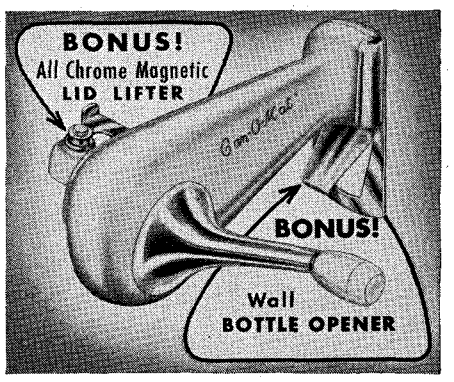

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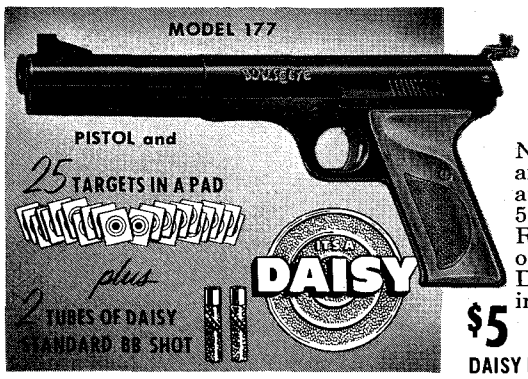

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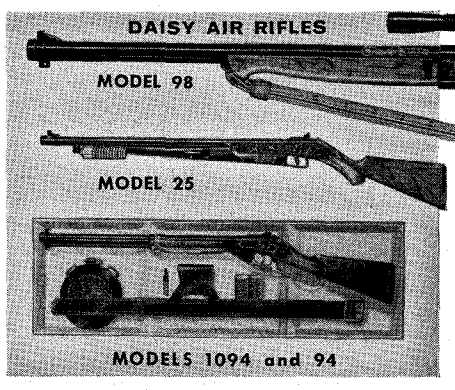

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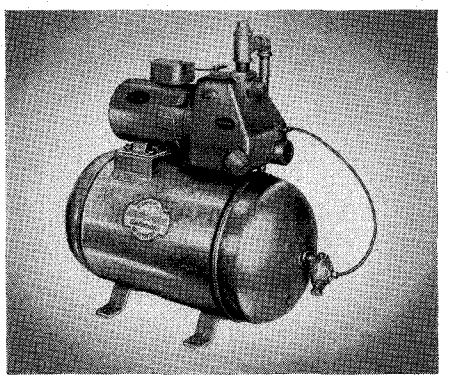

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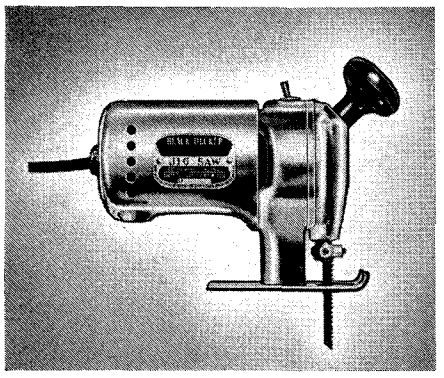

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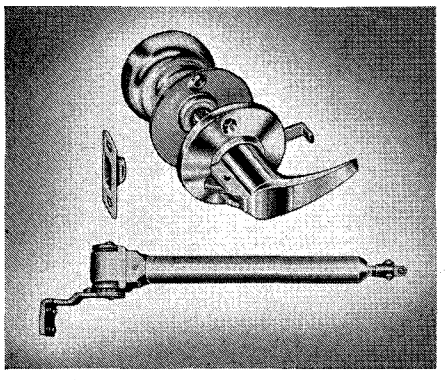

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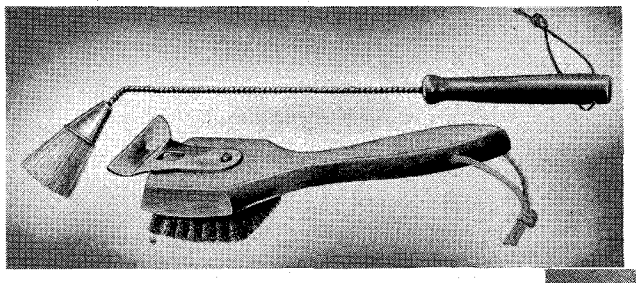

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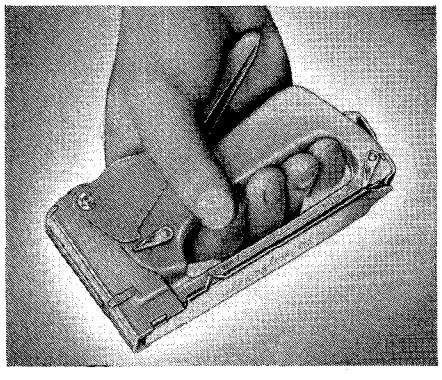

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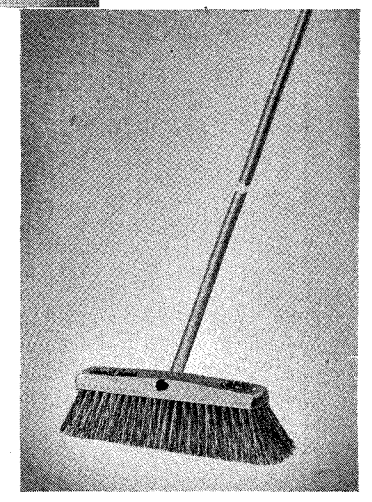

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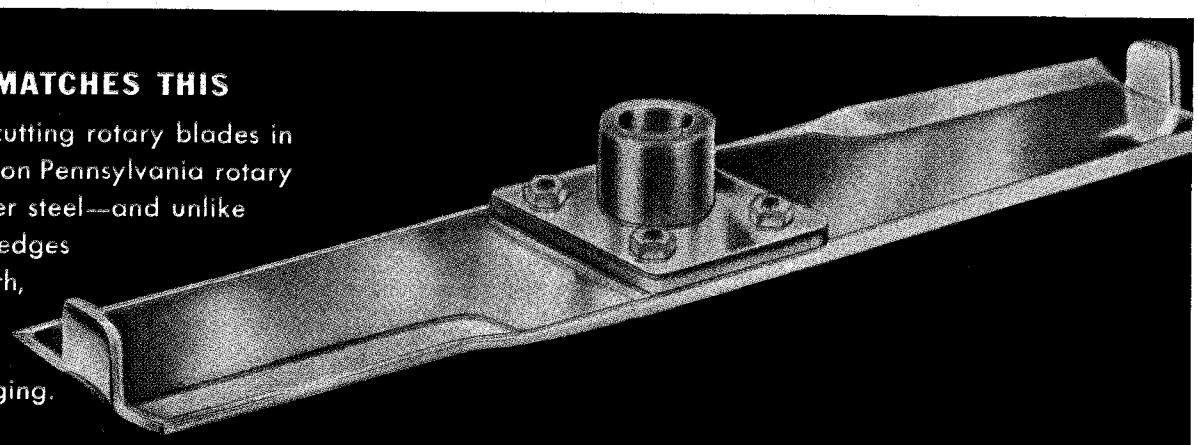

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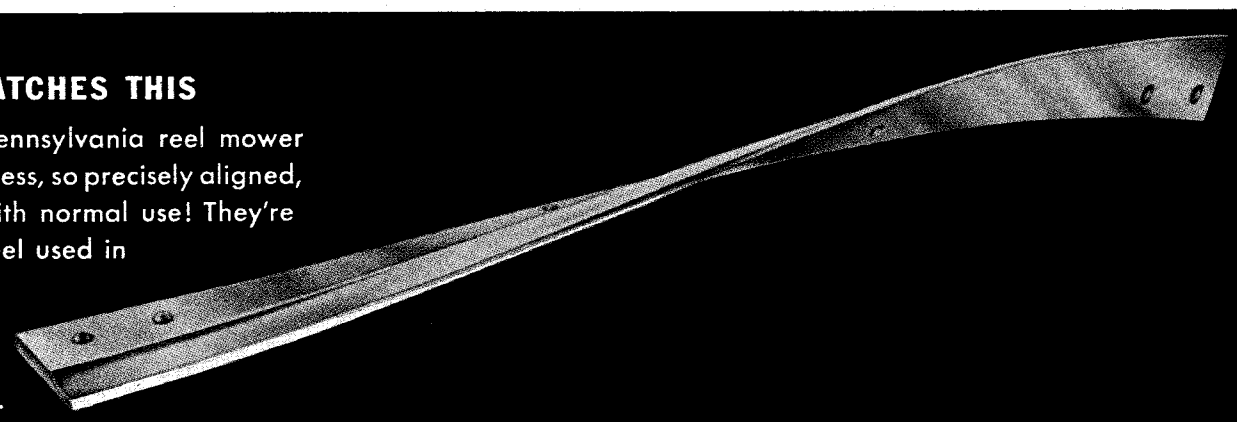

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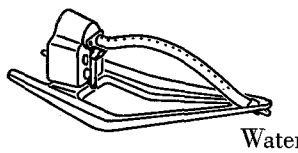
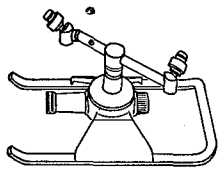


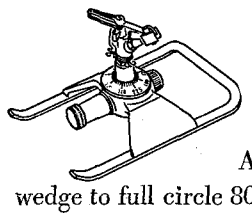
Oscillating (H-788)

Waters rectangular areas up to 40 x 50 ft. Can be set to water on either side of sprinkler . . . full area . . . or any area between. All parts non-corrosive. About $9.95



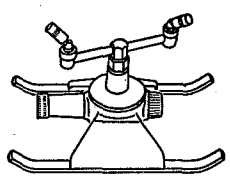
Twin-Dial (H-766)

Adjustable dials on nozzles can be set to water circles 10 to 50 ft. across. About $9.75



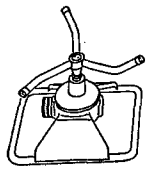
Waterbob Impulse-Type (H-740)

Adjusts to water any area from slender wedge to full circle 80 ft. across. About $9.00



Two-Arm Adjustable (H-734)

Waters circles up to 50 ft. across—and odd-shaped areas—with fine or coarse spray. About $6.95



Three-Arm (H-754)

Permanently set spray tips throw water over circles 40 ft. across. About $3.95

De Luxe Two-Arm (H-700)

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arden and department stores

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(*Continued from Page 72*) he emerged from hiding and stood openly on the stringpiece, shivering a little in the raw, damp air.

From the Phoenix's fo'castlehead Mr. Pettigrew suddenly saw him and shouted a loud and cordial farewell, and in a warm rush of friendship Mr. Gallup waved. Then, gazing up at the bridge, he encountered the heavy-lidded, impassive stare of Captain Krank; and instantly all Mr. Gallup's ugly suspicions, unfounded though they now might be, flared anew.

And then, as the Phoenix was pulled away into the middle of the slip, Mr. Gallup uneasily became aware that in the old familiar picture of sailing day something was missing. Before he could concentrate, however, with the tug hauling her around the end of the pier, a sudden heavy access of rain blotted her from view, and hastily he joined a small group of coal-dock workers who were sheltering under the eaves of a shed. And then, suddenly, he knew what was wrong.

"O' course!" he muttered. "She were homeward bound—but her Blue Peter wasn't flyin'!"

"So what?" asked a grinning foreman nearby, who had overheard. "She's puttin' in at Port Angeles first."

"Port Angeles?" Mr. Gallup stared, surprised.

"Sure! She's takin' in a few hundred cases o' canned salmon. Least, that's what the skipper told the pilot when he went aboard."

For a few moments Mr. Gallup was silent. Then, abruptly, he asked: "What's the quickest way I can get there, chum? Port Angeles, I mean."

"Bus and ferry," said another man nearby. "You kin make it in about three hours. The bus station's downtown."

In the prosperous little sawmill town of Port Angeles, Mr. Gallup wasted no time; and regardless of the rain and thick tendrils of fog which were rolling along the strait from the open sea, he asked directions, then plodded doggedly to the harbor master's office, where he learned where the Phoenix was to load, then to the local bunkering dock.

At the latter place he could learn nothing; but he was not discouraged. "Prob'ly arranged it somewhere else," he reflected. "Anyway, it's his last chance; an' though mebbe I'm wrong it won't do to overlook it."

When darkness fell, Mr. Gallup, soaked to the skin and with water squelching out his paper-thin shoe soles, was crouched with grim expectancy in the dark shadows of a cargo shed opposite a salmon cannery, and there, despite the rawness of the night and his gnawing hunger, he settled himself, patiently to wait. But later, wearying of the long vigil, he dozed while, unnoticed, the rain slacked off to a drizzle, but with increasing fog.

Suddenly he was awakened by the glare of cluster lights as they flashed on at the cannery wharf across the slip; and briefly, cramped and frozen, Mr. Gallup had trouble collecting his wits. But when he saw, entering the dock, the emerald, ruby and topaz of the Phoenix's running lights he instantly was alert. Indifferent to the loading of her salmon cargo he focused his attention upon the dark waters of the harbor beyond the vessel's stern from which, unless his calculations entirely were at fault, the next development would come. Nor was he mistaken; for after an interval in which he almost gave up hope, there appeared around the end of the slip the mist-diffused lights of a large Diesel-propelled coal barge equipped with an enormous derrick-rigged clam bucket.

Slowly she glided toward the Phoenix's outboard side; but minutes before this was reached Mr. Gallup was around the slip and, boldly gambling on the cargo loading to divert attention, successfully crossed the gangplank to the steamer's waist.

There was a moment of tight suspense as he walked past the alleyway lights into the shadows of the engine-room housing on the outboard side.

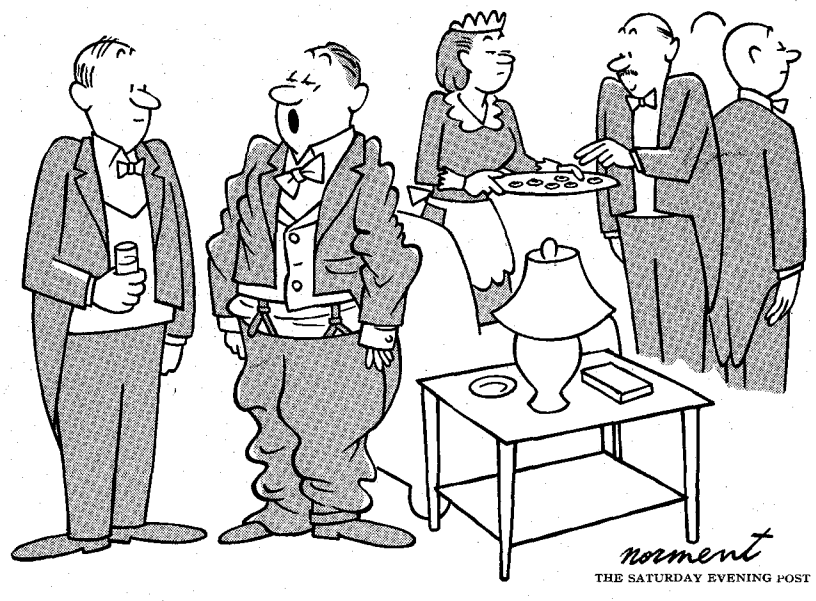
Then, concealing his features by hasty application of grime from the wet deck plates, Mr. Gallup went swiftly about his brief but backbreaking task, just one of the many shadowy, mist-wreathed and busy figures moving about the decks.

He was barely finished when the coal barge, its clam-bucket derrick looming high above the steamer's rail, moved alongside and her deckhand yelled for someone on the Phoenix to take a line; and Mr. Gallup knew that it was time to go.

Quickly he looked down into the bunker hatch, with its load of fuel almost level with the deck coaming, and with a grunt of satisfaction crossed, then, to the outboard rail for a glance at the coal barge.

Then, as he turned, intending to slip back across the gangplank and ashore, he found himself staring into the lowering face of Captain Krank, who, like a giant and deadly sloth, was blocking his escape.

Before he could speak or move, the shipmaster's pile-driver fist smashed into his jaw, and Mr. Gallup's knees buckled. Another punch—and another; then, incapable of resistance under the swift,



"I hate these dress-up affairs."

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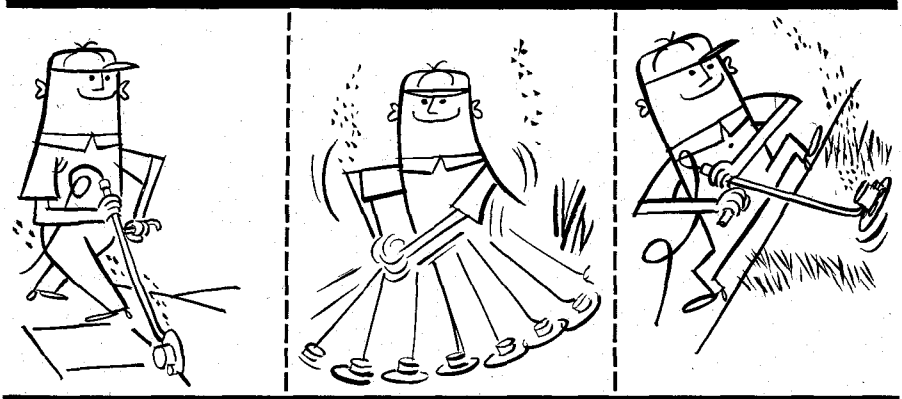

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murderous attack, Mr. Gallup felt himself being lifted high over the rail.

His last conscious realization was of a quick uprush of cold, damp air and a sensation of falling. Then he disappeared with a splash and was swept away by the black, swirling tide.

It was a sawmill pond-monkey who found him, shortly after daylight, draped soddenly over a boomstick on the edge of a log raft; and a half hour later, wrapped in a heated blanket in the sawmill commissary, he was wolfing a hearty meal, while his clothes were drying in the boiler room and he was fending off, with good-humored vagueness, the curious questioning of his hosts.

Their consensus, finally, was that Mr. Gallup must really have hung one on last night—a conclusion with which he was happy to agree.

"Aye—an' mebbe missed me ship too," he said, speciously worried. "Would one o' ye phone the salmon-cannery dock an' find out what time the Phoenix is sailing?"

Someone complied; but the reply shocked him into action and he jumped up, yelling for his clothes. "Get 'em, quick!" he begged. "I got to git into town!"

"They ain't dry yet, friend," a foreman told him. "Anyway, what good'll that do you? Like Red told you, she sailed hours ago."

But Mr. Gallup was so insistent, so visibly upset, that they let him have his way and the mill superintendent offered to drive him in.

It was not at the cannery dock that he asked to be dropped, however, but the Coast Guard offices in the Federal Building on First Street. And shortly he was facing Captain Archer and his aide, Lieutenant Simpson.

Archer listened patiently, and without comment, to what his uncouth-looking visitor, in his wrinkled, still-damp clothes, had to say.

"And you say," he commented quietly when Mr. Gallup had finished, "that having piled up these debts on credit he's now deliberately going to cast his vessel away for her insurance?"

"Aye, sir!" replied Mr. Gallup earnestly. "And if she's a total loss that'll also automatically discharge all liens against her—for as ye no doubt know, creditors can claim nothink in excess o' her walue as found!"

"You mean," said Simpson, with an edge of irony, "that Captain Krank would risk his own life, as well as those of his crew?"

"No, sir! He's not that stupid. And he's figgered the weather; because look—the barometer's steady. No wind. An' jist fog or mist enough to cover what he's a-doin' of! An' in a flat sea like there prob'ly is out there now, he could wreck her on them inshore shoals south o' Flattery an' have plenty o' time to take to the boats!"

The two officers exchanged glances.

"But even if what you say is true," Archer said, "if we try to intercept her and she's still outside the international limit, we have no authority to compel her return."

"She won't be, sir!" said Mr. Gallup doggedly. "He'll turn south o' the cape soon as he can, looking for a place to wreck her! Take me out there, sirs," he asked, looking pleadingly from one to the other. "I'll soon show ye!"

Simpson said to Mr. Gallup, abruptly: "What's your real angle?"

"My angle, sir?" Mr. Gallup was startled. "W'y—w'y, on'y to prewent a crime; and mebbe help out me friend Mr. Pettigrew, her chief officer."

"And this friend of yours would be in command if her master was arrested?" asked Captain Archer expressionlessly.

"Aye, sir. Probably." Mr. Gallup looked at them, then stood up; and his big, bony frame in its damp and shabby clothing seemed to gain added stature. "I know what ye're a-thinkin', sirs," he said quietly, "an' mebbe I am on'y the third mate of a tramp ship. But even the gates o' heaven ain't all marble an' gold. They're built o' many a lowly brick! Furdermore . . . look!"

From his wallet he produced his precious sheaf of family snapshots and laid them lovingly on the desk.

"This affair's most certainly lost me me job in the Jaipur Prince, wid all that it means to me little fambly," he went on, his voice rising to a slow growl of anger, "yet if I hadn't done me juty I'd never want to look 'em in the face again! An, if Capting Krank had had his way last night I never would have!" and briefly he described the shipmaster's murderous attack. "An' you talk of angles!" he ended bitterly, and with a dingy handkerchief wiped his sweating face.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gallup!" apologized Simpson, low-voiced. "Yet I still don't know what the Coast Guard can do. The Phoenix was legally cleared from an American port; and until Captain Krank actually attempts something ——"

"Wait a minute!" Captain Archer interrupted. "How much coal was taken out of the steamer last night?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Gallup, gratified. "Ye're beginning to see me p'int! Enough to make her unseaworthy under the lor, when she sailed ——"

"—— and the law requires a vessel to carry fuel twenty-five per cent in excess of her requirements!" Archer supplemented.

"So she wos unseaworthy w'en she sailed," said Mr. Gallup calmly, "an' ye got a right to fetch her back if she's still in coastal waters."

"But coal is all alike," protested Simpson dubiously. "Suppose he denies he discharged any coal? Claims he took on board only enough to carry him to, say, Portland? And suppose we locate the barge? How are we going to prove ——"

"—— that her coal came out o' the Phoenix's bunkers, sir? Well, I were saving this bit as a kind of a clincher. But," said Mr. Gallup triumphantly, "I can give ye that proof!"

"You can do what?" snapped Archer.

"Aye, sir," said Mr. Gallup equably, and now (*Continued on Page 80*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

More women would be punctual if they didn't know what time it was.

An optimist is one who thinks that betting on horses is gambling.

Memory is what enables you to call a man by a name that's vaguely like his.

A person who isn't neurotic these days is probably illiterate.

What a lot of people do beyond the call of duty is to make sure they can't hear it.

Anybody who's relaxed these days is probably quite nervous about it.

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(*Continued from Page 78*) thoroughly enjoying himself. "Wot I done on board her last night wos wery simple, gentlemen, but it'll do the trick. Listen."

Pungently he described his mysterious activities; and as he spoke the Coast Guard officers broke into wide, admiring smiles.

"An' if ye can locate that barge, sirs," ended Mr. Gallup, grinning also, "though I doubt if she's a local one, ye'll find everythin' exackly as I say!"

But even as he was speaking, Captain Archer had snatched up a telephone; and within minutes they heard the high, powerful drone of a Coast Guard P.B.Y. as it started searching the still-mist-enshrouded waters of Juan de Fuca Strait.

Then Lieutenant Simpson got out a chart and they hovered over it, speculating. And presently Captain Archer put his finger on a maze of reefs and shoals surrounded by deep water, known as Flattery Rocks and Umatilla Reef.

"That's the most probable spot," he said. "Only about a mile to the beach."

"No doubt!" agreed Mr. Gallup quickly. "He could hang her up on one o' them submerged rocks at high tide an' take to the boats wid the crew—an' when the tide ebbed, her back 'ud break an' down she'd go."

They discussed it further; and in the middle of it the telephone rang. As Captain Archer listened his blue eyes went hard. "Fine!" he said. "Tell the plane to return to base. I want her to do a reconnaissance job for the cutter!"

He hung up and turned to Mr. Gallup, and in his now frostily snapping eyes there kindled a smile. "Looks like you scored with the coal barge, Mr. Gallup!" he said, and put on his cap. "Come on, gentlemen—let's go!"

West of Flattery there were fairly wide stretches of visibility; but closer inshore the mist was still a wet gray blanket with maximum view limited to less than an eighth of a mile. And in the chartroom of the Phoenix as she crept slowly inshore there was tense silence, while Captain Krank bent over a chart and Mr. Pettigrew, white-faced, nervously watched him. South of them there sounded at intervals the faint, mournful hoot of the Umatilla Lightship's fog signal; but from the barely moving steamer there was no answering blast.

Then Captain Krank threw down his pencil and without speaking went out onto the wet-planked bridge, peered with what ostensibly was anxiety ahead and to the side, then stopped at the wheelhouse door.

"Better keep her as she is, quartermaster," he said. "We'll be all right—and when this clears we'll know where we are."

He returned to the chartroom, and was about to resume his scrutiny of the chart when Mr. Pettigrew, with trembling lips, got square in his way.

"I'm warning you!" said Mr. Pettigrew, near breaking point. "If you do it and we get safe ashore ——"

"'Oo'd believe you, yer bloody fool?" rasped the shipmaster contemptuously. "If I ever opened my mouth ——"

"Open it!" shrilled the chief officer defiantly. "I no longer give a damn!"

"Look 'ere, you little swine," wheezed Krank venomously. "Get this! We're off course! Put off it by these shiftin' currents an' a defective compass in dense fog! An' if she does pile up, let anybody try an' prove different! An' if I lose me license it won't be the fust time—remember? So get out there an' make sure them boats is ready for lowerin' or you'll lose yours as well! Go on—move!" he emphasized menacingly. "Or so 'elp me ——"

He stopped suddenly and both men listened, while far away, but drawing rapidly nearer, came the high drone of a powerful aircraft. Briefly into Captain Krank's sluggish eyes crept a spark of anxiety. But after the sound passed overhead, then faded, he recovered himself.

"Another joker lost," he rumbled and turned once (*Continued on Page 82*)

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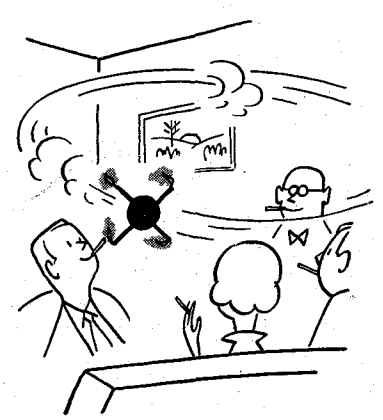

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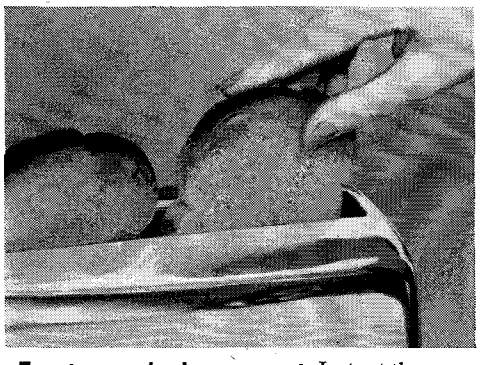

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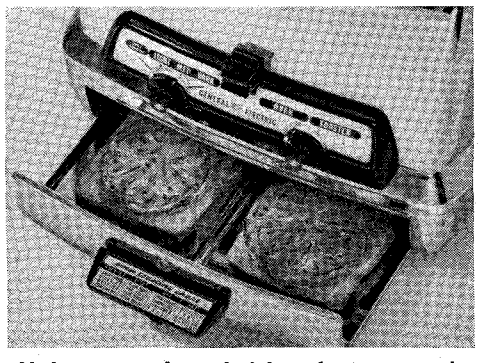

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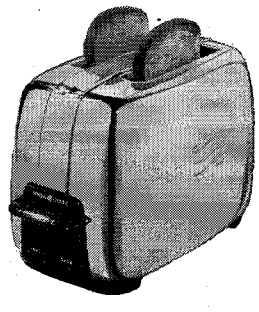

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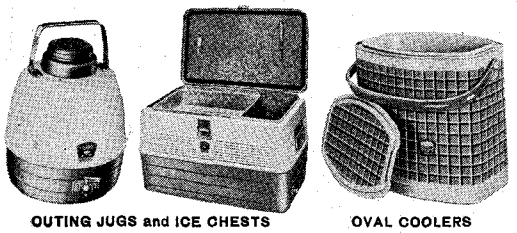

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(*Continued from Page 80*) again, violently hostile, on Mr. Pettigrew. "Nah then—obey me orders at once or face charges! Go on—out wi' yer, an' see to them boats!"

Mr. Pettigrew stared at him. "All right—I'll go," he said, strangely quiet. "But let me tell you now, that whatever the cost to me, when we get ashore I'm going to speak up like my friend Gallup advised me to! And if I'm on the beach for the rest of my life it'll be as a man, not a whipped dog!"

Then as he stepped over the coaming to the deck, the roar of the aircraft, much closer now, again was overheard.

"'Strewth," the shipmaster muttered, his flabby face gone dead white. "I don't 'arf like this! Seems as if they wos lookin' for somethin'!"

He hurried to the wheelhouse. "Come about, quartermaster!" he rasped urgently. "Give ourselves some sea room!"

The man swung the wheel hard over, and Captain Krank rejoined Mr. Pettigrew, who had not moved. "Satisfied now?" he asked sarcastically. "We're comin' about."

Mr. Pettigrew did not reply; and slowly the steamer's bows swung around and she straightened out on the new course.

Then, as she was about to pick up way, there came from forrard a bump, followed by a long, jarring shudder, and the lookout's sharp, warning yell.

"She's struck!" roared Captain Krank in panic to Mr. Pettigrew. "Stop 'er! Signal 'Full astern'!"

But Mr. Pettigrew, staring expressionlessly straight at him, did not move; so the shipmaster himself jumped to the engine-room telegraph and jammed the handle over.

Too late, however. The Phoenix was aground.

And almost simultaneously Captain Krank saw ahead, ghostlike, and moving with infinite caution toward them out of the thinning fog, the long, sleek hull of a United States Coast Guard cutter.

"It wos an accident!" sputtered Captain Krank in wild panic. "Weren't my fault! Anybody could tell that! You saw it wos an accident, didn't yer, Mr. Pettigrew?"

There was a long pause. Then: "Me, sir?" asked Mr. Pettigrew with a dreadful smile. "Accident? All I know is, that instead of staying well clear of this dangerous coast in thick weather, Captain Krank, you disregarded my advice and stood close inshore, planning to pile her up! And you did it!"

It was nightfall before the cutter was able to drag the Phoenix clear of the submerged rock upon which her forefoot had hung; but with the help of high water, which had not yet started to ebb, and the skill of the cutter's commander, she was pulled off with no worse damage than some badly sprung plates, the influx of sea water from which her pumps were able easily to control. Then, under her own steam and escorted by the cutter, to which, at the icy invitation of Captain Archer, the Phoenix's master reluctantly had consented to be transferred, and with Mr. Pettigrew in command upon her bridge, the steamer returned slowly and under a now clear and star-hung sky toward the Juan de Fuca Strait.

With Mr. Pettigrew was Mr. Gallup; and in silent companionship they stood, while the cold sea wind kicked a sparkle of phosphorescence over the old steamer's fo'castlehead, and before them flashed the welcoming beam of Tatoosh Island light.

"You sure you won't reconsider, Mr. Gallup?" asked Mr. Pettigrew wistfully. "If I do retain command ——"

"Which you will, sir," replied Mr. Gallup with justifiable assurance.

"—— I'll need a chief officer; and there's no one I'd rather ——"

"Thank ye kindly, sir," replied Mr. Gallup gratefully. "But Capting Archer sent out a message to the Jaipur Prince wot wos already outward bound from Wancouver, telling her Old Man somethink of all this; an' he got a message back. I don't need to read it to ye," went on Mr. Gallup, with modest pride, "for I've got it be heart. He said, said Capting Sloan: 'Berth open. Will put in at Wictoria an' wait for you. But don't think you'll be a nero to me.'"

"'A Nero'?" asked Mr. Pettigrew, puzzled.

"Aye. 'H-e-r-o.' A nero—see?"

"Of course," said Mr. Pettigrew warmly.

"But I'll never forgit ye, sir," said Mr. Gallup loyally.

"One thing, though," said Mr. Pettigrew after a while. "How did you know that Krank would sell that coal at Port Angeles?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Human Weave

By S. Omar Barker

There is in man a deeper
weave
Whose pattern only shows
In one who can believe
beyond
The certainties he knows.

The brittle cloth of
threadbare fact,
Warped on the loom of
mind,
Throughout all time has
lacked the bond
Which faith alone can find.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Student of huming nature, I am, sir," replied Mr. Gallup grandly. "W'en I found out you wos stopping there, I figgered that an indiwidual as greedy as him wouldn't overlook his last chance to make a dishonest dollar. But I also had to work out a way to trap him, case anythink happened to the ship or to you."

"So?"

Mr. Gallup grinned. "It were simple, reely. All I needed wos to be able to identify that coal. So all I done wos sneak on board an' dump a couple o' drums o' red paint on top o' the coal in the bunker hatch. O' course it soaked right through to the bottom o' the pile ——"

"And when the stuff was transferred to the coal barge ——"

"Exactly, sir!" replied Mr. Gallup proudly. "'Twas same as if I'd put me thumbprint on every blessed lump. W'ich all goes to prove one thing, Mr.—or, I should say—'Capting' Pettigrew, sir!"

"Proves what, Mr. Gallup?"

Mr. Gallup's big, toil-calloused fingers slipped inside his jacket and caressed, lightly and protectively, the wallet wherein he kept the dog-eared snapshots of his beloved fambly. And his uncouth face was lifted, as though savoring the night, the sea, the universal stars. "Proves this, sir," he said huskily, at length. "Wot me da, who was a pious man when in his cups, would allus say: 'In time of adwersity jist remember—the Lord will perwide.'" THE END

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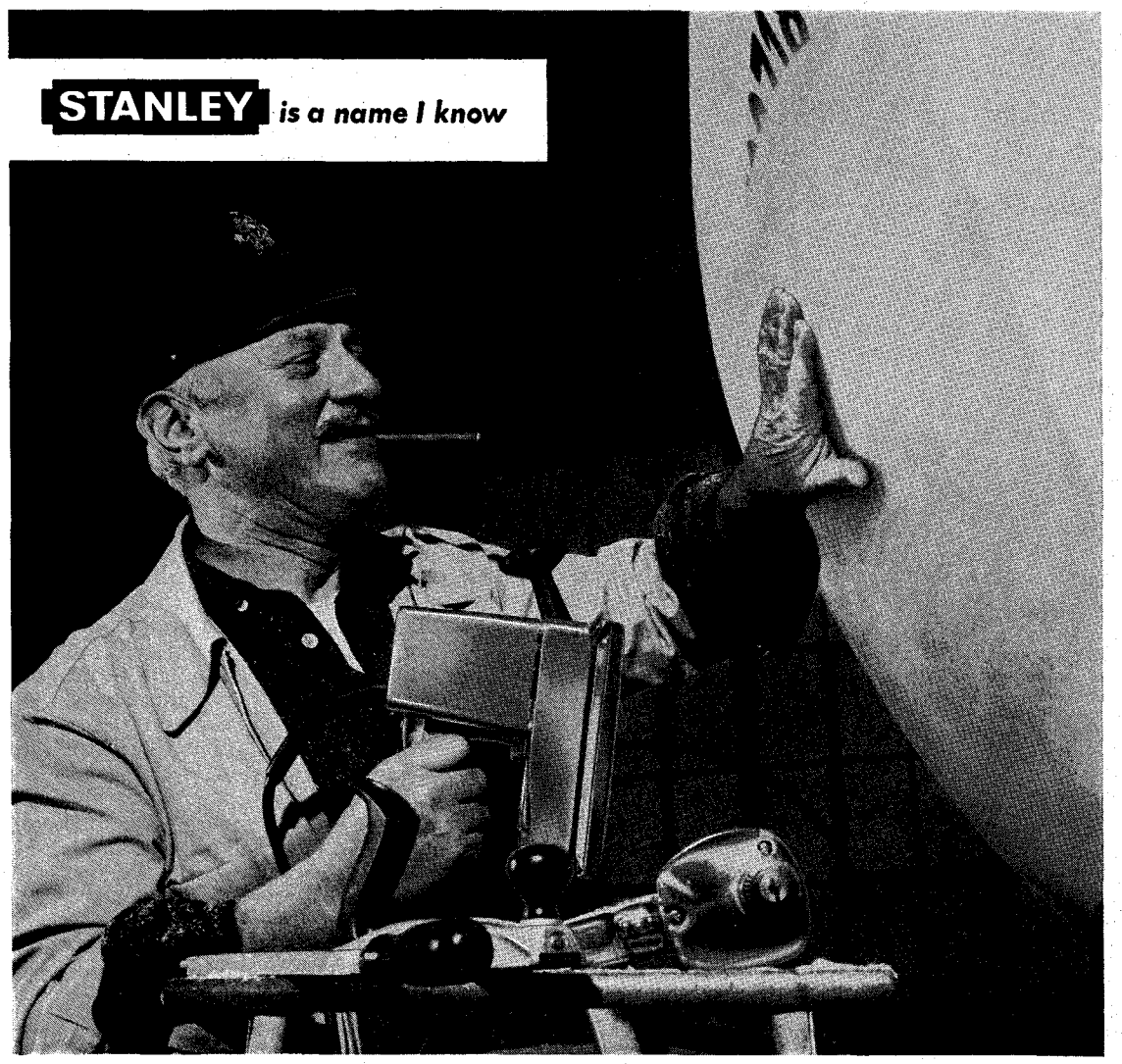

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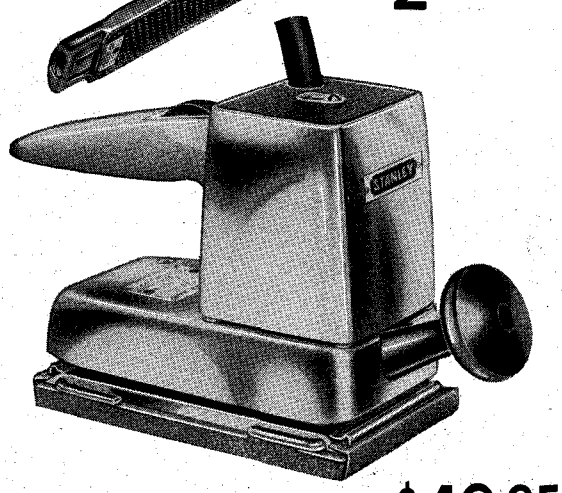

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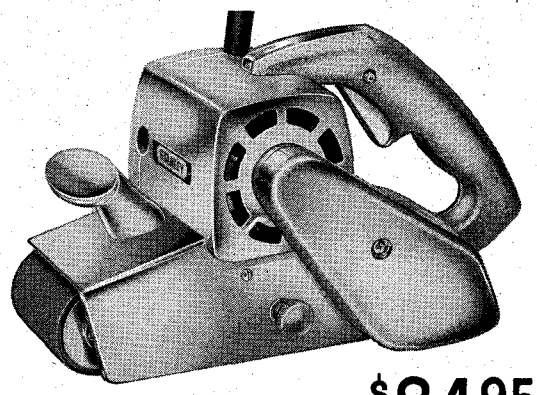

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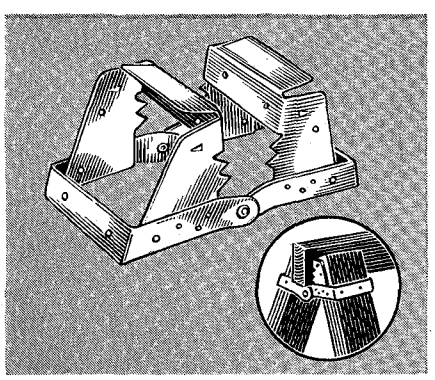

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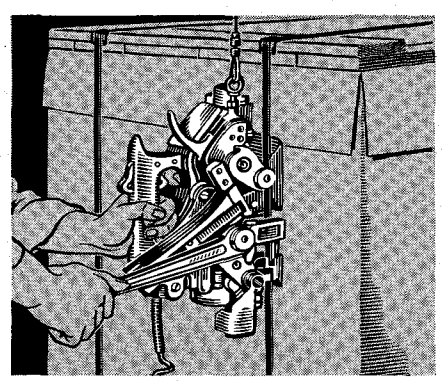

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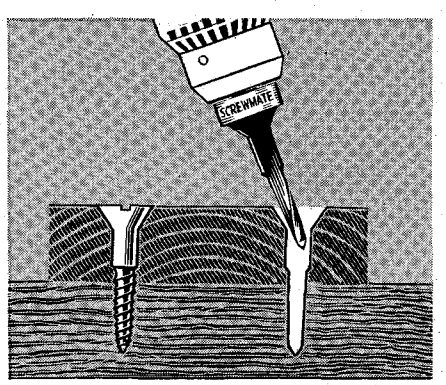

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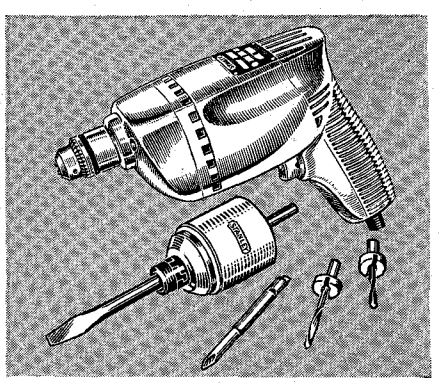

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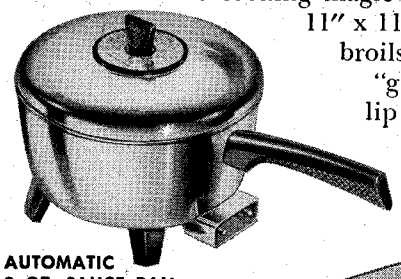

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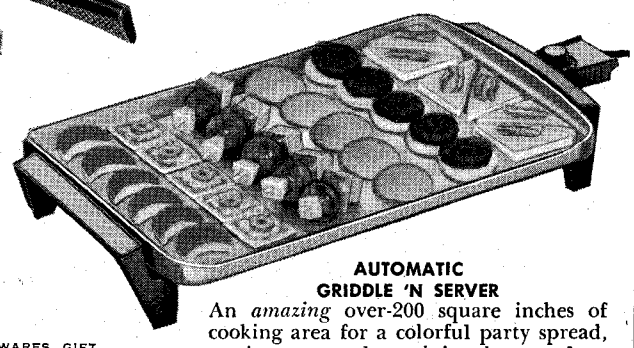

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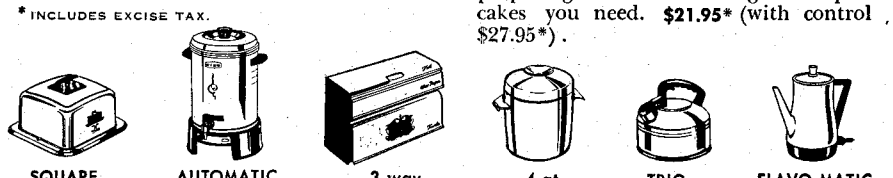

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Twisted Evidence (Continued from Page 37)

preoccupied. Then Stuart said, "I've got something bothering me. Sure you're not busy?"

"No, Martha's out and I was just loafing. Fire away."

"Well—around noon today, who walks into the division but A. Gerald Ripley." It was the name of a new real-estate big shot operating in this and neighboring counties. "His lawyer, Sam Waddell, was with him. Ripley complained that a young fellow on the West Side named Frank Scott had rooked him out of a twenty-thousand-dollar loan, and swore out a warrant for him. My curiosity worked on me and I decided to make the arrest myself, but at Scott's home, his wife—she was in tears—sent me to his place of business a few blocks away."

When he got there, Scott was being sheriffed out on his debt to Ripley. "On top of that, he's charged with obtaining the money by false pretense. He denied it to me on the way to the police station and I've a suspicion the law's being used to push him around. I can't imagine this young fellow bamboozling Ripley. Ever meet Mr. New Tycoon?"

"No, but they do say he's a combination of gall and greed."

"Yeah." Scott, Stuart said, was released overnight for a hearing tomorrow. "I advised him to be represented, but the lawyer for his business retired to the Coast recently and he feels lost. He's been on my mind. I wish you'd drive out with me and get his full story."

"Sure. I'll just leave a note for Martha." It was like Bill, he reflected, to take up cause against any mistreatment, especially if done under legal cover.

They drove to a neat home on a quiet street. To the startled young man who answered his ring, Bill said, "Don't worry—no warrant this time. All right to come in?"

Nodding slowly, Frank Scott took them into his living room. Introductions were made; from a sofa Ann Scott, slim and hazel-eyed, managed a smile. John sensed the fear hanging over this couple; their livelihood gone, the young husband faced with a criminal charge. Tense, his inquiring eyes on John, Scott remained standing. He struck John as likable; very earnest. And very broken up right now.

"Lieutenant Stuart feels Ripley gave you a raw deal. Care to talk about it?"

Scott spoke after a moment. "All right. And—we appreciate your coming here."

As if to untangle his thoughts, he paused. "I guess the first thing to mention is that my father knew Ripley. He—my father—died last January; his heart wasn't too strong. He was an independent man, happy to own his business, free from debt. If I'd remembered that—but that won't help now."

Scott and Son, he said with pride in the firm he no longer owned, produced lightweight engines for power tools. "We were a small outfit. Our machines weren't new, but in fine shape, and we made a good engine and kept pretty busy." He was obviously up on the production side of the business, but, John guessed, a little green on finances.

"Well, about Ripley. Before the war, he lived next door to my father, and they were on pretty confidential terms. Ripley had a small real-estate office then—he even did his own typing. After he shot up, my father used to say, 'I'm not surprised. Gerald's become a bloodhound for money.'" The two men, Frank said, kept up an acquaintance, and Ripley came to his father's funeral. "When it was over, he wrung my hand and told me how grieved he was, and so on, and by George, he meant to do something for Tom Scott's son."

A few days later Ripley phoned Scott to come to his office. "I went there and he gave me a pep talk—very hearty—on putting Scott and Son on the map. He said, 'Frank, (*Continued on Page 86*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, yes . . . 1937 was a good year.
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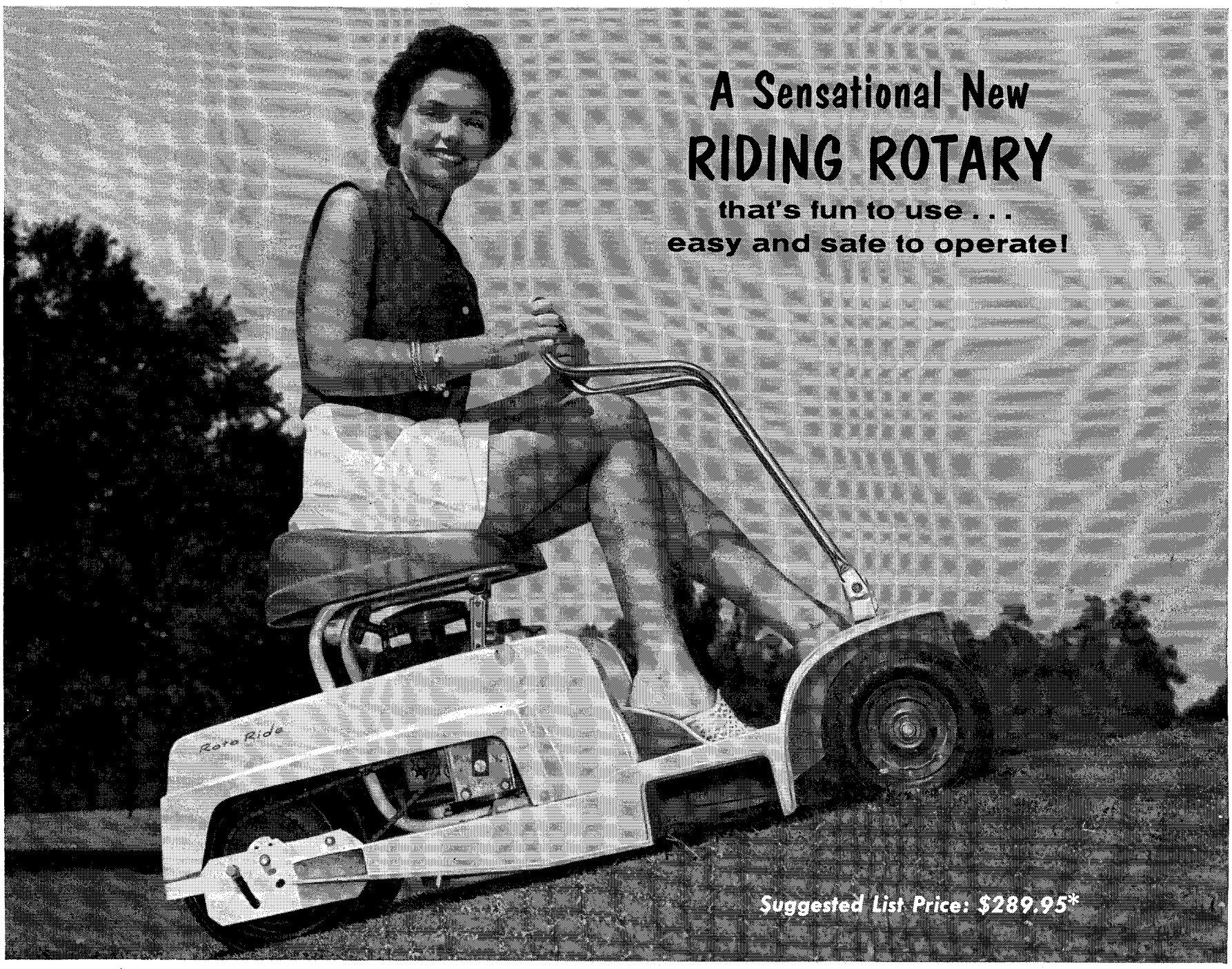

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(*Continued from Page 84*) these are new times. You've got to push your name and your product. Stagnate and your business will die.' He said if I'd allow an old friend to help, he'd lend me the funds for an advertising drive in trade journals and by direct mail. All in all, he seemed like an older brother steering me right, and the picture of myself rising fast in the business world appealed to me. To make it short, I left there with his check for twenty thousand dollars."

Bill Stuart asked, "What was said about paying him back?"

"When the time was suitable, he said. Well, I used the money as planned, and new orders started to come in. Right then he clapped the sheriff on me."

John said, "For that, he needed your judgment note. Did you sign one?"

"That's what gets me. I remember signing only one paper for him, and it wasn't a note. But it's my signature; I went to city hall and they showed it to me. Maybe that big check had me so dazzled, I automatically stuck my name on anything he handed me."

The sale today, Frank went on, brought sixteen thousand dollars. "Now he claims I got the loan by subterfuge, that I came to him and told him I needed it for new machines. That's not so." Confusion mixed with his anger. "The way it looks, he was just out to wreck me. But why?"

"Money," Stuart snapped. "A lot of money."

They queried Scott. By the sheriff's sale, did Ripley gain any special rights? A patent or process? Frank shook his head; the firm had none, and neither did he. "About all I owned was what my father left me. I'll show you a copy of his will."

He brought it from a desk and they read the brief provision: "I, Thomas Scott, widower . . . give and bequeath my estate, consisting largely of my interest in Scott and Son, to my partner, Frank Scott. . . ." And the concluding clause.

John said, "What was the paper you signed for Ripley?"

"I'll explain that. You see, once in a while my father bought what he called ten-cent stocks, mostly in mining companies—he said some people liked to bet on horses, he bet on mines. Sometimes he made a profit too. Well, when Ripley phoned me, he said, 'Those bargain stocks your dad used to buy. I know my way around and might get you a good deal on them.' So I took them to him and gave him an authority to sell them. I remember his secretary was out and he typed it himself on her machine." Scott added, "The stocks were worthless, though. He sent them back last week."

> One thing today's student learns is that it's the early bird who gets a parking place close to the school.
>
> FRANCIS O. WALSH

"All of them?"

"I guess so. I have no list. . . . Say! When I brought them in, he sounded me out on that. He said he knew my father never bothered with a list, and had I made one. I told him I hadn't got around to it, and he said, 'Oh, who needs a list? You and I trust each other.' But I happen to know there were nineteen altogether." He went to the desk again and found a sheaf of certificates held with a rubber band. He counted them; twice. "Eighteen! He stole one!" In the hush, he became calmer. "Do you suppose it's worth real money?"

"Sometimes stocks do skyrocket in value," John said, "and Ripley may have known you had this one. And quoting your father, he's a bloodhound for money."

"But once he had the certificate, why the loan? And put me out of business? And pin a crime on me besides?"

"I'd say his idea was to befuddle you. By piling up your personal troubles, he no doubt figured you'd be too harassed to discover his swindle upon you. And at the same time he got most of the loan back quick through the sheriff."

Exasperation shook Frank's voice. "Oh, I'm some businessman! Lost my shirt, put my employees out of work, now I've got this hearing tomorrow! Can I ask you ——" He hesitated. "I guess I can't."

"Sure you can," John spoke with a glance at Stuart. "We'll come to the hearing and see if we can get you some justice." The room seemed to lighten with his promise.

The magistrate put the oath to A. Gerald Ripley with a deferential air. Frank Scott stood at the railing. From the side of the hearing room, with Bill Stuart and Ann Scott, John watched lawyer Waddell begin the case.

"Last January, this defendant worked on your sympathies for a loan?"

"Twenty thousand dollars." Ripley's face was stern. "He came to my office and appealed to me as an old neighbor's son. He told me his shop was outdated and he had to retool or else close up."

Waddell said, "And with faith in his sob story, you obliged?"

"I confess he took me in. But ten days ago he approached me for more cash, and I became suspicious. He was sly, but I pried out of him that he'd faked the entire story and instead of buying new machines he wasted the loan on nonsense. The money's no great item to me, but"—Ripley looked sterner—"he needs a lesson in business morals!"

"There'll be lessons taught in this case."

John stepped forward and introduced himself to the magistrate. "I had a talk with the defendant last night and now ask leave to examine this witness ——"

"I object!" Waddell spun on John. "What's your angle here? How did you get together with the defendant? Have you a deal on with him?"

"I have a question for you. Why did Mr. Ripley victimize this young man?"

"You say that of a man with Mr. Ripley's standing? Your chief will hear about this!" He turned back. "Sir, he is meddling here. I ask that his request be refused."

The magistrate eyed John. "The answer is no. . . . Don't argue with me. I said no."

"And, sir," Waddell said, "we have shown a prima facie case of flagrant guile and deceit. I ask you to set high bail for this defendant."

"I'll do that. Five thousand dollars for court."

John protested, "That is excessive——"

"Nobody asked you. Next case!"

John said to Scott, "You'll be out in an hour." He walked back to Ann Scott and wrote a name and address for her. "Ann, see this man and tell him I sent you. He'll put up Frank's bail." Across the room, he saw Ripley and his lawyer hurry out. Straight for District Attorney Graham's office, John guessed.

Stuart said on the way from the hearing, "They're probably yapping to Graham now. Looks like I made you trouble. . . . O.K.; subject dropped. What next? Stockbrokers?"

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John nodded. "He didn't steal that certificate to admire the engraving."

They set out on a round of brokers in midtown buildings. In recent months, none of them had sold any stocks for A. Gerald Ripley.

Over a belated lunch, John said, "I wonder if we aren't just wasting our time, Bill."

"I'm beginning to think so, seeing legitimate brokers. He'd have gone to a dealer in under-the-counter securities. Let's adjourn to my office."

There, Bill listed several names from a card file. "But here's our best bet—Julius Muhr. Handles only the cream. I know the gentleman."

Julius Muhr's room in an old building said: AGENT. Bald and round, he raised expressionless eyes from a solitaire game as they came in. "It's you, lieutenant."

Stuart remarked, "Don't let the cheap furniture fool you—he's a high-class operator and handles bundles of cash. Answer some questions, Muhr."

John began with him. Did he know A. Gerald Ripley? Maybe, Muhr said. Did he have a transaction with him lately? Involving a stock owned by Frank Scott?

Muhr seemed to consider his answer. "I can't remember."

John's voice sharpened. "You must have some records. Consult them."

"You're intimidating me," Muhr said. "That upsets me." He returned to his game.

"What he needs for his tongue is a judge," Stuart snapped. "See you, Muhr."

District Attorney Graham said, "They made it a plain issue of your job, John. They claim you publicly impugned Ripley, without cause. I suppose you stand your ground?"

"Ripley," John said, "is a man who puts money above everything else, even an old friend's son. He's guilty of abuse of process, larceny of a stock certificate, and gross perjury. Unless you order against it, I plan to prosecute."

"You know I respect your judgment. But I hope you've got the goods on him; Ripley is vengeful and has grown in power. And since I'm not taking orders from him—but that's my lookout." He spoke in a lighter tone. "All right, John."

"I call Frank Scott."

News of A. Gerald Ripley's arrest on several charges had stirred up a sensation; the press was in force. At their table, Ripley and his lawyer radiated high affront.

Judge Lance presided from the dais. He had agreed to sit as committing magistrate only after persuasion, John stressing that the case should be heard by a court of record. The jurist looked on gravely as young Scott walked to the stand.

Sworn, Scott described his loan from Ripley, the sheriff's sale of his business.

John continued, "There is on file with the prothonotary your typewritten judgment note for the debt, payable one day after date, and signed by you. Was it a condition of the loan that you give him such a note?"

"It was not. I wouldn't have agreed. He got it from me by some trick."

"Before a magistrate, he stated that you obtained the loan by deceit, falsely alleging that you needed it to retool your shop. Did you so represent to him?"

"I did not."

"And when Mr. Ripley so testified under oath, he was guilty of perjury?"

"Absolutely."

To further questions, the young witness proceeded to the stocks his father left him; Ripley's offer to find a buyer for them. "Instead of that, he stole one."

John turned. "Cross-examine."

Waddell said, "Dispensed with." The lawyer rose in solemn slow motion. "So outrageous, sir, are these charges, that we must meet them by personal denial. Take the stand, Mr. Ripley!"

John remarked, "We have another witness, your honor, but we are satisfied to wait. I am eager to cross-examine Mr. Ripley—before he changes his mind."

Breathing indignation, Ripley stalked to the box. He rapped out the oath.

His lawyer stood near him. "Your business is real estate?"

"That's correct. Let me say this right now. Scott's story is pure fabrication. He and that assistant must have trumped it up together!"

"We will go into that presently. Now, the facts about those stocks."

"Simply that Scott brought them in with the notion that by some magic I'd turn them into money for him. I took them to a dealer I know—a man named Muhr—and there wasn't a nickel in the lot. I asked him to be a good fellow and buy one anyway, that they belonged to a young friend. He gave me two hundred dollars for one of them, some copper issue or other. I applied it against Scott's debt to me." He huffed. "To state that I filched the measly stock, or defrauded him in any way—ridiculous!"

"And a wicked slander. Cross-examine!"

John rose. "Aside from real estate, shall we also say your business is annexing quantities of money, by any means possible?"

"Rude and unwarranted," Waddell snapped. "No need to answer."

"Regarding those stocks. That was a pretty tale you gave us—just a pair of

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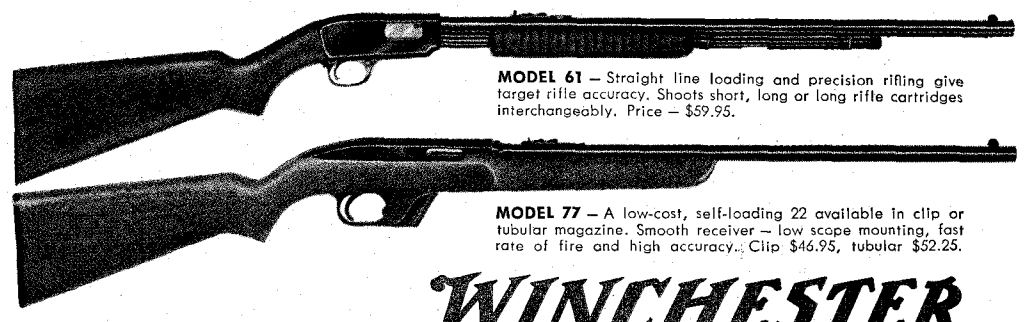

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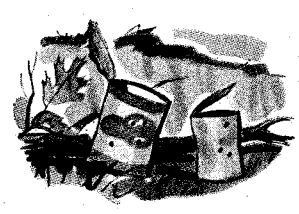

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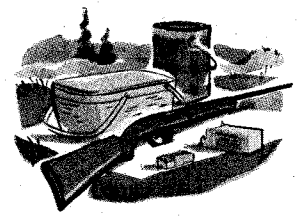

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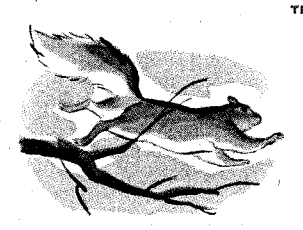

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good fellows, you and this so-called dealer ——"

Ripley broke in, "You've got him in court. Ask him about it."

"Remain on the stand, please. . . . Step to the bar of the court, Mr. Muhr."

His bald head shining, Julius Muhr strolled up. His bland air puzzled John, as if he anticipated no trouble whatever. Next to John, Bill Stuart eyed Muhr speculatively.

Muhr spoke at once on being sworn. "Mr. Ripley told the truth. He wanted to favor his friend, so to please him I took out my wallet and gave him a couple of hundred dollars for a fancy-looking certificate." His tone was good-natured. "Could I say no?"

"My subpoena called for your records involving this stock. Kindly produce them."

"Records on a lemon like that? Look." He fished a gilt-engraved certificate from his pocket. "Horizon Copper. A bankrupt company. Give me a ten-spot for it —— No, keep it." As John took it mechanically, Muhr said in an injured tone, "The reason I didn't give you the information in my office, you intimidated me."

With a chill of foreboding, John handed the stock to young Scott at his table. He saw Frank inspect it and nod mutely, recalling the ornate certificate.

Judge Lance said acidly to John, "It appears the stock is mere paper and you made the arrest upon a gross misconception." He indicated Muhr. "Anything else to him?"

"Ah—no, your honor." Dazedly, he realized the case was in ruins. This was how he'd helped Frank Scott—how he got him justice. But lamenting about it now wouldn't help either. John took a grip on himself. He'd made a bad blunder on motive, but, he began to see, the stage had been set for him to blunder, with Muhr playing a part—for a price, no doubt.

He whispered to Bill Stuart, "We fell for a show. Ripley wanted us to think he was after one of those stocks."

Bill growled, "Fell is right. The crook was covering up what he was really after. Get a continuance somehow, John. We need time to think."

Waddell was up. "I say, sir, that this shocking prosecution stemmed from connivance between Scott and that assistant. I believe I can explain it. One thought thus to escape the criminal action pending against him, the other to bask in the headlines at the expense of a prominent citizen. The district attorney's office has not heard the last of this! I move Mr. Ripley's discharge."

John countered, "We admit we mistook the exact fraud upon this young man ——"

"Is that a play to prolong the case? Opposed!"

"—— And that Mr. Ripley was clever. It is clear now that when he initiated his swindle, he also masked it by setting up a diversion—a special attraction, as it were. He lit on the stocks for the purpose. I am sure he hoped Scott would be utterly nonplused, but if he or his advisers did begin probing, the game was to lead them along to a debacle such as this. But Mr. Ripley's elaborate hoax simply shows his guilt." John saw he was getting nowhere; the jurist's face was stony. His thoughts raced. Maybe, if he took Waddell off guard, the lawyer would contribute some help.

He said in a calm tone, "Do they imagine he left no clue to his real swindle?" He caught Waddell's swift look toward him. "Because of his ruse, we missed it until now ——"

"A bluff! What clue?"

"There speaks fear, your honor. Counsel shouts bluff, yet in his apprehension he is driven to ask what we know. Does he think us so naïve as to risk showing our hand to our clever adversaries? We ask for a continuance to establish the proof."

"I protest and object! They had their day in court!" He railed on, arms pounding.

John stepped aside. He had hoped for this overviolent opposition; now he saw it react against the lawyer. Judge Lance's eyes narrowed. He motioned for silence.

"Continued for forty-eight hours. Marked accordingly."

"Thank you," John said.

Joined by Frank's wife, they proceeded to his cubicle upstairs. John stood grimly behind his chair. There was a secret buried in this case, but where to begin searching for it? He said, "For the record, I have no clues. Frank, here's your chance for a vote of no-confidence in me."

"For the record," Scott said, "I still vote for you and the lieutenant."

"What I ask myself"—Bill Stuart's frown mounted—"is why did Ripley bring Frank to his office? He got two things from him. One—the stocks—was a blind. That puts the spotlight on the other thing; the judgment note. Skipping over how he worked it, doesn't it seem now that was his main objective—to get that note?"

John pointed out, "But all he used it for was to sell out Scott and Son, and what did that bring him? Not even all the money he loaned Frank." John stopped and considered. "Unless he also took a transcript of the judgment out of this county—the docket wouldn't show that. . . . Sure you didn't own property in another county, Frank? Or state?"

"It would be news to me. All I know about is what my father left in his will."

The blank silence lengthened. There seemed nothing to grasp at, nowhere to go.

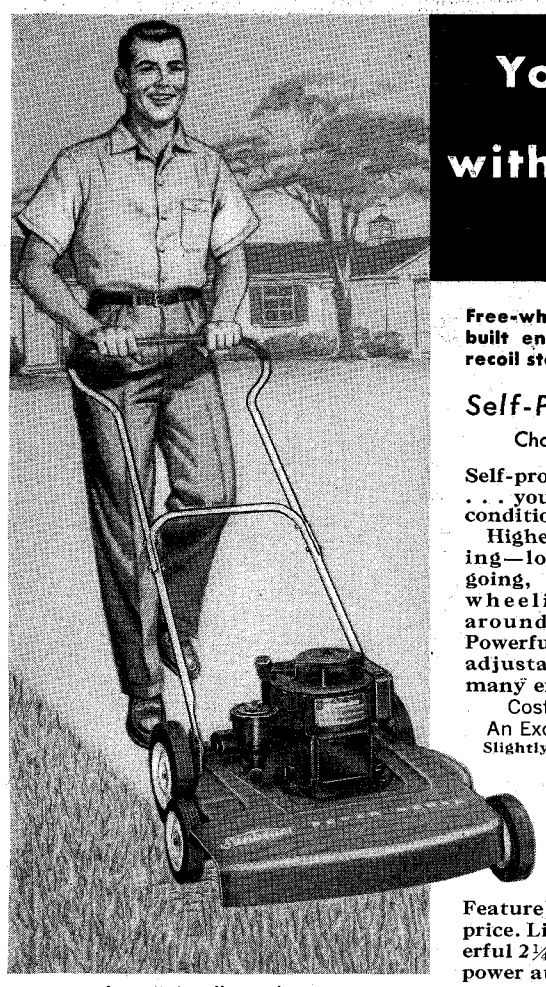
And yet—John chafed at the puzzle. This young man must have owned something to excite greed; something not left in the will. The will, John thought, somehow lingering on it. Wasn't there some oddity in the phrasing? He recalled it now. "I give and bequeath to my partner, Frank Scott ——" Why "my partner"? Why not "my son"?

"Frank, was Thomas Scott really your father?"

The question seemed to take Frank unawares. He said, "Why, no. I'd have mentioned that to you, but I never think of him as anything else. My real parents died in a fire when I was three—it happened their name was Scott too. My father—I mean Tom Scott—told me the story when I got old enough."

It went back to an autumn night in 1934. Tom Scott and his wife, since deceased, were on an auto tour and had stopped in an Ohio town. Walking on the main street, they heard a siren scream and saw that the hotel on the corner was on fire. Scott asked his wife to stay behind and, with other men hoping to help, ran to the smoking building.

"He saw a young woman on the second floor holding a child—my mother, I guess—weakly trying to lift a window, and he ran up under it. She got it open and dropped me to him. Then smoke billowed around her and she sank back out of sight." The Scotts stayed on for two weeks after the tragedy, but were unable to learn who the boy belonged to. "The police tried too. The hotel register was destroyed, and in my fright, all I could repeat was that my name was 'Frank-junior' Scott and I'd been on a bus with



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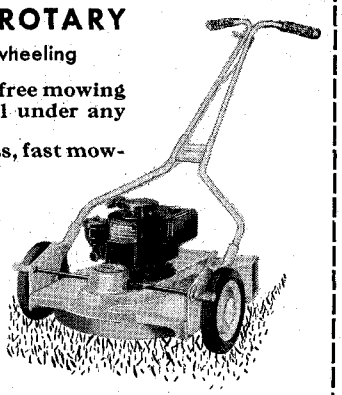

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my mom and dad. It became clear they were among the dead who couldn't be identified."

Tom Scott and his wife forgot their tour. Childless themselves, they took the boy home with them and raised him as their son.

"Later I remembered some more—that I'd lived in my grandfather's house, and my mother was called Ginny." He paused. "To me, Tom Scott was 'father.' His business became Scott and Son, but he didn't call me that in his will because it wasn't legally true."

Again the room fell still. John thought of Ripley. No doubt he knew this poignant story from his neighbor Tom Scott. But—it seemed remote from the problem now.

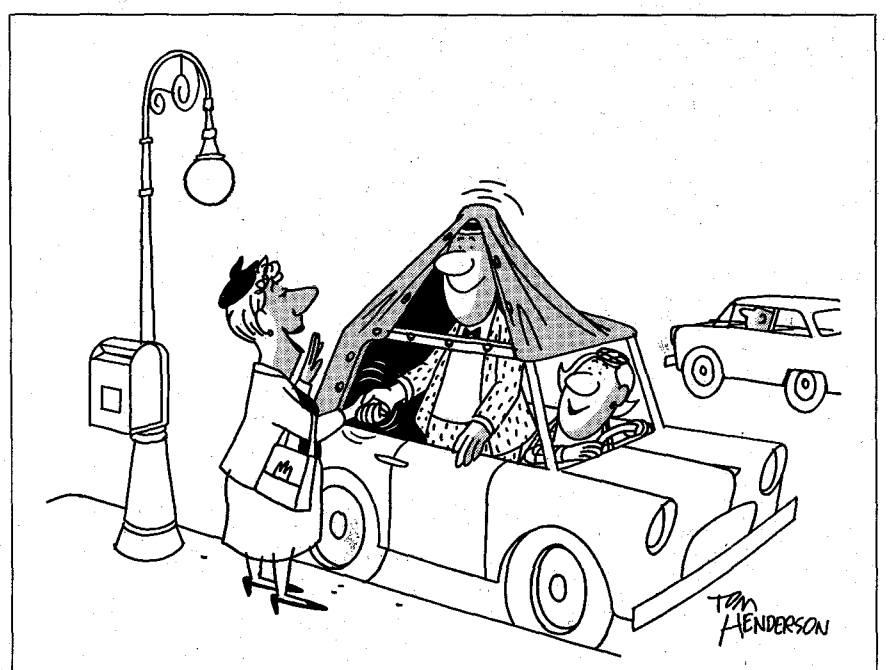
Ann Scott said, "You left something out, Frank. Remember, your father told me the story one night?" She explained, "When they were driving home with Frank, he kept asking, 'We go to Kermot?' They thought his parents told him that was where they were taking him, but there's no Kermot in the atlas."

Stuart spoke slowly. "I wonder if he was trying to pronounce Clermont." It was the county to the north, and the name of the county seat. "My three-year-old has the same trouble—he calls it 'Kermot' when we drive there on a Sunday. And if Frank's parents were headed there ——" Bill's gesture completed his meaning.

"Yes," John said. "Next stop, Clermont."

"Before resuming with Mr. Ripley, your honor, we have other testimony. . . . Mr. Hugh Buchanan."

A reporter said, "Bad news for Ripley." Both men at the defense table, glowering, watched a quiet, graying man walk to the stand. He took the oath.



"Please don't get up, Mr. Boyd."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

John began, "You now reside in Clermont County? What is your occupation?"

"Retired, ostensibly. But my pose can hardly be kept up. Actually, as an officer of Midwest Steel, I came east two years ago to assemble a site for a new plant ——"

"All objected to!" Waddell cut in. "Immaterial and irrelevant."

"I assume it will be connected. The witness may proceed."

Buchanan said, "The job is nearly over, but there's still a thirty-acre tract along the river we need badly. Here we ran into an unusual story. And a sad one."

Since 1934, the tract had stood in the name of Frank Scott and Virginia, his wife. Overgrown, the house on it fallen into disrepair, it was never occupied by its owner. And until two years ago, the taxes had been paid by a James Rolfe, of Iowa.

"I flew out to see him. He's in his seventies. He told me Virginia was his daughter and only child; that she and her husband bought this farm, intending to settle in the east, but on their way to it with their little boy, Frank, they had vanished. He wrote to the clerk of Clermont County and learned they never arrived.

"Somehow his mind and heart shut out any idea that they'd met with a disaster, and to save their home, he paid the taxes as long as he was able to. He got the name of a handyman from the clerk and sent him money when he could to keep the place in some sort of shape. The years have simply fixed him in his faith that 'my children' are alive, somewhere. With an old man's tenacity, he insisted only they—not he—could sell the land. We initiated a search to learn what happened to them. And there the matter stood."

He continued, "Early this month, Mr. Ripley entered the picture. He phoned me and I called on him. He told me he'd make it brief; he knew Midwest Steel needed this tract and he was prepared to sell; that he had title to it by proceeding on a judgment against Frank Scott, son and heir of Frank and Virginia Scott, both deceased."

Judge Lance said to John, "This Frank Scott? They were his parents?"

"They were, sir." He explained and went on, "The idea arose that they were bound for Clermont County, and that Mr. Ripley had transferred the judgment there. County records revealed he had, and proceeded against this tract. Why he coveted this land was not hard to learn; by now, Mr. Buchanan's activities for Midwest Steel are common knowledge around the county courthouse. . . . What is Mr. Ripley's price for the tract?"

Judge Lance spoke over an objection. "I will allow the question."

The witness said, "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars for land assessed at four thousand. An unmitigated holdup."

"Thank you, Mr. Buchanan." John wheeled. "Return to the stand, Mr. Ripley."

He watched him comply. "Well, Mr. Ripley?"

The witness flung back, "Well what? I knew Scott was heir to the tract. I notified him I'd proceed against it. What I want for it now is my business!"

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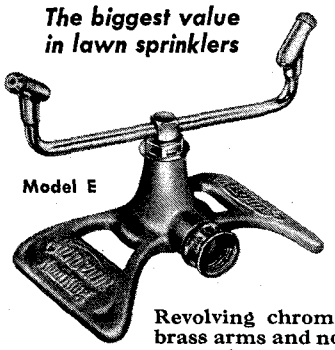

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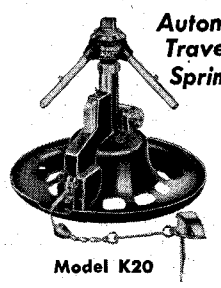

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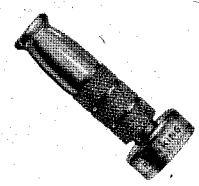

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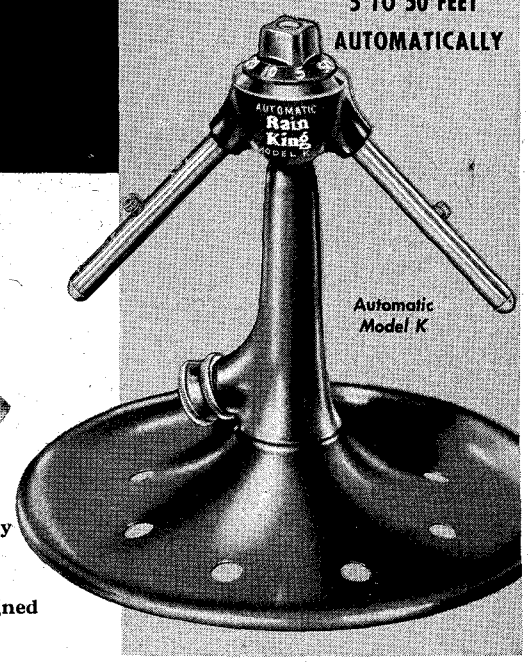

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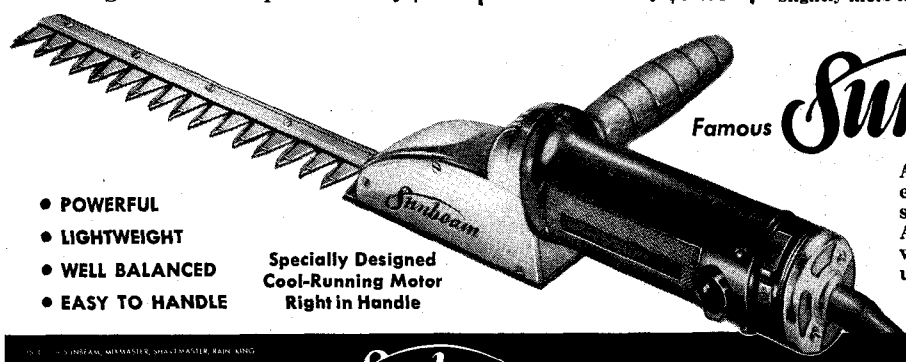

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"Having been caught, your line is to brazen it out? I suggest word reached you that Mr. Buchanan was buying land for the steel company; with an eye out for gravy, you checked on possibilities, including this tract. Here, the owners' names rang a bell; that boy Tom Scott raised was their heir. You hit on a way to grab the tract ——"

"False from beginning to end!"

"And, taking advantage of Tom Scott's death, put on a big-brother act and pressed a loan on young Scott." John demanded, "And tricked a judgment note from him?"

"Now that's a joke! What is Scott, a baby? He agreed to a note."

Waddell pronounced, "He signed it knowingly, and we used it according to law. It's preposterous for them to whine now that we got it by some trick."

John turned. "I requested the original note from the clerk. . . . Thank you." He scanned the typed contents. Date; a single-spaced paragraph stating the debt; another directing the prompt entry of judgment. Below, Scott's signature—a riddle he'd been brooding over. How did Ripley obtain it? By fast talk and action? That seemed too hit-or-miss. Since the signature was essential to him, wouldn't he have contrived a surer method?

How did it happen, he asked the witness, that the note was typed? Why wasn't a printed form used? He had none on hand, Ripley said; therefore he had one typed up.

About to frame another question, John paused, caught by the uneven typing job on the paper in his hand. He looked up slowly. "Who prepared this, Mr. Ripley?"

"Who do you think? One of my stenographers." He sounded alarmed, John thought.

"This does not look like a stenographer's work. Frank Scott told us that at one time you did your own typing. Perhaps you punched this out yourself?"

"I did not! I haven't touched a typewriter in years!" He blustered his denial.

John stood a moment. He seemed on the track of some discovery, but of what?

"May I have a few minutes, your honor?" He walked back and said in an undertone to Bill Stuart, "He typed this, just as he typed the authority to sell those stocks. . . . Frank, do you remember this at all?"

"No, I don't. I remember signing just one paper for him. It was only a line long—no date—and I can even tell you how it read. 'I hereby authorize and direct A. Gerald Ripley to sell my stocks.' And I was across his desk at the time—I mean, he couldn't have switched papers on me. So how did my signature get on that note?"

> Tact is the ability to convince a man who's sure he's never wrong that he is occasionally right.
>
> O. A. BATTISTA

John stared at the judgment note. How, indeed?

Waddell bent a look on their table. "Are we to wait all day?"

Bill Stuart muttered, "Wait and like it. John, notice the second paragraph of this note begins the same way. 'I hereby authorize and direct'—followed by Ripley's name. Think that's just a coincidence?"

"It could be. . . . Wait a moment. It's not. There's also been a careful erasure on that line." He pointed, excited now. "See what Ripley did?"

"Yeah. A little conversion job. See it, Frank?"

Scott nodding slowly, John addressed Ripley. Court and press table were intent.

"Recalling the episode of the stocks—I haven't finished, Mr. Waddell—and the authority Scott gave you to sell them. I assume you deny typing that paper?"

"Absolutely!" He was belligerent. His secretary, he said, happened to be away from the office and he had one of the other girls do it.

And what, John demanded, became of that paper? When he had no further use for it, Ripley replied, he tore it up. The same girl also prepared the judgment note. Scott signed both papers together.

"The fact is, you took only one signature from him." He went on, "Your secretary didn't happen to be away; you saw to it. When the stocks were discussed, you went over to her machine. You inserted a blank sheet of paper, made sure to start well down, and wrote, 'I hereby authorize and direct A. Gerald Ripley to sell my stocks.' Correct?"

"I told you I did not type that paper!"

"So you keep saying. You then dropped down about a dozen spaces and drew a line for a signature; there you had Scott write his name. . . . That paper, your honor, became this note." The court buzzing now, John passed the judgment note up to the bench.

Waddell derided, "Wild allegations without substance or basis!"

"Your honor will see the second paragraph begins, 'I hereby authorize and direct A. Gerald Ripley to appear for me and enter judgment,' and so on; also the words 'appear for me' were typed over an erasure. I charge that Mr. Ripley erased the words 'sell my stocks' originally there; then, in the space he had left for the purpose, typed the language for entering the judgment. Above this paragraph, he fitted in another setting forth the debt and topped it with the date. Understandably, he did not have an employee perform this operation."

"Utter nonsense that cannot be proved!"

John spoke quietly. "I ask for a laboratory test on this note."

Ripley shouted from the stand, "I won't allow it!" Aware of Judge Lance's icy stare on him, he slumped back into his chair.

"Infra-red photography," John Doowinkle told reporters in his office, "showed up the erased words and proves Ripley forged the judgment note. Judge Lance held him on all charges. As for our young friend here, the court ordered the judgment against him stricken off. I'm afraid the sheriff's sale of Scott's business can't be recalled, but he's in a position to annul the proceedings in Clermont County and take rightful title to the tract. I believe he's already had an offer for it from Mr. Buchanan."

Frank said, "Ann and I both blinked and said O.K."

"What about that false-pretense charge? Isn't it still hanging over Scott?"

"Not for long. The grand jury will be asked to return it 'No Bill.'"

A reporter grinned at Frank. "Feel better about life today?"

"A lot more experienced," Frank said.

"Well, young fellow," Bill Stuart said after the newsmen were gone, "I suppose you can't wait to give Scott and Son a new start?"

Frank exchanged glances with his wife. "Ann and I decided something else came first. We mean a trip out to Iowa, to see an old man who's been waiting a long time with a hope in his heart. We have a strong idea he'd like a visit from his grandson." THE END

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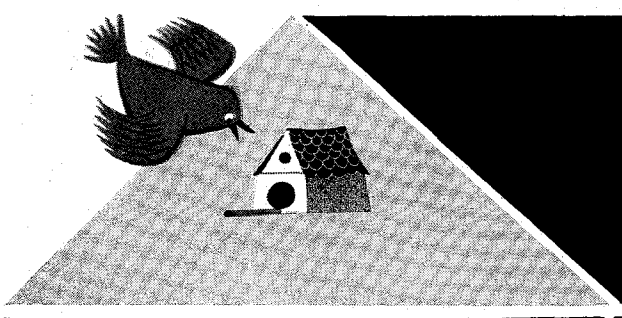

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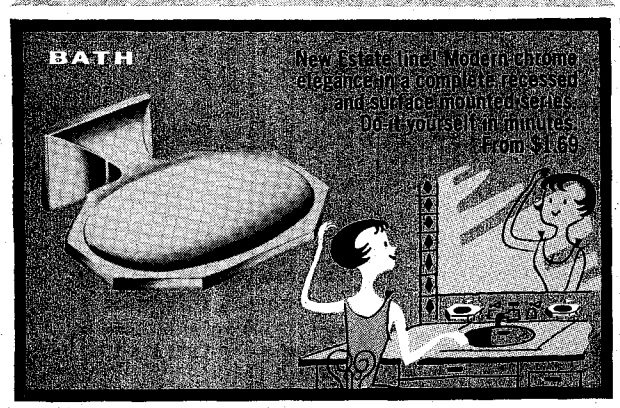
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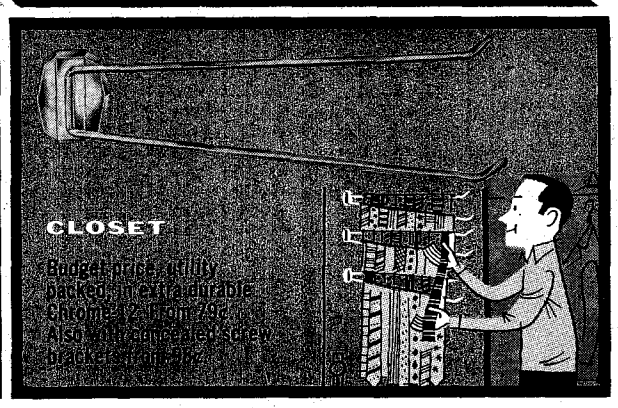

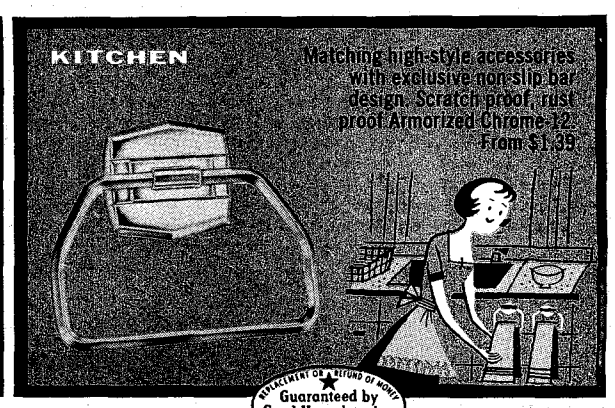
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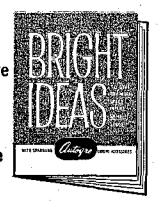

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Hornblower's Hurricane (Continued from Page 49)

and in any case, with the considerable leeway she was making, they might be cast ashore and utterly destroyed on San Domingo or Puerto Rico or some intervening cay. The wind shrieked at them, and a combination of wind and wave laid Pretty Jane over—over until the deck was almost vertical, with Hornblower hanging on, as his feet could gain no hold on the planking. A wave burst against her exposed bottom clean over her, cascading round them, and then she came slowly back again.

No ship could be expected to endure that sort of thing for long. A muffled bang aloft, followed by a series of sharper sounds, attracted his attention to the topmast staysail just as it blew out from its gaskets and flew into ribbons which cracked like whips while they lasted. One thundering small fragment remained, whipping from the stay, just enough to keep Pretty Jane's starboard bow to the sea.

Daylight was coming; there was a yellow tinge all about them, shut in by the low sky overhead. As Hornblower looked aloft he saw a hump, a bubble, appear on the main yard, and the bubble promptly burst into fragments. The wind was tearing the sail from its gaskets.

Now he knew enough about the situation to satisfy him for the moment; Barbara had never been out of his mind, and it was time to reassure her. He watched for his chance and ran zigzag along the deck. He opened the deckhouse door, swung over the coaming and slammed the door again, slamming himself into pitch darkness.

Here in the deckhouse the infernal creaking and groaning of the ship was enclosed and magnified; the noise was tremendous, and as he stood he felt shallow water splash round his ankles.

"I'm here, darling," he heard Barbara say, and he groped his way to her. His hands told him that she was sitting crossways in her bunk, her back against the bulkhead and her feet braced against the outer board, very sensibly.

As he settled himself beside her the ship lay over again, so that they were lying on their backs, legs in the air, while all the loose small movables in the deckhouse clattered about them and the water splashed in their faces.

When the ship recovered she went on to lie right over on the other side, so that Hornblower had to put out his hands and brace them against the outer board to save being thrown out of the bunk.

"A hurricane, dear?" asked Barbara.

"I fear so. We may not be right in the path and it may die away as fast as it came."

"And we're in danger?" Barbara's voice was calm. Its tone was objective. Lovely, beautiful Barbara.

"Oh, the ship's stout enough," said Hornblower.

Running through his mind, despite himself, were memories of the jokes friends had made to him in the past regarding his escapes from peril, from a French firing party, from cannon shot and musket shot, from fire and disease. "Those that are born to be drowned will never be hanged," his friends had said. Perhaps it was true; perhaps he was to be drowned, but that was not the point. If he were to drown now, Barbara would drown as well. He felt as though he would burst out in hysterical rage against the stupid fate that had brought Barbara into this unnecessary peril.

"There go the pumps," said Barbara. She must have learned to recognize that sound during the last voyage.

"I'm in no way surprised," said Hornblower, speaking the literal truth. Pretty Jane's seams must be working open wide in this tremendous sea.

"Perhaps we could have breakfast," said Barbara.

Now that was quite unreasonable of Barbara; she must realize that both cook and steward would be at the pumps, even if it were in the least possible to prepare food.

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait awhile," said Hornblower mildly.

"Not if we're content with pralines and water," answered Barbara. "The water bottles are full and my reticule is still hanging beside me."

There were two water bottles in gimbals on the forward bulkhead, of course.

It was as well that they ate and drank when they did; it was not long after—at the moment when Hornblower was wondering if he could leave Barbara to take his turn at the pumps—that Pretty Jane went over on her beam ends again.

Then the seas thundered on the outside of the deckhouse, and he felt the structure shift as he lay on the bulkhead. It would be torn from its bolts any moment and he and Barbara would be swept away with it. A torrent of water actually came pouring in through the gaping joint between deck and bulkhead. Over they lay, far over. This must be death. His hand was holding Barbara's in the darkness, and he gripped it tightly, waiting. The timbers were shrieking in agony all about them; and then through all that noise came a greater one, transmitted

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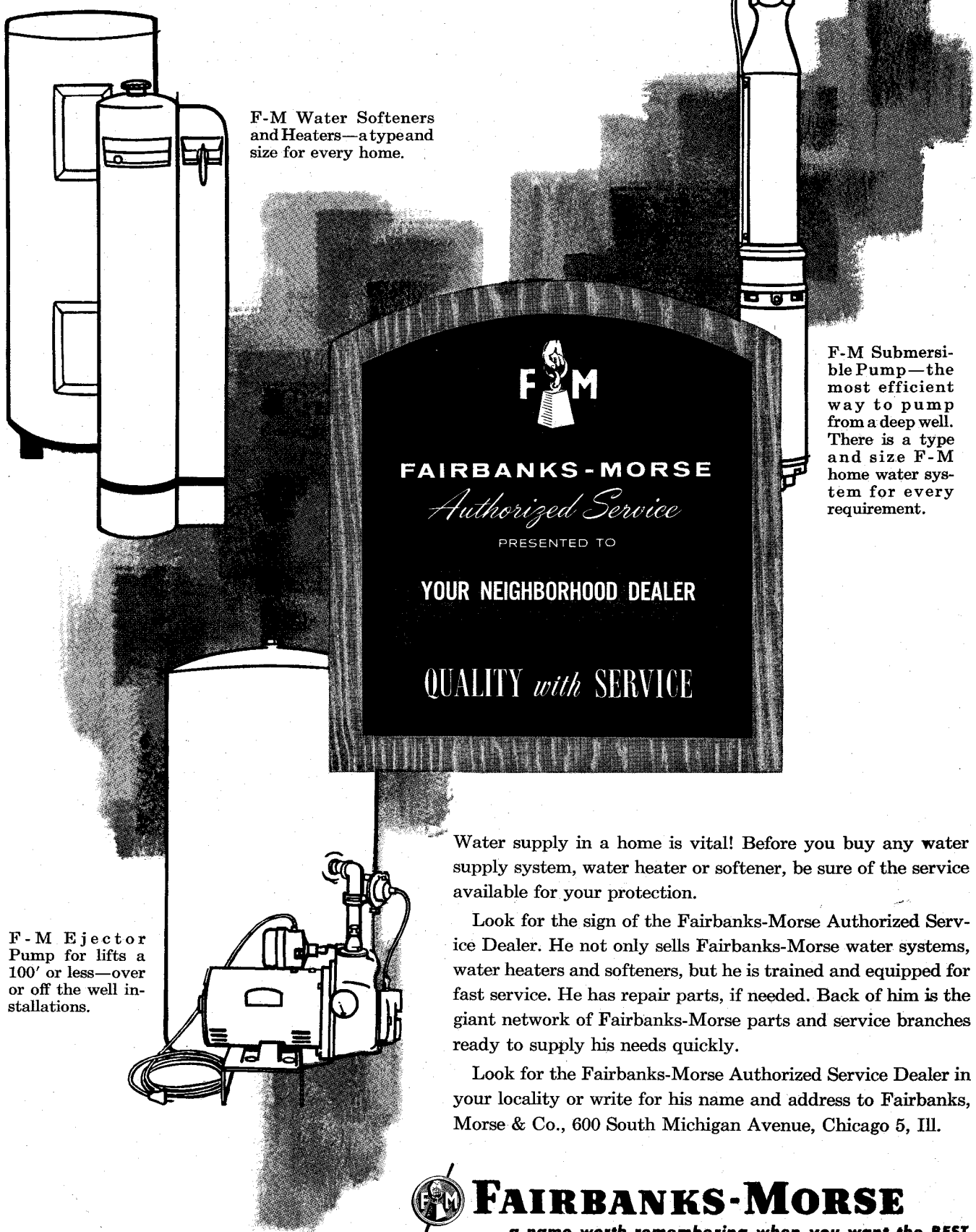

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through the ship, a rending crash as loud as a cannon shot, which Hornblower heard without understanding. And then he felt Pretty Jane heave in corkscrew fashion, and they were back almost on an even keel again, still pitching wildly, but not as before.

"They've cut away the foremast," he said aloud. "Then the mainmast would bring her head to wind again."

It would prolong their lives for a little; the seas outside must be enormous, for Pretty Jane was pitching, standing first on her bows and then on her stern, almost as steeply as she had lain on her side. She was still shipping waves; Hornblower felt the deckhouse shift again as another wave thundered upon it.

"We must get out of here before it's carried away," he went on to say. "I must go and see. I shall have to leave you for a moment, darling."

"Is there a minute for me to say something to you, darling?" she asked in return.

"Of course," he said. Out on deck they would die when the ship sank as surely as in the deckhouse.

"We're going to die?" asked Barbara.

"I—think—so," answered Hornblower very slowly—the most difficult words he had ever spoken. Surprise forced them from him.

"I don't mind for myself," said Barbara. "Oh, but I'm sorry about you—about you—darling."

Her face was white in the scanty light now creeping in through the cracks.

"Darling," said Barbara, "I must speak quickly, I know. I can tell you now—I couldn't tell you before because it would have been disloyal. But now that we're going to die—darling, I've never loved any man but you. Never. I had another husband once, and I know you've always thought about it. But it was you that I loved—only you, darling. All that time. I've only loved you, darling, only you, and more and more every day. Darling, we're going to die, but my love for you can't die. Darling, it will live on after us. Oh, darling!"

Agony and happiness at the same moment; wild kisses; her cheeks were streaming with tears now. Oh, the pain of it all, and yet, and yet—death would not come so hard for him now. That old unhappiness was at an end.

It was broad bright light outside, in comparison with the interior of the deckhouse, and the wind was frightful. It was impossible to breathe while facing it as he came round the angle of the deckhouse. And it was something different that he saw. The deck was almost bare. Bowsprit and foremast were mere stumps, the main-topmast had gone, and so had wheel, binnacle, boat, hen coop and all, and nearly all the ship's rail except for a length here on the starboard quarter.

At the foot of the mainmast there were three men; he could see that they were bound to the mast, and as he looked another wave came roaring over the deck, washing over them shoulder high to thunder against the deckhouse beside him, which he felt heave up with the impact. He had been thinking about the mainmast. It would be torture to be there, but life might still be prolonged for a space, even though the waves were sweeping over the Pretty Jane as if she were a half-tide rock. Why was she still afloat? No time to think about that.

It was a frightful journey to the mainmast, watching his chance, clinging to the remaining fragment of the rail, sliding down the deck, but he was there at last. Knyvett was one of the three men there; the two others seemed to be seamen. They looked at him with dull inquiry, but there was still no time to spare.

Thank God he had his knife in his pocket. He set to work on the raffle of lines tangled round the belaying pins. Ten fathoms of the main-topsail halyards for himself; another twenty fathoms for Barbara. He forced his fingers to work quickly to tie the knots; two lines for Barbara, and a ringbolt in the deck to pass one of them through, while he gave the end of the other to Knyvett, forcing it into his hands with vivid gestures that broke through the man's exhausted bedazement. Now back to the deckhouse. Another wave burst round him as he reached it; Hornblower saw one of the deadlights torn off and the window smashed in under his eyes; and he was in a panic of fear as he wrenched open the door for the sea to pour out over the coaming.

"Barbara!" he shouted. "Barbara darling!"

She was there, soaked, with her hair loose, the water, covered with debris, swirling round her knees as she struggled to him. He made fast the lines to her.

"The mast!" he yelled, pointing. "The rail! Keep low! Keep down!"

She understood. His hand on her shoulder restrained her as another wave came up to burst round them; it was a struggle not to be swept away.

"Now!" he shouted, with a push.

She reached the rail as he kept the lines taut. But Knyvett was useless. He was not prepared to do his part, and Hornblower knew fury and despair, until the man beside Knyvett realized the situation and took the lines from his idle hands. Barbara went on in the comparative security of the lines, and as she reached the mast Hornblower took a reckless chance and achieved the passage to the mast in her wake and in the same smooth moment. He bound her there securely, and then himself. Four men and a woman, bound to the mast and awaiting death in the shrieking wind.

Knyvett roused himself to yell a single word to Hornblower. At about the third repetition Hornblower understood, thanks to Knyvett's explanatory gesture down to the deck. The word was "coir," and the implications of it made themselves plain to him. The Pretty Jane's cargo had been logwood and coir; logwood floated only sluggishly, but coir was one of the most buoyant substances known. Coconuts falling into the sea floated for weeks and months, carried about by currents, so that the wide distribution of the coconut palm was readily accounted for. It was coir that was keeping Pretty Jane afloat even though she was full of water. It would keep her afloat for a long time. So they had gained some hours of life, perhaps, by deserting the deckhouse for the mast; that was proved shortly, when Hornblower's dazed eyes saw the deckhouse disintegrate and vanish under a wave, swept away.

That hurricane was known as Hornblower's Hurricane for years later; there was not only the convenient alliteration, and the fact that Hornblower was caught in it, but it was remembered because it came remarkably early in the season and—partly as a result—did such widespread damage. As far as the Pretty Jane was concerned, it passed on sometime early that night.

The wind was no more than an extraordinarily strong gale when a rift in the flying clouds revealed the moon for a few seconds, to light Barbara's white face. It still blew too loud to speak; Hornblower contorted his face in a ghastly smile to try to convey hope and reassurance as Barbara drooped against the lines that encircled her tender bosom.

The clouds obscured the moon again, and all was dark. And yet—and yet, in

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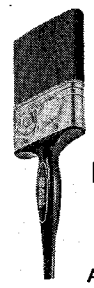

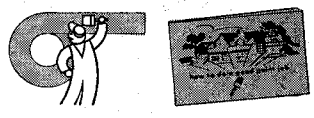

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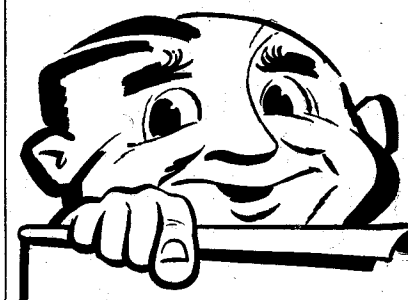

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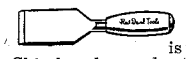

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the darkness Hornblower came to believe that the waves which swept the deck and burst sometimes over their heads were not so frequent nor so violent. Now they came only waist-high at most, and the night wind was blowing cool instead of with a furnace heat; cool, so that he shivered. He shifted himself in his bonds and put his arms about Barbara to shelter her as well as he could from the murderous chill. If only the night would end!

It ended at last, a pale light creeping over the tossing sea whose waves broke only feebly over the deck. With stiffened fingers Hornblower unfastened the knots that bound him; Barbara had given hardly any response to him when he took his arms from about her. He lowered her to the deck with the lines still preventing her from being washed away, and prayed for the sun to come out.

Beside him, two of the men cautiously and wearily freed themselves. Knyvett was dead, hanging in his lines like a child's doll.

"Cut him loose," said Hornblower. His voice was only a faint croak.

He knelt down beside Barbara, her hands in his, and she lifted her face to him. There was still a chance, some sort of chance. Here was the sun, shining level across the sea, warming and comforting, and he moved so that his shadow would not fall across her. There was still a chance.

That was how that day began. Barbara was running her tongue over her salt-encrusted lips.

"Dearest," she croaked to him, and a look of inquiry came into her expression, which she instantly concealed as recollection came to her.

Hornblower knew. She was thirsty, and she would not ask for a drink. He hoped and prayed she was not so thirsty as he was. He looked round him at the battered hull, ungainly on the heaving sea, a bare three feet of freeboard above the water's edge. There would be nothing to drink, unless it rained. Now the sun was an enemy instead of a friend. It became a worse enemy as it climbed higher in the sky, blazing down upon them. What was there to say? What was there to do?

"There's land over there to the s'uthard, sir," said one of the seamen.

Hornblower scrambled to his feet to look where the man was pointing. He could not be sure. The mountains of San Domingo or the lower profile of Puerto Rico, perhaps; there was no knowing how far Pretty Jane had been blown by the hurricane. He must fight down his exhaustion and be active. The trade wind was blowing from north of east; if he could get a rag of sail up on the stump of the mainmast they could reach that shore.

"Get those hatches up," he croaked. "Let's see what we can do."

It was three in the afternoon before the first rain squall reached them. Twice during the morning they had seen rain squalls go by, one missing them by no more than half a mile, but this one's path coquettishly passed over the Pretty Jane. The rain roared down upon them with all the tropical violence of those squalls. Hornblower's shirt was off; Barbara had produced no fewer than two petticoats from under her skirt. They held their mouths open for the niggardly drops to fall in while they held their garments spread wide to soak in the torrential rain. Twice, three times, they tasted after wringing them out, each time to be disappointed by the persistence of the sea salt. Then at last they could drink, squeeze the soaking garments into their mouths, and swallow and squeeze and swallow again, with life returning as the precious fresh water ran down their throats. Then they were merely hungry, and could set about their work after the squall passed over.

Admirers of Hornblower maintain that he would in the end have sailed the waterlogged hull clear into San Juan, but he did not have to. The swell and the trade wind carried the hulk of the Pretty Jane, even without sail set, toward the shore at half a mile or so an hour. Frank, one of the two seamen, could dive and stay below water, and he took his life in his hands to go down the hatch into the flooded steerage, seeking for what would be more precious than pearls. Barbara's case of delicacies in tin boxes had shattered down there, but groping about desperately under water, Frank found two of the cans and came up with them triumphantly. They were corned beef; never

"Going down?"

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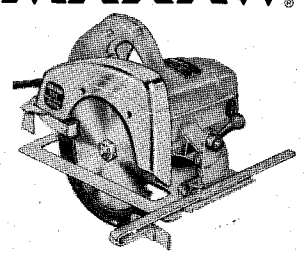

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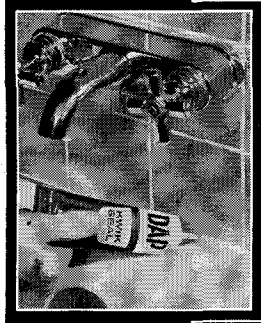

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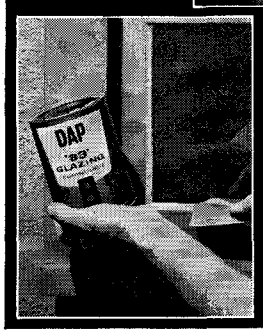

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was anything quite so delicious, and the empty can, after it had been haggled open with a clasp knife and its contents devoured—only one can; Hornblower would not allow the other to be touched—served as an invaluable container for water when, during the night, the next rain squall burst over them.

It was the next afternoon that they saw the fishing boat. By that time they had worked off the sacking cover of one of the bales of coir floating immediately below the main hatch for use as a sail, but they hoisted it instead as a signal of distress, and it was not long before the fishing boat was alongside, the mulatto fishermen staring at the four strange figures waving to them from their strange craft. They had a breaker of water on board, and they had a jar of cold chick-peas as well; there was a can of corned beef to add to the feast. Barbara caught, even though she spoke no Spanish, two words of the excited conversation that went on.

"Puerto Rico?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said Hornblower. "Not very surprising—and much more convenient for us than San Domingo. I wish I could remember the name of the captain general there—I had dealings with him in the affair of the Estrella del Sur. He was a marquis. The Marqués de—de—— Dearest, why don't you lie down and close your eyes? You're worn out."

He was shocked anew at her pallor and look of distress.

"I'm well enough, thank you, dear," replied Barbara, even though the strained tone of her voice denied her words. It was one more proof of her indomitable spirit.

So they came sailing into San Juan de Puerto Rico, two years after Hornblower had last visited the place in very different circumstances. Not unnaturally, their arrival set the whole place in an uproar. Messengers sped to the Fortaleza, and it was only a few minutes later when a figure appeared on the quay which Hornblower's swimming eyes contrived to recognize, tall and thin with a thin mustache.

"Mendez-Castillo," he said, saving Hornblower any further trouble about remembering his name. "It grieves me greatly to see your excellencies in such distress, even while I have much pleasure in welcoming your excellency again to Puerto Rico."

Some sort of formalities had to be observed, even in these conditions.

"Barbara, my dear, allow me to present Señor—Major—Mendez-Castillo, aide-de-camp to his excellency, the captain general." Then he continued in Spanish, "My wife, la Baronesa Hornblower."

Mendez-Castillo bowed deeply, his eyes still busy estimating the extent of the weakness of the new arrivals. Then he reached the very important decision.

"If your excellencies are agreeable, I would suggest that your formal welcome by his excellency should be postponed until your excellencies are better prepared for it."

"We are agreeable," said Hornblower. In his exasperation he was about to burst out violently regarding Barbara's need for rest and care, but Mendez-Castillo, now that the point of etiquette was settled, was all consideration.

"Then, if your excellencies will give yourselves the trouble of stepping down into my boat, I shall have the pleasure of escorting you to make your informal entrance into the Palace of Santa Catalina. Their excellencies will receive you, but formal etiquette need not be observed, and your excellencies will be able to recover from the dreadful experiences I fear your excellencies have undergone. Would your excellencies be so kind as to come this way?"

"One moment first, if you please, *señor*. These two men—they need care and attention too."

"I will give an order for the military hospital to receive them."

"Thank you."

Hornblower made hurried explanations to the seamen. Then down into the boat and a quick trip across the harbor. Then up through the water gate of the palace, with attentive servants awaiting them.

Here were his excellency and a dark, beautiful woman, his wife; she took Barbara under her protection instantly. Here were cool dark rooms, and more servants scurrying about.

"This is Manuel, my principal valet, your excellency. Any orders your excellency may give him will be obeyed as if they came from me. My physician has been sent for and will be here at any moment. So now my wife and I will withdraw and leave your excellencies to rest, assuring your excellencies that our sincerest hope is for your rapid recovery."

The crowd thinned away. For one more moment Hornblower had to keep his faculties alert, for the doctor came bustling in to feel pulses and to look at tongues. He produced a case of lancets and was making preparations to draw

• •

Sound Defects

At movies, how far from
dear to me
Are the popcorn eaters near
to me!

Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

• •

blood from Barbara, and it was only with difficulty that Hornblower stopped him. He could not believe that bleeding would hasten the cure of the lacerations Barbara bore on her body. He thanked the doctor and saw him out of the room again with a sigh of relief. The maids were waiting to relieve Barbara of the few rags she wore.

"Do you think you will sleep, darling? Is there anything more I can ask for?"

"I shall sleep, dearest." Then the smile on Barbara's weary face was replaced by something more like a grin, perfectly unladylike. "And as nobody but us here can speak English, I am free to tell you that I love you, dearest. I love you, I love you, more than any words that I know can tell you."

Servants or no servants, he kissed her then before he left her to go into the adjoining room where the valets awaited him. His body was crisscrossed with raw, angry welts where, yesterday, the force of the waves had flung him against the ropes that held him to the mast. They were horribly painful as he was sponged with warm water. He knew that Barbara's sweet, tender body must be marked in the same fashion. But Barbara was safe; she would soon be well, and she had said that she loved him. And—and she had said more than that. What she had told him in that dark deckhouse had drawn out all the pain from a mental wound far, far, deeper than the physical hurts he now bore. He was a happy man as he lay down in the silk nightshirt with the elaborate heraldic embroidery which the valet had ready for him.

There were happy hours still to come. The suite they had been allotted had a deep, shady balcony that looked out beyond the harbor to the sea, and there he sat in his dressing gown the next morning, rocking idly in his chair, with Barbara opposite him, drinking sweet chocolate and eating sweet rolls.

"It is good to be alive," said Hornblower; there was a potency, an inner meaning, about those words now; it was no hackneyed turn of speech.

"It is good to be with you," said Barbara.

It was almost an idle morning; Mendez-Castillo came to say that news of the recent events had been dispatched to Jamaica, and to make inquiries on behalf of his excellency, and was sent back by Hornblower with every assurance of a rapid recovery. The doctor came, to be dismissed after a new feeling of pulses and looking at tongues, and with grateful thanks for his untasted medicines. There was dinner at two o'clock, a vast meal served ceremoniously, but only sampled. A siesta, and then supper eaten with more appetite, and a peaceful night.

Next morning was busier, for there was now the question of clothes to be dealt with. Dressmakers were sent in to Barbara by her excellency, so that Hornblower found all the mental exercise he needed in acting as interpreter over matters demanding a vocabulary he did not possess, and shirtmakers and tailors sent in to him by his excellency. The tailor was somewhat disappointed on being told that Hornblower did not wish him to make a complete uniform for a British rear admiral, gold lace and all. As a half-pay officer with no appointment, Hornblower did not need anything of the sort.

Seamstresses and tailors must have worked hard and long, for next day some of the results of their efforts were ready to be tried on.

"My Spanish grandee!" said Barbara, eying her husband dressed in coat and breeches of Puerto Rican cut.

"My lovely *señora*," answered Hornblower, with a bow. Barbara was wearing comb and mantilla.

"The *señoras* of Puerto Rico wear no stays, fortunately," said Barbara. "I could bear nothing of the sort at present."

That was one of the few allusions Barbara made regarding the lacerations and bruises that she bore. Even in making her mock-formal curtsy to him as she spoke she was careful to betray none of the pain the movement cost her.

"What am I to tell Mendez-Castillo today when he comes to make his inquiries?" asked Hornblower.

"I think, dear, that now we can safely be received by their excellencies," said Barbara.

Here in little Puerto Rico was to be found all the magnificence and ceremonial of the court of Spain. Even Hornblower did not come to realize, until he began to discuss the arrangements with Mendez-Castillo, the enormous condescension, the extreme strain put upon palace etiquette, involved in the backstairs visit their excellencies had paid to the battered castaways who had claimed their hospitality. Now that was all to be forgotten in their formal reception.

There was amusement to be found in Mendez-Castillo's apologetic and nervous mentioning of the fact that he could not expect the same formalities as had welcomed him on his last visit. Then he had been a visiting commander in chief; now he was only a half-pay officer, a distinguished visitor, Mendez-Castillo hastened to add, but an unofficial one.

It dawned upon him that Mendez-Castillo expected him to flare out and to be offended at being told that this time he would be received only by flourishes and not by a full band, by the salutes of the sentries instead of by the turning out of the whole guard. He was able to con-

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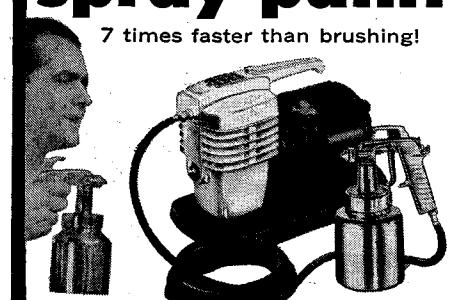

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firm his reputation for tact by declaring quite truthfully—his candor was mistaken for the most diplomatic concealment of his own feelings—that he did not care in the least.

So it turned out. Barbara and Hornblower were smuggled unobtrusively out of the postern gate of the palace and escorted into a boat, to be rowed round to the massive water gate where Hornblower had made his previous entrance. There, with slow and solemn step, they passed in through the gate, Barbara on Hornblower's left arm. On either hand the sentries presented arms and Hornblower acknowledged the salute by taking off his hat. As they came into the courtyard beyond they were welcomed by the flourishes that Mendez-Castillo had promised. Even Hornblower's tone-deaf ear could assure him that there was no stinting of those flourishes. Long-drawn-out, continued until Hornblower wondered how the trumpeter's breath could last so long, and he could guess from the variation between squeakiness and dullness that the trumpeter was displaying a considerable virtuosity. Two more sentries stood at the foot of the steps beyond, presenting arms; the trumpeter stood at the top of the steps, over to one side, and he put his instrument to his lips for a further series of fanfares as Hornblower removed his hat again and he and Barbara began the climb.

Tremendous, those flourishes were; even though Hornblower was bracing himself to make his ceremonial entrance into the great hall, he could not help but dart a glance at the trumpeter. One glance called for a second glance. Pigtailed and powdered, dressed in a glittering uniform, what was there about that figure to demand his attention? He felt Barbara, on his arm, stiffen and miss her step. The trumpeter took his instrument from his lips. It was—it was Hudnutt. Hornblower almost dropped his hat with surprise.

But they were over the threshold of the great door, and he must walk steadily forward with Barbara if he were not to ruin all the precious ceremonial. A voice bellowed their names. Ahead of them at the end of an avenue of halberdiers were two chairs of state backed by a semicircle of uniforms and court gowns, with their excellencies sitting awaiting them. They remained sitting as Hornblower and Barbara went through the moves they had been instructed to make. He bowed to his excellency, having already been presented to him; he waited while Barbara was presented and made her two curtsies; he bowed again as he was presented to her excellency; then they drew a little to one side to await their excellencies' words.

"A great pleasure to welcome Lord Hornblower again," said his excellency.

"An equally great pleasure to make the acquaintance of Lady Hornblower," said her excellency.

Hornblower went through the form of consulting with Barbara as to how he should reply.

"My wife and I are deeply appreciative of the great honor done us by our reception," said Hornblower.

"You are our welcome guests," said his excellency, with a finality in his tone that indicated the end of the conversation. Hornblower bowed again, twice, and Barbara went down in two more curtsies, and then they withdrew diagonally so as to allow their excellencies no glimpse of their backs. Mendez-Castillo was on hand to present them to other guests, but Hornblower had first to pour out to Barbara his astonishment at the recent encounter.

"Did you see the trumpeter, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Barbara in an expressionless tone. "It was Hudnutt."

"Amazing," went on Hornblower. "Extraordinary. I'd never have believed he was capable of it. He broke out of prison and he climbed that fence and he got himself out of Jamaica over to Puerto Rico. Quite remarkable."

"Yes," said Barbara.

Hornblower turned to Mendez-Castillo. "Your—your *trompetero*," he said; he was guessing at the Spanish word for "trumpeter," and he put his hand up before his mouth in a gesture that indicated what he was trying to say.

"You thought he was good?" asked Mendez-Castillo.

"Superb," said Hornblower. "Who is he?"

"The best of the musicians in his excellency's orchestra," answered Mendez-Castillo.

Hornblower looked keenly at him, but Mendez-Castillo preserved a diplomatic lack of expression.

"A fellow countryman of yours, sir?" persisted Hornblower.

Mendez-Castillo spread his hands and elevated his shoulders.

"Why should I concern myself about him, my lord?" he countered. "In any case, art knows no frontiers."

"No," said Hornblower. "I suppose not. Frontiers are elastic in these days. For instance, *señor*, I cannot remember if a convention exists between your government and mine regarding the mutual return of deserters."

"A strange coincidence!" said Mendez-Castillo. "I was investigating that very question a few days ago—quite idly, I assure you, my lord. And I found that no such convention exists. There have been many occasions when, as a matter of good will, deserters have been handed back. But most lamentably, my lord, his excellency has altered his views in that respect since a certain ship—the Estrella del Sur, whose name you may possibly recall, my lord—was seized as a slaver outside this very harbor in circumstances that his excellency found peculiarly irritating."

There was no hostility, nor was there any hint of glee in Mendez-Castillo's expression as he made this speech. He might as well have been discussing the weather.

"I appreciate his excellency's kindness and hospitality even more now," said Hornblower. He hoped he was giving no indications that he was a man who had just been hoist by his own petard.

"I will convey that information to his excellency," said Mendez-Castillo. "Meanwhile there are many guests who are anxious to make your lordship's acquaintance and that of her ladyship."

Later in the evening it was Mendez-Castillo who came to Hornblower with a message from her excellency, to the effect that the *marquesa* quite understood that Barbara might be tired, not having fully recovered yet from her recent experiences, and suggesting that if her ladyship and his lordship chose to retire informally their excellencies would understand; and it was Mendez-Castillo who guided them to the far end of the room and through an unobtrusive door to where a back stairs led to their suite. The maid allotted to attend to Barbara was waiting up.

"Ask the maid to go, please," said Barbara. "I can look after myself."

Her tone was still flat and expressionless, and Hornblower looked at her anxiously, in fear lest her fatigue should be too much for her. But he did what she asked.

"Can I help in any way, dear?" he asked as the maid withdrew.

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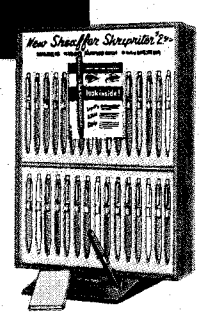

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"You can stay and talk to me, if you will," answered Barbara.

"With pleasure, of course," said Hornblower, seating himself. There was something strange about this situation. He tried to think of some topic to relieve the tension. "I still can hardly believe it about Hudnutt."

"It is about Hudnutt that I wanted to speak," said Barbara. There was something positively harsh about her voice. She was standing more stiffly and more rigidly than usual—no back could ever be straighter—and she was meeting Hornblower's eyes with a kind of fixed stare, like a soldier at attention awaiting sentence of death.

"Whatever is the matter, dearest?"

"You are going to hate me," said Barbara.

"Never! Never!"

"You don't know what it is I'm going to tell you."

"Nothing you could tell me ——"

"Don't say that yet! Wait until you hear. I set Hudnutt free. It was I who arranged for his escape."

The words came like sudden forked lightning.

"Dearest," said Hornblower, unbelieving, "you're tired. Why don't you ——"

"Do you think I'm delirious?" asked Barbara. Her voice was still unlike anything Hornblower had ever heard; so was the brief, bitter laugh that accompanied her words. "I could be. This is the end of all my happiness."

"Dearest ——" said Hornblower.

"Oh," said Barbara. There was a sudden overwhelming tenderness in that single sound, and her rigid attitude relaxed, but instantly she stiffened again and snatched back the hands she had held out to him. "Please listen. I've told you now. I set Hudnutt free—I set him free!"

There could be no doubting that she meant what she said, truth or not. And Hornblower, sitting there unable to move, staring at her, gradually reached the realization that it was true, after all. The realization seeped through the weak places in his unbelief, and as he thought of each piece of evidence, it was as if he were marking off a new height in a rising tide.

"That last night at Admiralty House!" he said.

"Yes."

"You took him out through the wicket gate into the gardens!"

"Yes."

"Then Evans helped you. He had the key."

"Yes."

"And that fellow in Kingston—Bonner—must have helped you too."

"You said he was something of a villain. He was ready for adventure at least."

"But—but the scent the bloodhounds followed?"

"Someone dragged Hudnutt's shirt along the ground on a rope."

"But—but even so ——" She did not need to tell him; as he said those words he made the next deduction. "That two hundred pounds!"

"The money I asked you for," said Barbara, sparing herself nothing. A ten-pound reward would not avail if someone were willing to spend two hundred pounds to help a prisoner escape.

Hornblower knew all about it now. His wife had flouted the law. She had set at naught the authority of the navy. She had—the rising tide reached suddenly up to a new level.

"It's a felony!" he said. "You could be transported for life! You could be sent to Botany Bay!"

"Do I care?" exclaimed Barbara. "Botany Bay! Does that matter, now that you know? Now that you'll never love me?"

"Dearest!" Those last words were so fantastically untrue that he had nothing else to say in reply. His mind was hard at work thinking about the effect of all this on Barbara. "That fellow Bonner—he could blackmail you."

"He's as guilty as I am," said Barbara. The unnatural harshness of her voice reached its climax there, and a sudden softness came back into her voice with her next words, an overwhelming tenderness, which she could not help as she smiled her old quizzical smile at this husband of hers. "You're only thinking about me!"

"Of course," said Hornblower, surprised.

"But you must think about yourself. I've deceived you. I've cheated you. I took advantage of your kindness, of your generosity —— Oh!"

The smile changed to tears. It was horrible to see Barbara's face distort itself. She was still standing like a soldier at attention. She would not allow her hands to cover her face; she stood with the tears streaming down and her features working, sparing herself nothing of her shame. He would have taken her into his arms at that moment, except that he was still immobilized by astonishment, and Barbara's last words had set a fresh torrent of thought pouring through his mind to hold him paralyzed. If any of this were to come out, the consequences would be without limit. Half the world would believe that Hornblower, the legendary Hornblower, had connived at the escape and desertion of a petty criminal. Nobody would believe the truth, but if the truth did find credence, half the world would laugh at Hornblower for being outwitted by his wife. There was a horrible gaping chasm opening right beside him. But there was already this other chasm—this awful distress that Barbara was suffering.

"I was going to tell you," said Barbara, still erect, blinded by her tears so that she could see nothing. "When we reached home I was going to tell you. That's what I thought before the hurricane. And there in the deckhouse I was going to tell you, after—after I told you the other. But there wasn't time—you had to leave me. I had to tell you I loved you, first. I told you that, and I should have told you this instead. I should have."

She was advancing no excuse for herself; she would not plead; she would face the consequences of her act. And there in the deckhouse she had told him she loved him, that she had never loved any other man. The last realization came upon him. Now he could shake off the astonishment, the bewilderment, that had held him helpless up to that moment. Nothing counted in the world except Barbara. Now he could move. Standing, he took a step forward and she was in his arms. Her tears wetted his lips.

"My love! My darling!" he said, for, unbelieving and blinded, she had not responded.

And then she knew, in the darkness that surrounded her, and her arms went about him, and there was no such happiness in all the world. There had never been such perfection of harmony. Hornblower found himself smiling. He could laugh out loud out of sheer happiness. That was an old weakness of his—to laugh, to giggle—in moments of crisis. He could laugh now, if he allowed himself; he could laugh at the whole ridiculous incident; he could laugh and laugh. But his judgment told him that laughter might be misunderstood at this moment. He could not help smiling, though—smiling as he kissed.

THE END

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I Call on Bob Hope (Continued from Page 33)

"It's tough, but that's how it is. It has already happened to one neighborhood theater out near the L.A. airport."

I thought of the healthy grosses being racked up by such top hits as Around the World in 80 Days, Peyton Place, Sayonara, The Bridge on the River Kwai, The Brothers Karamazov, Witness for the Prosecution, The Ten Commandments, Teacher's Pet and Run Silent Run Deep, and South Pacific. And I remembered a couple of sentences from a recent editorial in The Hollywood Reporter: "Our studios and their distributors have no responsibility to keep 300 to 500 pictures a year moving into theaters simply because those theaters want two to four pictures a week for double bills. . . . This type of operation may close a lot of theaters, but there's no sense in trying to keep them open because sooner or later they will have to go because of the intensifying TV competition. . . . Only top pictures will keep this industry going."

I thought, *Making pictures like I Married an Adult Monster or Frankenstein's Little Mistake is not the long-range answer to the problem.*

I said, "You're one of the few people I know who come right out and face the facts of the TV-versus-movies rat race."

"Everybody knows those facts," he said. "But it's considered disloyal and downbeat to talk about them. The truth is you just can't sell B stuff any more, because it's already being given away on the twenty-one-inch screens. People have watched Dragnet and Mr. District Attorney on TV for years now, and they're really B pictures, although they're made good and they're made fast. My point is that they've replaced the old B pictures which were made to give the theater owners plenty of product."

I told him, "The darnedest example of wishful thinking I've seen lately happened a few weeks ago when a Hollywood trade publication quoted a movie big wheel as beefing because television was getting more space in newspapers and magazines. 'Why can't the studios get together,' the wheel asked plaintively, 'and urge the columnists and writers into writing more stuff about movies, less about television?'"

"Wishing isn't going to make the public more interested in Rock Hudson than Perry Como," Hope said, "if it's too much trouble or too expensive to go out to see Rock."

I tried a conversational detour. "One of the things that interest me," I said, "is the way your Trendex and Nielsen ratings stay right up there, year after year, even when you draw a bad time slot, with fewer sets in use."

"If my ratings are high," he said, "it's partly due to the fact that when I do my TV shows, I'm doing a spectacular each time I come rushing out of the starting gate. I can't call them spectaculars because I'm on six or eight times a year, and a spectacular is only on once, but as far as exploitation and promotion are concerned, I have to treat each one of my six or eight as if it's a spectacular. If I don't I'm dead. A guy in my business should know that."

"For those who don't know," I asked, "what kind of exploitation and promotion do you mean?"

He told me, "It's getting out there in person, and selling each show like there's not going to be any tomorrow. I get behind every show I'm in and push it as if it's a new musical comedy or a new feature-length movie. I try to steam people up about my name all over again.

"I make personal-appearance tours," he said. "We call them P.A.'s. I tell the people, 'Your old Road worker, Bob Hope, is here in a picture again' or 'Hi, ya, fellas, this is Hopeful Bob coming your way in a TV spectacular made in Africa and freshly bound in Morocco.' The thing is: since I'm not in the same spot once a week, my viewers can't develop a Hope looking habit, so I have to be up and doing each time I go on. If I were on every Sunday night, my fans would know where to look, but as it is, if I'm on on a Friday night, and I was not long ago, I have to call their attention to that fact. It works, too, because the show I did from Korea and Japan on a Friday shortly after Christmas had a thirty-three Trendex, and you don't get many thirty-three Trendexes on Friday. I have to pull the people away from viewing habits they've already formed. So I'm always thinking about different methods of exploitation."

"For instance?" I asked.

"I start out with the booking," he said. "Not long ago I had Dorothy Malone on my show. She's a fresh name, TV-wise, so I had that going for me, but in addition I was looking for something that would help exploit her particular personality. So I bore down on the fact that this was her first time on a TV-comedy show. I know that doesn't sound like much, but the TV writers are as starved for fresh items as we performers are for fresh ideas. They've got to have something new to say every day, and there isn't that much new."

> Lucky is the husband whose wife cannot tell a lie—even when she hears one.
>
> GENE SPERRY

"You mean you've got to have ——" I began.

His voice poured over me in a brisk torrent. *This guy*, I told myself, *must have a motor concealed inside of his body someplace.* "That's right," Hope replied crisply. "Then there's another thing I do. I put in long-distance calls for people who write about TV shows and TV personalities. For instance, I'll call the guy who writes up TV for the Roanoke, Virginia, paper, and I'll say, 'Hi! This is Bob Hope.'"

"I didn't know you ——" I said.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "I sit in my office out there in Burbank and shove those calls through. It's a wonderful idea. Of course, a lot of stars have done it, so it's not exclusive with me."

"What do the people you call do for you?" I inquired.

He said, "They ask me about my next show, and I tell them a few intimate things about it. Then they give the fact that I called them a lot of space."

"But you still have to have a decent time slot to keep your ratings up, don't you?" I asked. "I remember when you were on at seven-thirty not long ago and your Trendex slipped."

"It was seven o'clock," he corrected me, "and my slip showed all right. I was on against Lassie, and she nipped me by a point. Our ratings are usually in the thirties. We've been very lucky. Last year we had a tremendous year. We averaged thirty-five. That was sensational."

"What put the whammy on you in that seven-o'clock slot?" I asked. "Was it Lassie or was it being on so early in the evening?"

"The viewers had the Lassie habit," he said. "I had to whip my own kids to get them away from our other set, and after I'd got my Trendex report I picked up our three dogs and dumped them out on the highway."

"When would you like to be on if you could call your shots?" I asked. "What's the ideal time spot?"

"I'd like to be on at nine Saturday night, following Como," he said. "That's the primest time on television. If you go on then, Perry will throw you a nice ready-made audience. Following him is like bounding skyward from a trampolin."

"I've noticed if a TV entertainer has a puny rating he's apt to sneer at the rating system," I said, "but if he has a fine, fat rating he's big about it as an institution."

He didn't hear what I'd said. He was laughing at something he'd just thought about. "Berle made a wonderful crack on one of his last shows," he said. "This man, who had been known as Mr. Television, had an eleven rating, and when he found out what his rating was, he said scornfully, 'I used to have more people than that at rehearsal.'"

There was something I wanted to ask him, and I put it up to him. I said, "I keep hearing that that nice girl, Gisele MacKenzie, had trouble with her show this past season because there were too many chefs stirring her production broth. I read that her producer wanted to quit because he said the agency wouldn't leave him alone. In your opinion, do agencies have a tendency to make like producers and directors unless somebody has enough courage to yell, 'Down, boy!' at them?"

"We handle our own show with no grandstand quarterbacks," he told me, "but I've heard of shows where the agency crew-cuts declare themselves in. It happened to me a lot in radio, although a representative of an advertising agency dictating policy to a comedian is as silly as a comedian walking into an advertising agency and trying to dictate policy to them. The truth is we don't understand their business and they don't understand ours."

"But the sponsor is really putting up the dough," I reminded him.

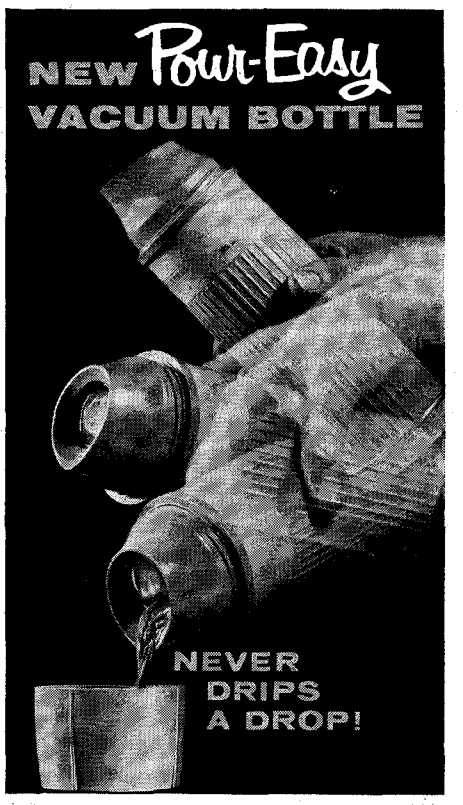
"Sometimes the sponsor gets into the act, too," he told me. "However, if you're at the top they leave you pretty much alone. It's when your Trendex starts to slide that everybody gets nervous.

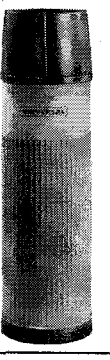
"Around 1930," he remembered, "I used to have to check in with an agency because that agency represented the headache powder I was pitching for, and when I got there I had to read my radio script out loud to this outfit. I used to walk down there with the guy who produced the show, and six or seven Yale or Princeton advertising types, all wearing tab collars, would form themselves into a jury, listen to my material and decide whether to go 'Tsk-tsk' or say, 'This week we're going to have a smasher.' That account meant millions to them and, boy, they wanted to pull it off. But apparently that wasn't the way to do it. I stayed on only fifteen weeks, while the sponsor took most of the headache remedy. At that time even Fred Allen was hoofing it down to an agency and reading his script."

"That's hard to believe," I said.

"It is," he agreed. "Nevertheless it's true. I used to meet Fred walking up Sixth Avenue, headed for his weekly trial by jury. He'd be wearing his derby and carrying a rolled-up script, and we'd stop and exchange a few bitter words about the shafting we were getting."

"The way I hear it," I said, "thinking like that has tripped some really talented people this season."





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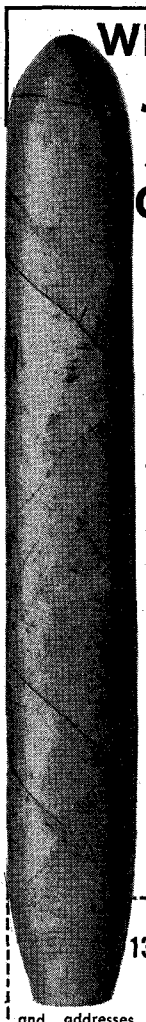

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"In all fairness," Hope said, "that kind of kibitzing is the exception to the rule. In spite of their educated backgrounds those crew-cuts are bright as pennies, and they don't want to scramble anything up if it's getting them results. It's only when the sales curve begins to pant going uphill that it brings out the thwarted George Abbott and Josh Logan in them.

"About Gisele," he went on. "She had one of the roughest spots in television so far as programming is concerned. She followed a solid hour of Como singing; and perhaps Polly Bergen singing; and after that Gisele with her show, which was roughly the same format as the two previous ones. By that time even Mary Martin would have strained a ligament trying to hold up her ratings."

"Another thing I want to talk to you about," I said, "is the plague of cancellations that carried off a slew of TV comedians a year ago."

"The trouble was with the comedians and their material, not with comedy," he said. "There'll always be a hunger for that. That's why Ziegfeld paid W. C. Fields, Will Rogers and Eddie Cantor five thousand dollars a week, which would be the equivalent of several times that today. Ziegfeld didn't know anything about comedy; he was only interested in signing beautiful girls, but he was a showman enough to know that people have to have comedy."

I said, "Be that as it may, the public is not getting much of it now in comparison with a year or two ago."

"That's true," he told me. "They're not getting it because it's not around. And the reason is this: Take me; if I were a young comic, just coming along, I wouldn't have enough experience or know-how to climb over the hurdles I'd have to get over."

"Where do you think the new comedians are coming from?" I asked him. "There's no vaudeville any more and there's not much burlesque."

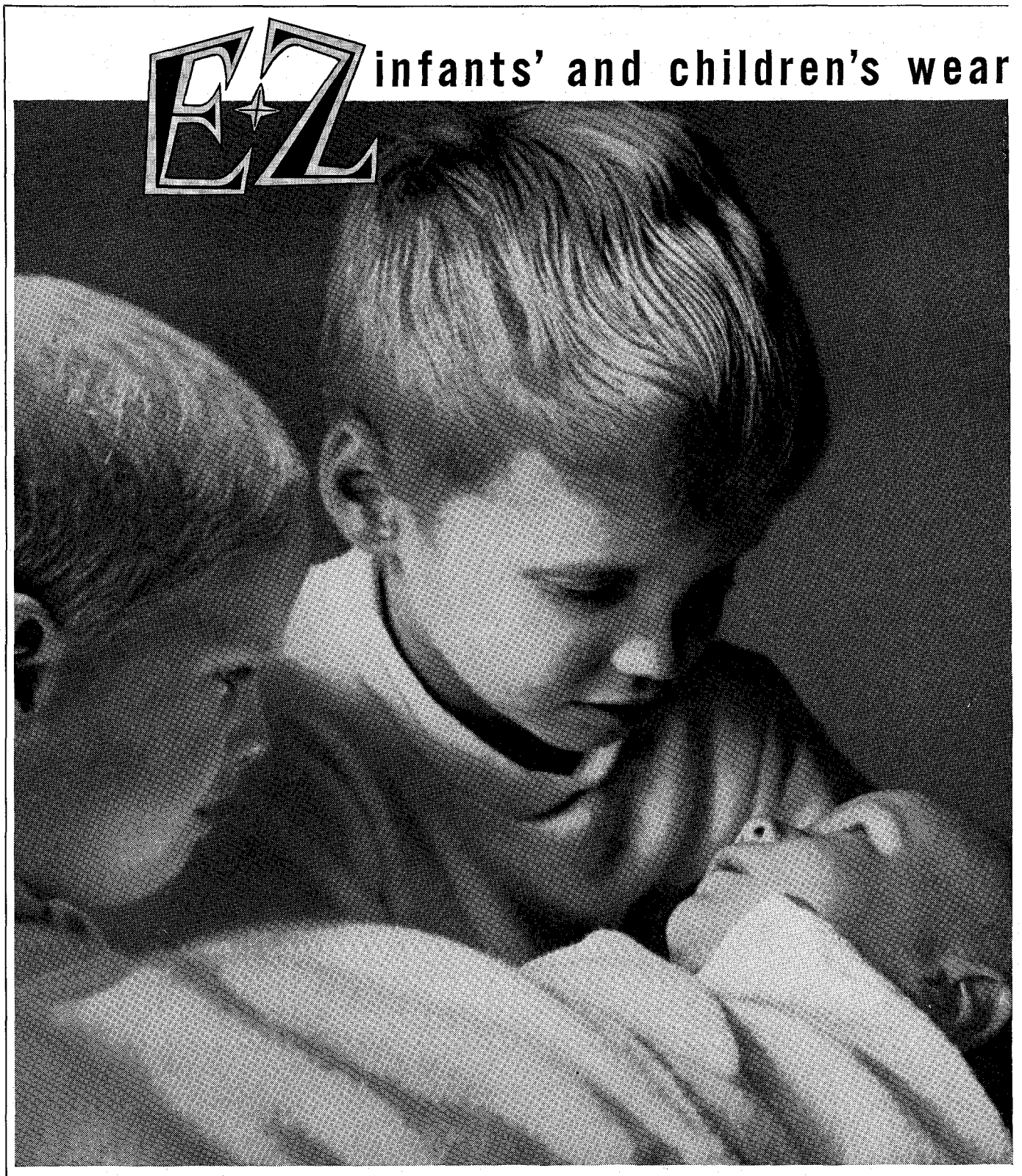
"There are night clubs in which a kid with talent can show whether he can go or not," he said, "and there are TV shows where he can showcase. The Jack Paar show is great for trying kids out. I saw a kid named Dave Gardner on it the other night who's a Southern boy and mighty funny. This boy's technique is sort of rubbing you down by calling you 'Beloved Folks' while he sneaks his stuff at you. On the basis of his work on the Paar show, N.B.C. has signed him. So what I mean is it's still possible to be discovered.

"Producers are looking for comedians; only after they find them the problem is who's going to guide them after their initial showing? Where will they find fresh material? You can walk into the Copacabana or anyplace in Vegas and you can find a fresh new comic who's killing the people. But after he finishes his act, what happens? Where's he going to get his laugh-'em-ups for next week? Where's his comedy judgment coming from? Who's going to edit his material, and, after it's edited, who's going to stage it properly and exploit him and watch over him? The answer is: a newcomer not only has to be gifted, he's got to be lucky.

"You take the case of Sid Caesar," Hope said. "Sometimes he's sheer genius. The trouble is he never comes through as an identifiable personality. He's always one of the various characters he creates. When you meet him in person, he talks softly; he has modesty; there's nothing hammy about this fellow. He leans over backward so far the other way that he's an introvert's introvert. At the start of his show he even has a hard time saying, 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.' He only really flies when he's not Sid Caesar. Which, by a roundabout way, brings us back to the proper control of exploitation. It's possible, although it's unlikely, to have too much of it. When Sid and Imogene came back on the air last January, they started great, but between their first and second appearances they dropped ten points. In one week's time they sank from twenty-five to fifteen. I analyze that this way: they were the victims of such an immense load of preshow publicity that the public staggered under it. It was impossible to live up to such a build-up. There were covers of Sid or Sid and Imogene on seventeen different publications just before they went on the air. After a blast like that, anything else is bound to be an anticlimax. It's bad publicity handling if you pile it on that heavy. The unfair part of it all is that the people who accept the Trendexes and the Nielsens as gospel will low-rate Sid's show now and take it for granted that it stinks. That's not true. He's just as good as he was the week it had its comeback rating of twenty-five points."

He stood up and said, "Do you mind if I duck downstairs and plow up some of that fresh air with my nose? Order anything you want from room service. I'll only be gone about fifteen minutes. My head feels as dry and buzzy as a wasp's nest."

I was still on the phone talking to room service when the door opened and Hope shot back into the room again. "Man!" he exclaimed. "That wind out there's really mean. I tried using a Gypsy Rose Lee type who was passing by as a windbreaker, but she whipped into Rumpelmayer's for a dish of tea and I chickened



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out and came home." He sat down and said, "Let's see, where were we?"

"O.K.," I said. "I don't know why we can't talk honestly about Frank Sinatra, because certainly the rest of the country is talking about his show. There's a guy who teed off into his own TV show with the biggest explosion of publicity I can remember. Then something happened. I don't know what it was, but you're an entertainer and I figure you might be able to analyze it."

"Sometimes an entertainer spreads himself too thin," Hope said. "Look at me. You're looking at a man who did that. A few years ago I was on a morning radio show five times a week. I was doing a nighttime radio show, too, and I was on television and making pictures and showing up at benefits. Nobody is good enough to chop himself up into that many pieces. Some of the pieces are going to be a little underdone. Frank, who is red-hot in pictures and red-hot on records, is finding out the hard way that he needs help to be red-hot on television too. He knows this now and has knocked himself out trying to fix it, because, while Frank is impetuous, he's no dummy.

"The secret is, the kind of help you get can make you or break you. When George Gobel first came along, he was already delightful in night clubs. I caught him in one in Denver. Then a fellow named Hal Kanter, who had written for me at Paramount, said, 'I'm going to work for a guy named Gobel on N.B.C.' Kanter wanted to see how he'd do with TV. He did fine. He produced George's show and, to my mind, he was the reason for the fresh formula Gobel came up with. You know how cute he was."

"I still like him," I said.

"Well, when Kanter took hold," Hope said, "all George had to do was walk on with that little offbeat, Milquetoast style of his and he was a riot. That's one of the things I'm trying to tell you; anybody who gets a break like that ought to thank God. Here's a fellow who was handled right and he was made."

"I'd like to talk about those phony laugh tracks some comedy hours use," I said.

"You and me both," he said. "That's very important. In the hands of a bumbling amateur a phony laugh track can ruin you, while a live laugh track, recorded while you're actually doing your stuff, gives a spontaneous feeling to the whole deal."

"How badly can it louse you up?" I asked.

"When you throw a big belly laugh to a fellow who comes on with a stale line, the audience at home is going to say, 'I can't see what they are laughing at!' If your track is yokking it up at dull times, you're in trouble. We play it the other way around. We try to hold the laughter down and never try to punch it up by doing what is called sweetening the spot. There's a big difference in shooting a scene with a camera in a studio and shooting one before a live audience and recording that audience's reaction. . . ."

A waiter came in with a small jug of papaya juice. Hope poured some of it into a glass and sipped it. "Does that soothe your throat?" I asked.

"I've got a little tickle in there," he said. "Steam heat dries out my mucous membranes. And speaking of humidity, I ran into a few patches of mist at a party somebody threw at Peggy Lee's apartment last night. We listened to a few new things by Ella Fitzgerald; then somebody was talking about cooking some eggs, when I looked at the clock and it was seven this morning." He paused and brooded about something. "I don't know why," he said, "but that Peggy seems a sad girl to me."

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know," he told me. "She acts like she's on her way to Siberia. But she's a great artist, and she's never been better than she is in her show at the Copa."

"Why was Jackie Gleason idle for such a long time?" I asked.

"I think Jackie got careless," he said. "There was too much repetition in his sketches. Jackie's a genius, too, but he got sloppy when it came to getting new ideas. He did the Poor Soul and Reggie Van Gleason and the Honeymooners over and over and over. By the time this hits the newsstands Jackie may look astuter, for the scoop is that he will do five or six big, big shows next season with everything in them a viewer desires. The scoop further has it that the price for each of those ring-a-ding-dings will be $250,000 or, as we uncouth lads put it, the scratch to be spent for each parade will be a quarter of a million bucks. For a while he had it all to himself; then a new personality came along named Perry Van Como, who appealed to teen-agers and adults too."

"The way Bing ——" I said.

The brisk torrent of bouncing words rolled over me again. "Absolutely," Hope said. "Perry's been doing Bing for years, and he admits it."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said. "Honesty like that is appealing."

Hope said, "The last time I saw him he told me, 'Say hello to Bing for me. And tell him I'm still trying to do him good.' He doesn't have to worry. He's doing Bing so good Bing's trying to do Perry now."

"How does Bing feel about it?" I asked.

"He thinks Perry's just great," Hope told me. "And, of course, Perry is wonderful. His only weakness is he doesn't like to do anything frantic. I had him on my show on an exchange deal, and he kept saying, 'I don't want to do anything hysterical.' I said, 'O.K., just listen to the spots we've prepared, and if you don't want to do them, don't.' I brought him up to my hotel room after I'd been on his show, and he listened to the spots we'd prepared and he liked them. We did Small Fry. He played Bing and I played Donald O'Connor. Remember?"

"I didn't see it," I said. "I wish I ——"

"It was good," he told me. He paused a moment, then added: "Berle fell into the same repetition pitfall Gleason tumbled into. The competition walked in with Phil Silvers, who had a new show with fresh material and the people started switching their dials and Miltie's ratings skidded. The critics and the columnists said, 'Berle's flopping,' and it spread over the nation. Overnight, people began to tell each other across their back fences, 'Berle's beginning to flop.'"

"I've heard of word-of-mouth successes," I said. "Apparently there's such a thing as a word-of-mouth flop too."

"And how!" he agreed.

"I'd like to hear you sound off on my theory that there are some critics who feel they have to criticize, otherwise they aren't critics. And by criticize I mean tear down."

"You're right, boy. Don't you worry about your theory another minute," he told me. "It's the history of the reviewing business that the boys who rip and tear are the guys who make a name for themselves."

"I was reading a TV review last night," I told him, "by a critic who can really toss a harpoon. In fact, he was harpooning you."

Hope's interest quickened. "What did he say?" he asked eagerly.

"He said, 'Bob Hope had one of his usual shows.' Then he added, with what seemed to me an air of resignation, 'I suppose that means he'll get a fine Trendex.' It was as if he were hoping you wouldn't."

"You can't afford to let those things worry you," Hope told me. "The thicker your calluses, the better. I've got calluses covering my body as big as tin pie plates."

"Is there a theory that when the big stars of television try movies they fall on their faces?" I asked.

"I don't go along with that," he said. "However, there is no reason why a big TV star should try to make movies, either good or bad. Why should he knock himself out learning a new stock of tricks?"

"I'd like to ask about your comedy technique," I said. "What do they call it when you deliver a monologue at the beginning of each of your shows? I've heard it referred to as being a stand-up comedian. Is that the correct term?"

"That's right," he told me. "That pitch has been my specialty all my life."

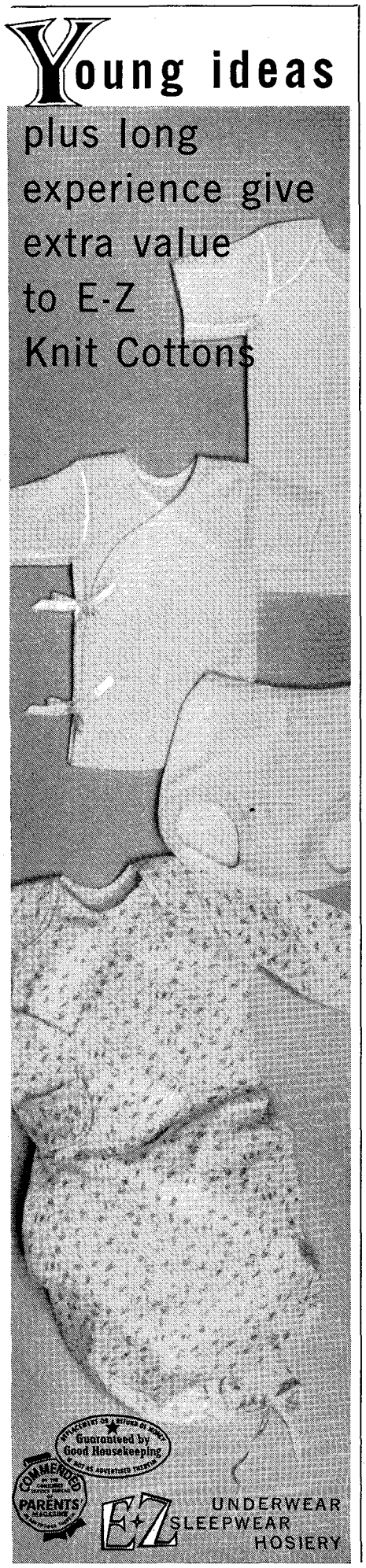
"Aren't those punch lines of yours called one-liners?" I asked him.

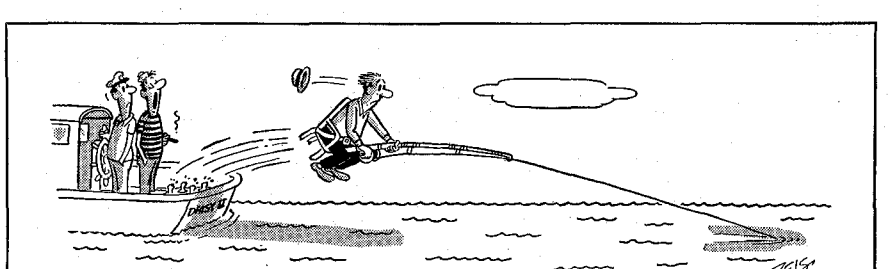
"One-liners are extremely fast lines," he said. "They go boom-boom-boom! I don't do many of them because they're the hardest thing in the world to get. Most of the time I just do what I call a fast monologue. In the latter case, what I'm concerned about is subject matter and freshness of material. The other day, just before we sent up our first satellite, I put a monologue on film. I had to go back into the studio and spend three thousand dollars filming another monologue to insert six satellite jokes, to keep my routine current. When I did live radio," he went on, "my writers were still writing backstage while I was being introduced out front."

I said, "Since I worked with you on the story of your life in 1953, people have asked me if you are really funny or if you need writers to make you funny. I tell them that you have a good memory, which helps you work gags into your conversation in a way that makes them seem spontaneous. I also tell them that you really are a funny guy with an agile wit. I know, because I worked with you about thirty hours, and there were times when the amusing things you said to me had to be ad-libbed. They couldn't have been anything else."

"Even when I use my writers," he told me, "there are things we hammer out, then polish together. In 1938, I was doing a monologue for a radio show, Your Hollywood Parade, for Lucky Strike. Wilkie Mahoney was the only writer I had. We had fun. We sat in a room together, with a typewriter between us, shagging ideas back and forth. If you have a gag-type mind, gags pop out of it at a time like that. Not only that, but you get several slants on each gag, so you play around with them and select the one you want.

"I don't have time to do that any more and I miss it," he added. "Wilkie and I used to sit up and work until four or five in the morning. We'd walk up and down and laugh and kid, and it opened up our brains the way freshly ground





"Lucky Herb—he always hooks into the big ones."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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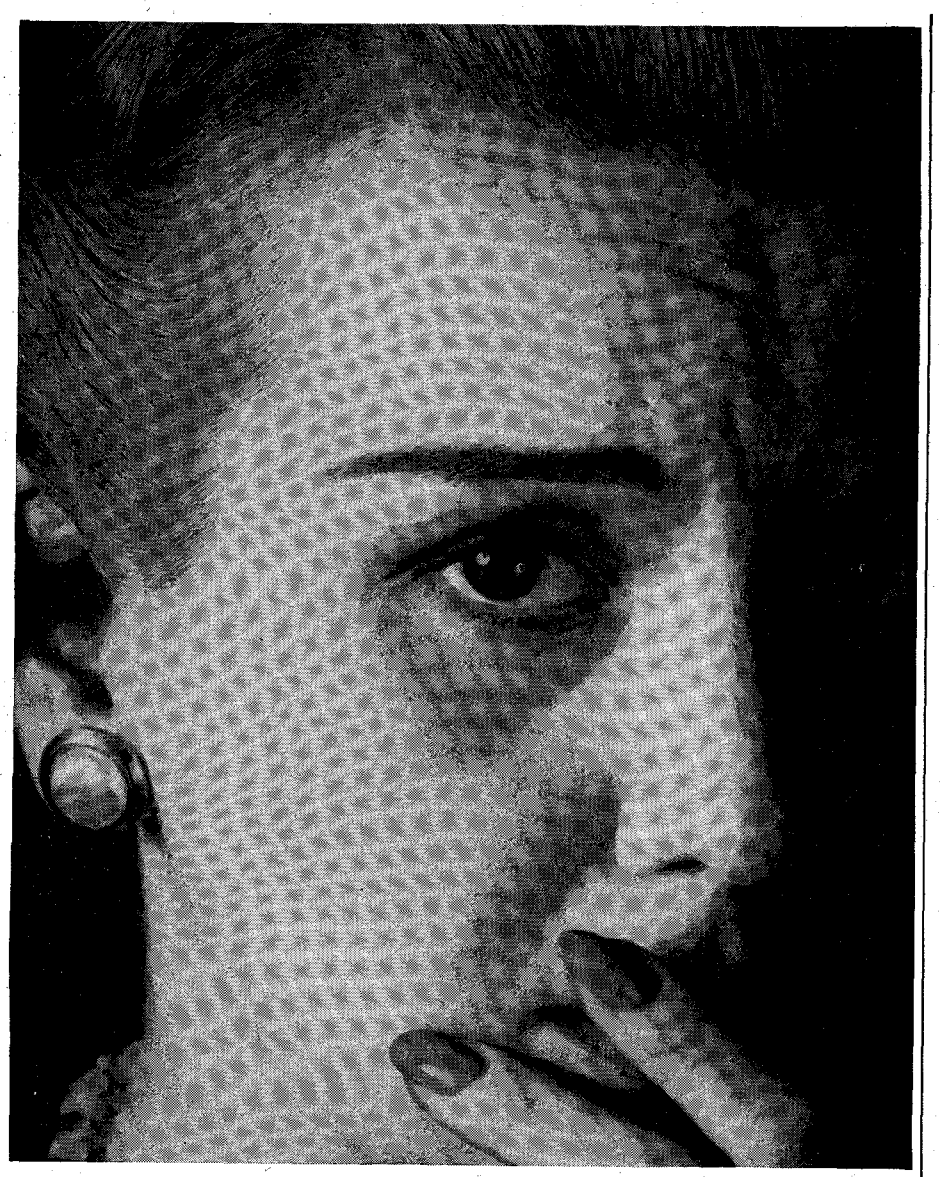

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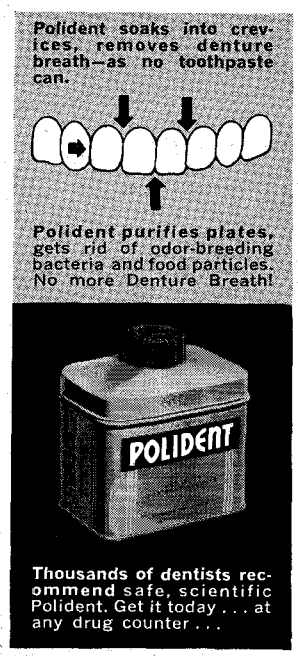
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horse-radish opens up your sinuses. Nowadays it's different. It's bigger and more complex, it's more timely and it takes more editing. But I still quarterback the job, although I have a lot more on my mind. For one thing, I make two movies a year under contract to United Artists, and those two are my responsibility, whereas the films I used to make were Paramount's responsibility."

"Who puts up the dough for your movies?" I asked.

"United Artists and myself," he said. "I'm associated with them in the profits, too, if any."

"I was hoping you weren't risking your own savings," I said.

"The truth is there's not a lot of risk money floating around in Hollywood any more," he said. "The banks and distributing companies want to know where they're headed before they'll unbutton their budgets."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"That's obvious," he said. "They got burned a couple of times and tannic acid and menthol cost money, although not so much as a feature-length picture. We've got $2,200,000 locked up in my current movie, Paris Holiday, but we've also got some pretty good insurance in Fernandel, who's a great comedian, and Anita Ekberg and Martha Hyer, who are two very luscious dishes. We have two hundred and fifty laughs in this picture."

I looked at him to see if he was serious. He was. "You mean you actually counted them?" I asked.

"That's right," he said. "We have fifty laughs I'd classify between belly laughs and screams. And we have a couple of big, old-fashioned comedy routines that would do credit to Mack Sennett. I hope the kids get interested in this picture because it's for them."

"Why for them?" I asked.

"Because they love to laugh," he said; "also, this picture is clean. The censors gave it the kind of classification which means that anybody can see it; that it's not objectionable in any part."

"You must have kept Miss Ekberg laced in old-fashioned stays to deserve that kind of label," I said.

"We did," he said.

"That seems a waste of natural resources," I said.

"The basic design is still there," he said. "I enjoyed working with Fernandel so much that I'd like to do another picture with him, called Hollywood Holiday. The catch is to sign him, he's in such demand. If I hurry I can sign him for 1960."

"What are your plans for the summer?" I asked.

He said, "I'm going to revive the musical, Roberta, in St. Louis. I'll be in it for a week, and then in July I'm doing another picture called Alias Jesse James. After that I'm going to play the Ohio State Fair for seven days. I'll play the New York State Fair, and that'll be about it. Oh, yes, on April first I started a weekly radio chore on Monitor radio for a luggage company. We ought to call it Have Bags, Will Travel. In addition, I've been asked to record an album of all the songs I was associated with on Broadway, like Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, I Can't Get Started With You and Delightful, D'lovely. I'll do that when I can find spare time."

"You've never had any spare time since I've known you," I said. "I think you'd be unhappy if you did."

"Oh, I go down to Palm Springs once in a while and play golf," he said, "or just lie there and let the sun devour me."

"You'd feel there was something wrong if you didn't have too much to do," I said.

"I love to go," he said. "I'm just flying all the time. It could be you're right."

I remembered the hectic time I'd had getting him to set aside hours to work with me when I'd been his Boswell. I also remembered the pleasant times I'd had with his family and their hospitality to me when "Daddy" was tied up.

"How's your oldest boy, Tony?" I asked.

"I took him along on our trip to Korea at Christmastime," he said. "He was in that Army sketch we did for my TV show. He's got a great sense of humor. One day when he was acting kind of crazy, I said to him, 'When I get back to Los Angeles I'm going to have you committed.' He said, 'That won't be much of a change!' and it broke up the table. I flipped too." Bob Hope smiled. "That's my boy," he said fondly. "Topped his old man."

We Jail Drunken Drivers

(Continued from Page 31)

Drivers who had been drinking are responsible for one of every five of all traffic accidents. And other states report similar statistics.

This picture is not something to chuckle about or tolerate. My solution to the problem lies in swift, sure punishment for the drinking driver. If he causes injury, he goes to jail as well as paying a heavy fine. Even when no injury results, first conviction means either jail or a fine; and with the second conviction, a jail sentence is mandatory, in addition to the fine.

There are no alternatives. The law does not permit bail-outs, suspended sentences or probations. And the sternness of these provisions is having its effect. Californians have begun to learn that having "one for the road" is just too expensive. A real-estate man recently summed up the cost to himself after serving a jail sentence. "I can't afford that experience again," he said bitterly. "I lost moral standing in my community, I lost any chance to do business while I was in jail, and I probably lost potential future customers."

Certainly, the price is steep—that was the whole idea. And, not surprisingly, the law has been attacked as excessively harsh. But public opinion, reflected in the convictions that have been obtained in jury trials, is clearly in favor of the statute. Indeed, the greatest opposition this legislation has encountered came during the period when it was being debated in the Assembly—and came from judges. They argued: "Such a mandatory penalty infringes upon our discretion; it invades the jurisdiction of the court."

I quite agree. It does. The law was worded as it is for just that purpose.

I'm sorry I must be so blunt, but anybody who doesn't believe there have been court "fixes" is just too naïve to discuss the situation.

As a matter of fact, my campaign against drunken driving was triggered by a fix attempt. In 1953, shortly after my inauguration as governor, the traditional Capitol Building Christmas party was held. Driving home from it, an employee of the state Department of Employment hit and killed a little girl. I was asked to use my influence to help the driver "get off easy." That did it.

"Is it this simple," I roared, "to commit murder and expect not to pay for it?"

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That employee was convicted of manslaughter. Now, thanks to Assembly Bill 19, no drunken driver can expect help from anybody. The chances of fixing are simply eliminated. I might add that this legislation applies with equal force to the 100,000 out-of-state drivers who visit California each vacation month.

Before the present law was enacted, we naturally had tried less stringent measures to educate our drivers. As every other state has done, we bombarded the public with safety slogans. They had little effect—as other states have also found.

"Every holiday season," says Commissioner Bernard R. Caldwell, of the California Highway Patrol, "we hammer at motorists for a week in newspapers and on radio and television about driving safely. The only time anybody pays attention is when the word also leaks out that roadblocks are set up at strategic points."

Education, of course, is still necessary to promote traffic safety. But I became convinced, during my years as a judge, that certainty of punishment is the greatest deterrent to crime. Nobody likes to "do time," and I believe that the sure stigma which goes with a jail sentence should make drunken driving anathema to society.

Just this past February a minor-league-baseball player inadvertently testified to the soundness of this theory. Arrested as an H.B.D. (Had Been Drinking) driver, he pleaded in court, "Look, I'll pay the fine. But don't send me to jail, please. The fans in my town won't go for a 'hero' who's been in the clink."

No one plants more seeds of doubt than the weekend gardener.

MILDRED SILVER

The presiding judge pronounced the inevitable jail sentence.

Newspaper publicity is proving extremely helpful in our campaign: stories of jailed drunken drivers serve as a warning to all members of the community. Wives, especially, are taking heed.

Since the new law became effective, deaths caused by drinking drivers were cut as much as a dramatic 12 per cent per month. Accidents have been reduced. On the basis of this experience, we can strike an average and estimate hopefully that during the year 110 lives will be saved and 2650 injuries prevented. More than 2000 accidents should be forestalled. Less important, but certainly not negligible, is the anticipated saving in dollars. The average traffic fatality represents an economic loss to the community of $125,000, considering medical costs, insurance payments, property damage and lost earning and spending capacity. In this sense, therefore, the 110 lives we expect to snatch from death this year will save Californians almost $14,000,000.

There is even a further way in which the state may gain from the new drunken-driving law. It may later prove possible to extend the philosophy of certain and severe punishment to other traffic fields. At the present time it is simply too easy to "buy" bad driving. In all states the tremendous number of automobiles and the consequent multiplicity of offenses have encouraged the easy disposal of violations. Most courts permit forfeiture of bail in lieu of appearance. Court appearance is mandatory in California only if death or injury results from an accident or for drunken driving, driving under the influence of drugs or narcotics, failure to exhibit a driver's license or refusal to sign the citation.

For all other offenses in this field, a cited driver need merely mail a check to cover his transgressions.

Contrary to popular belief, nobody has an inalienable right to drive an automobile. This isn't just my personal opinion: courts of law have ruled that driving is a privilege. When society is endangered, that privilege can be revoked. And I am not moved by the man who wails, "But I need my car in my work. I'll lose my job if I can't drive." If that is true, then he is exactly the person who should be most careful not to abuse his driving privilege.

Judges may occasionally find acceptable excuses for speeding or reckless driving. Emotional stresses, such as worry over a sick child, can subdue normal caution and cause carelessness. Speeding or reckless driving is carelessness. Drinking, I repeat, is a willful act.

It still upsets me when I recall one particular case in which the judge accepted intoxication as an adequate excuse. It happened a few years ago. Two youngsters, brother and sister, were hit by a drunken driver as they were crossing a street. The boy eventually recovered, but the girl permanently lost her mental capacities. The driver was brought to trial and found guilty, but sentence was suspended. The presiding judge ruled, "After all, this driver didn't intend any damage as part of his drinking activity."

He didn't? I disagree. He knew—as everyone knows—that drinking dulls the senses and slows reactions, and that dulled senses and slowed reaction time greatly increase the risk of a driver's getting into trouble on the road.

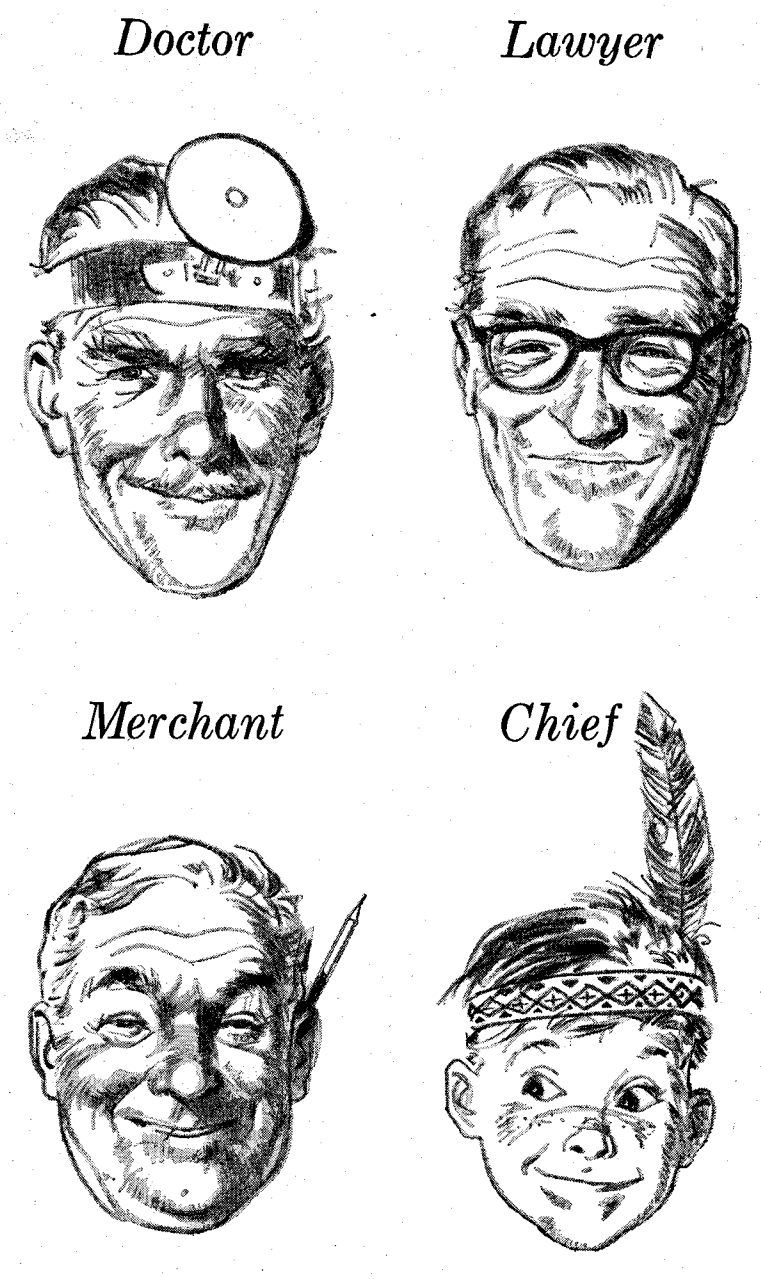
Capt. Robert C. Blossom, commander of the California State Highway Patrol's research and development section, finds it all too easy to prove the predictability of trouble for the drinking driver. Many times the Highway Patrol arrives too late to save his life. But even if he is lucky, statistically the H.B.D. driver is one of every 3 speeders arrested, one of every 3.9 drivers involved in accidents occurring after dark, one of every 2.9 drivers who hit fixed objects.

Obviously he is a menace on the road—to himself and to every other driver in the vicinity. Just as obviously, when we attack the problem of the drinking driver, we automatically include a large percentage of all highway hazards.

Looking further into the subject, we have discovered with some astonishment that no single slice of society and no one financial bracket contributes the bulk of H.B.D. drivers. Twenty-seven per cent are military personnel. Three groups each make up 17 per cent: unskilled and semi-skilled workers; traveling salesmen; professional people and white-collar workers. 11 per cent are clerical or sales people; 5 per cent are housewives or domestics; 3 per cent are in other categories. Students account for 3 per cent, which may come as a surprise to some people.

As far as age is concerned, by far the largest group—34 per cent—are between twenty-five and thirty-four. Another 25 per cent are between thirty-five and forty-four. But it is a much smaller group that distresses me most: the 5 per cent under nineteen years old. These are youngsters, remember, who manage to be supplied not only with car keys but with liquor as well.

A driver need not be numb-drunk to be jailed under our new law. If there is any impairment of his ability to drive, he becomes an "eligible." With the cooperation of the American Medical Association, California has established



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this yardstick to determine whether driving ability is impaired:

Two to four bottles of beer or two to four ounces of liquor—suspect and possibly under the influence.

Four to six bottles or ounces—probably under the influence.

More than six—definitely.

Of course, an arresting officer isn't likely to be told exactly how much the suspect has had to drink, so he applies roadside or police-station tests. He will watch the driver's use of his fingers, whether fumbling or sure, while removing the operator's license from his wallet. Signs of nervousness, cockiness or unusual cheerfulness on the part of the driver may be tip-offs. In addition, the officer may give tests of physical and mental co-ordination—retaining balance from a position of stiff attention, walking heel to toe on a straight line without losing balance, repeating certain words such as "Methodist Episcopal," picking up a pencil off the ground from a standing position. And the State Supreme Court has ruled that we can legally analyze blood samples to determine the amount of alcohol in a suspect's system.

These tests are all legally acceptable to prove intoxication while driving, and in some cases the arresting officer's direct testimony regarding a driver's physical appearance and actions is sufficient to convict.

When the new law was first proposed, many people argued that obtaining convictions would be difficult. They declared that so many defendants would demand jury trials that court calendars would be hopelessly overloaded. Further, they predicted that juries would be reluctant to convict. None of this has proved true. On the contrary, juries have been far less lenient than most judges used to be before enactment of the present law.

In a hypothetical test case antedating the new law, we asked 200 judges, "If an unemployed man with a pregnant wife were convicted of drunken driving, what would be your sentence?" Sixty-eight replied that they would send the defendant to jail, fifty-four would grant probation, and thirty-nine would rule jail on weekends. The others reserved judgment. Thus convicted drunken drivers formerly had a good chance of getting home free. The chance is now zero.

Specifically, the legislation as written by Assemblyman Louis Francis, of San Mateo, reads, in part: ". . . shall be punished upon first conviction by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than 30 days nor more than six months *or* by fine of not less than $250 or more than $500 or both . . . and upon a second or any subsequent conviction by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than five days nor more than one year *and* by a fine of not less than $250 or more than $1000."

For felony drunken driving—that is, when bodily injury results—the new law rules "imprisonment in the state prison for not less than one year nor more than five years, or in the county jail for not less than 90 days nor more than one year *and* by fine of not less than $250 nor more than $5000."

The only other state with anything like comparable legislation against drunken driving is Connecticut, which decrees mandatory suspension of an operator's license upon conviction.

As I have said, one reason for the uncompromising language of the law was to eliminate any possibility of "fixing." I have an abhorrence of fixers. In all seriousness, I suggest that legislation might well be written against them too.

Last year, before passage of the new law, an industrialist from Beverly Hills asked me to use my influence to persuade a judge to suspend sentence on his son, who had been convicted of drunken driving.

"But your son is guilty," I protested.

"All right. He made a mistake. That I admit," said the industrialist. "But give him a break. And let me say this, Governor Knight. I contributed money to your last campaign fund. If you don't help my son, you'll not get any support from me next time."

I think a court of law would agree that this was a flagrant attempt at bribery. Perhaps future legislation will enable us to bring a few more fixers to trial on the charge of attempting to bribe a public official. Until that happy day, fixers will remain a canker in society. Fixing is far from petty connivance. It makes a mockery of our laws and institutions, and can cause a complete breakdown in the morale of enforcement agencies.

My driver is a State Highway patrolman. One day, on patrol, he stopped a car for speeding. The motorist trumpeted, "I am Judge Zilch." (Not his real name, of course.) "And I am a personal friend of Governor Knight's. I'll have your job unless you tear up this ticket."

It is particularly shocking that this attitude should be found in a judge, whose responsibility it is to uphold the law at all times. But, like all fixers, he obviously felt that the law should apply only to everybody else. Purely by coincidence, my driver told me about his experience with Judge Zilch at precisely the time the judge was a candidate for appointment to a higher bench. The judge will find out here for the first time why he didn't get the appointment.

If my driver had agreed to tear up the judge's ticket, his usefulness to the state would have ended permanently at that moment. Any public servant—policeman, judge, city councilman or governor—who starts by taking care of a parking ticket for a friend finds the next step all too easy to take. Soon, "helping a friend" literally becomes a matter of selling favors to the highest bidder.

And so the public is victimized by the very people who are duty-bound to serve it. Let me give you an example. In a California city, not long before the new law went into effect, a drunken-driving movie producer rammed his automobile into a home. He was sentenced to thirty days in jail—a fact which received a good deal of attention in the newspapers.

In less than twenty-four hours, however, the producer was home. When I learned of this later, I investigated and found that he had brought political and financial pressure to bear on the county probation board. This board is composed of the district attorney, the sheriff and the probation officer—all political jobs. To complete this miscarriage of justice, the board had also withheld from the newspapers the story of the producer's release. So the public was led to believe that he had served his full term.

That kind of thing can't happen now. Our anti-drunken-driving legislation closes all doors. A drunken driver is a drunken driver regardless of whom he knows at city hall. I feel sure most people will be grateful.

If the law also cancels a few gay cocktail parties, so be it. The postwar popularity of such parties has contributed to the increase in drunken-driving accidents.

The average person can drink two thirds of an ounce of alcohol per hour without effect. At a party, however, alcohol is often consumed at a considerably faster pace. Instead of the well-diluted drinks a person might pour for himself at home, the party-goer is served a glassful of nearly straight liquor. And then, even before he has finished it, his anxious host urges him, "Here, let me freshen that up for you."

This kind of "hospitality" has two results: it speedily affects those not accustomed to drinking, especially younger people, and it increases the temptation to drink more than usual because the refreshments are free.

Last year, the average per-capita liquor consumption in California was two gallons of wine, one and a half gallons of distilled spirits and fourteen gallons of beer. In this respect, California trails only Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Massachusetts, New York and New Hampshire—not, incidentally, in that order. That's neither my personal nor my professional business. However, if Californians or visitors from any other state need to be clubbed to convince them that no society is safe when liquor and automobiles are mixed, then it becomes my business. And I hope I've supplied the club. THE END

NEXT WEEK

●

What We Learned About Labor Gangsters · 1

Senator McClellan's Shocking Revelations

●

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND · 2

SCIENCE VS. THE HUMANITIES

By Jacques Barzun

●

IN COLOR:

There's No Place Like Our Pillbox Home

An American Couple's Riviera Dream House

●

COLLEGE GIRLS IN SPRING

May Day at Bryn Mawr

●

Death Stands By

A SERIAL OF SUSPENSE

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

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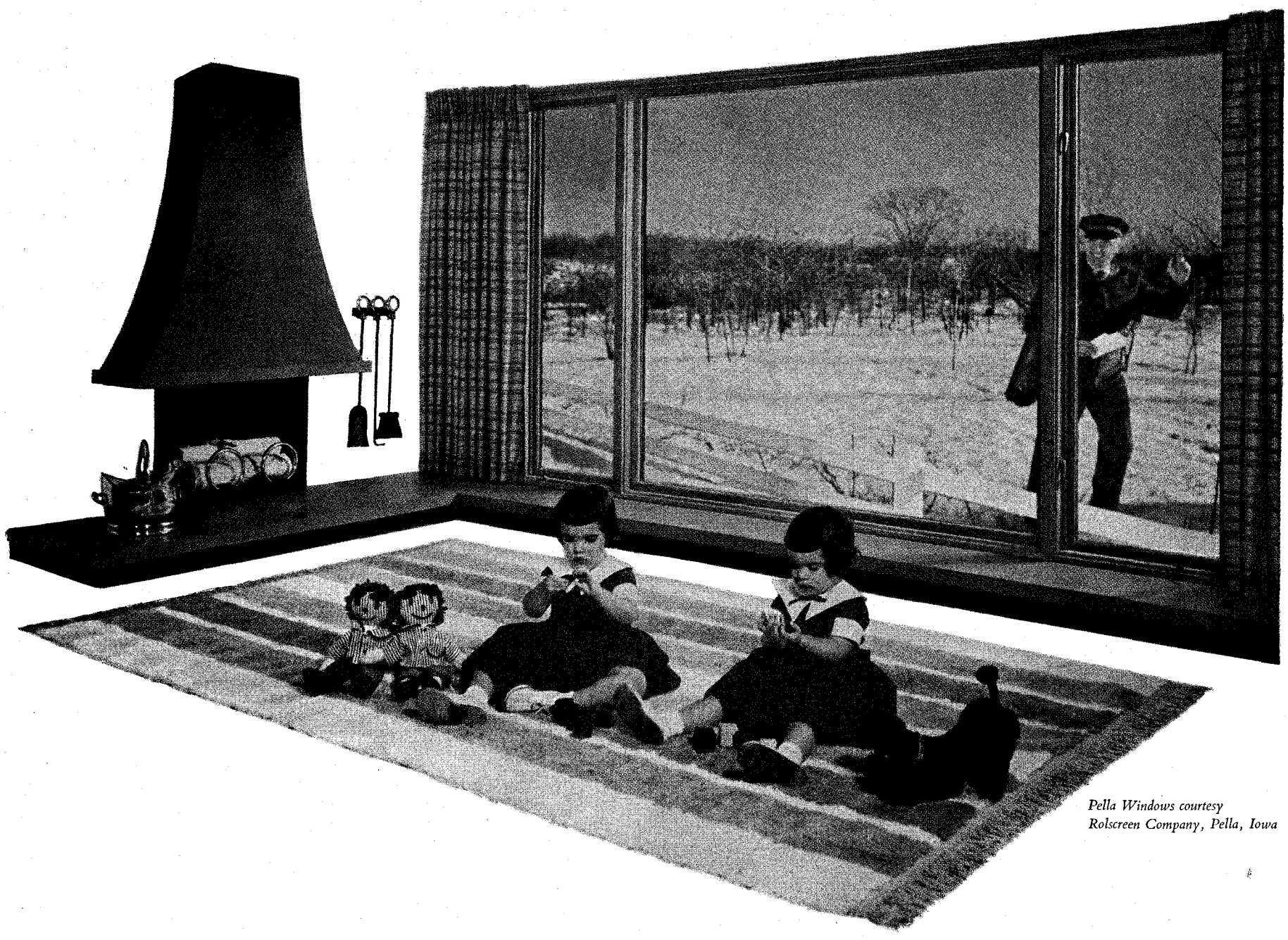

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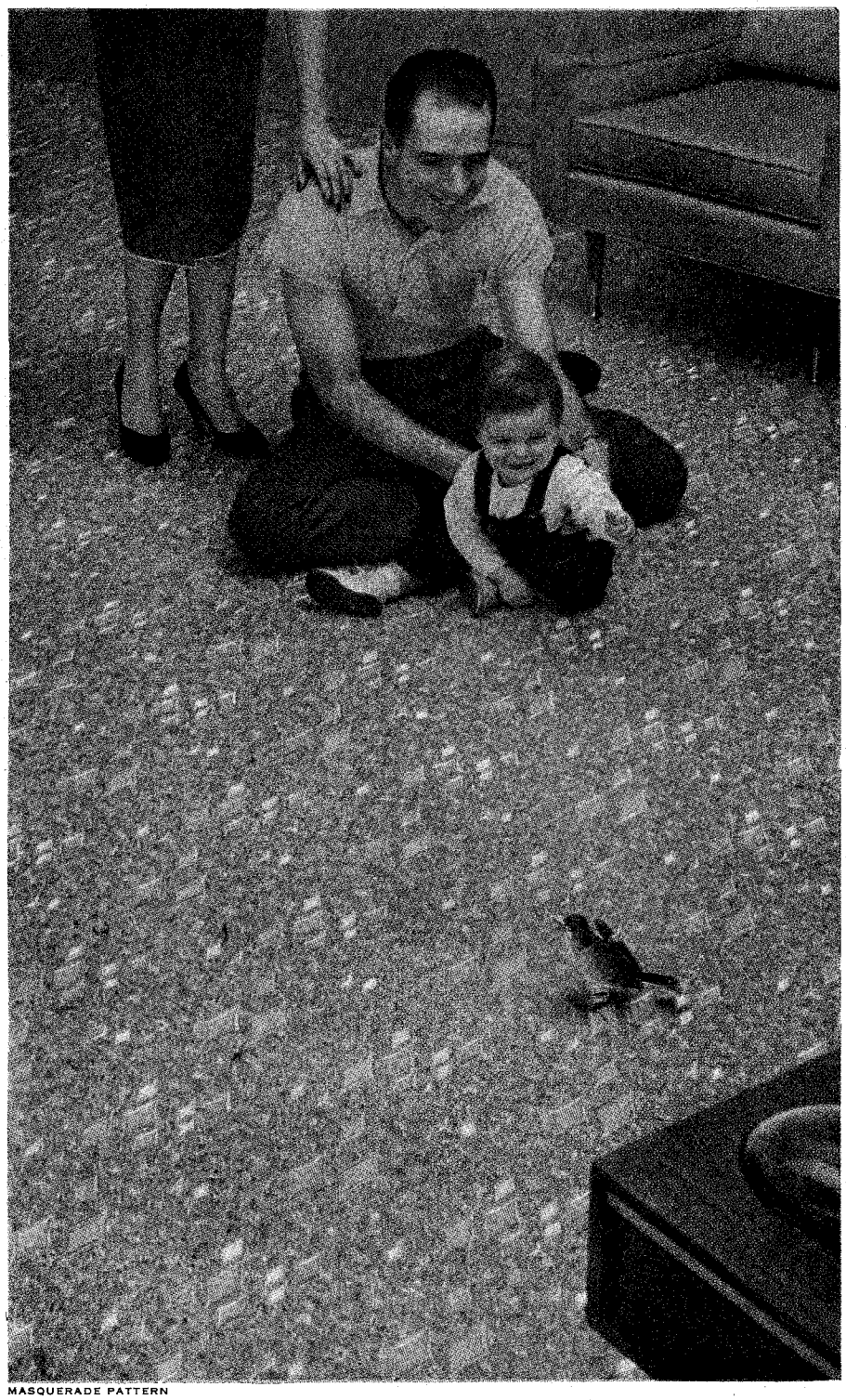

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THEY SING WITH BEAUTY

Alone in the City

(Continued from Page 30)

Kovacs, gives me this address in New York. A reasonable place to stay, he assures. Now I am here to go forward, I hope, with the career."

"The career?" Honneger surveyed her youthful appearance. "If I am not too nosy."

"Papa and Christian," she said, "were making sacrifices to train me for the ballet. I have brought letters of introduction to a famous teacher in this city."

"Well," declared Honneger, "you will like Ten-sixty. Very friendly people. They also pursue careers. There is Madame Vercel who studies for the opera. Vercel, the husband, makes loud noises on the piano. So, also, at Ten-sixty, we have Mr. Rau, from Burma, who wishes his medical degree from the University of Columbia. Signor Conti performs with a little wooden man like Pinnochio and hopes for television. Madame Aldor, a Greek lady, takes diction lessons to go on the stage. Manuel, from some remote island, seeks to be a fighting champion. There is also me," said Honneger, "and numerous others, very friendly, including Mrs. Gody, the landlady." He smiled. "Except that everybody should pay their rent promptly, she has no other career. So you would be lonely any time, just walk in any door is open. O.K.?"

"O.K., Mr. Honneger. You are too good. Thank you."

After he had left, she wished she had asked how food was procured. The great restaurants, with their blazing fronts, intimidated her. How could a lone girl of eighteen walk in and order a meal? Food shops abounded, but how could food be cooked without a stove? Unlike rooms in Hungarian hotels, there were no gas burners to heat beans or soup on. So she went to bed supperless, and awoke the following morning to the sledge-hammer chords of a piano nearby. As she went into the hall, a heavenly odor of frying bacon and eggs assailed her nostrils. Observed through an open door was a buxom lady in a pink peignoir.

"Ah, *mademoiselle*. I am Madame Vercel. That one who makes the awful noises on the piano is monsieur, my 'usband. This is *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a second breakfast. Perhaps an egg and a piece of toast—you will accept?"

"But I am a stranger. I impose."

Madame Vercel laughed musically. "Everyone in Ten-sixty imposes. It is the custom. My 'usband who beats the piano so early in the morning imposes. You are Kathi Marek, you are from Budapest, a victim of tyranny, and alone, without family or friends. Well, one cannot remain a stranger at Ten-sixty; it is not the custom. Come."

The eggs were lovely, the toast sublime. Madame, who was handsome in a large way, chatted animatedly. Her husband, a wiry man with a long sharp nose, spoke seldom, and then only in monosyllables. The room of the Vercels resembled a cosmetics kit enlarged to contain a bed, a stove and a grand piano.

"So you wish to become a dancer in America?"

"Wish? But hope would be the better word. When is alone in the world, madame, it is required to make a career. True?"

"True. But call me Marie. 'Madame' is reserved for mere acquaintances. . . . Play something, Henri, a snatch from Les Sylphides, so that one may see Kathi's *entrechat*."

The girl was amused. "In these slippers, Madame Marie, dancing is not possible."

"Well, another time. Now I practice scales until hunger once again assaults me. *Do, re, me, fa, sol* ——" She began running water for the dishes. "So expensive, the appetite. If it were not for hunger ——"

Afterward, Kathi set out to find the Damien School of Ballet, presided over by Georges Damien, once *maître de ballet* of the Paris Opéra, but now an elderly teacher. The Fifth Avenue bus was not too unlike those of London. Where Central Park parallels the avenue, she descended to ring the bell of an old mansion converted to other uses.

Damien came out personally and greeted her in the reception room. The slender, white-haired man bowed. "I have the pleasure," he said, re-examining the letter of introduction she had sent in, "to address Mademoiselle Marek, daughter of an old friend. Refresh me a little about yourself."

"I was four years in training. Then the revolt occurred and changed everything. My father had decided we should come to New York together, hoping I might continue with you. We waited six months in London, but then papa received his illness, and when my visa was approved, I came alone. A little while I spent in the Refugee Center, and now I am here, wishing to continue my learning."

The elderly teacher nodded. "I well remember Artur Marek from the old times." He sighed. "But then come wars and revolutions, and friends are separated, tossed here and there about the world. Nevertheless we must go on trying to keep the good things alive, eh? Here in this big, healthy country there is fresh air to breathe and a faith in the future. If one is willing to work, opportunity awaits. I am pleased that an old friend sends his daughter to me."

She looked down at her shoes. "Perhaps the fees for study are beyond myself. Papa was not one of the rich." The sounds coming from a tinny piano and that dusty odor a class at work kicks up were sending waves of nostalgia flowing through her. "Perhaps one presumes."

"Who speaks of money? We waste time discussing. A few *développés* today. Tomorrow exercises *au milieu*."

"Today! But I have no costume, no ——"

Damien went to the window of the converted mansion. "See. Everything is rapid. Swish! No one hesitates here. In America, who stops to go for costumes tempts fate. *Nous allons!*"

The ballet instructor watched her doing her bar developments in borrowed costume. "*Mademoiselle* lacks flexibility. But then, that is natural." The afternoon wore on. "Some bad habits, true. With time these can be unlearned." At last he dismissed her. "Tomorrow, *ma chère*." He drew an imaginary circle around her stomach. "But no macaronis or greasy hashes. These destroy a dancer's buoyancy, a well-known fact. Eat delicately, and return tomorrow."

Her body ached excruciatingly as she made her way back to the rooming house. Honneger heard her come in. Marie Vercel's eggs were the only food she'd taken all day. Kathi smiled ruefully at the instructor's remark: Eat delicately! A little longer without eating, and she might well start floating above the towered spires of New York.

"So wearing," she murmured, sitting on the edge of the bed and massaging her foot muscles. "Without a knowledge of the customs, it possibly starves, no?"

Zoltan Honneger smiled. "Don't worry about the customs. Look at me. I am expert with the customs. Ask me anything: How many senators in Washing-

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ton? Who is Marlon Monroe? How to get crosstown? Anything!"

"So then how does one get something to eat? I cannot take the hospitable eggs of Madame Vercel forever. I have no stove, and cannot walk into restaurants alone, for fear of being thought of doubtful reputation."

"Ha, in America there is nothing in the usages against ladies going anywhere. You will see places where coins are dropped into machinery and 'zoop!' out comes a pastry. Some sell sausages placed on a bun, and others exist where you walk by long counters and just point. But for Magyar food, for a goulash swimming in rosy oil, Holveg's on Seventy-third Street is recommended." Honneger bowed modestly. "It happens by coincidence that I am a waiter at Holveg's. Shortly I leave for work. You are confidentially invited. Starving, believe me, is not the custom."

Holveg's was down in a basement. Its walls were flanked by gaudy murals depicting the beautiful blue Danube. There was a spindly piano player with disheveled hair who made no attempt to be heard above the clatter of dishes and buzzing conversation.

"Now what will it be?" murmured Honneger, casting the spotted menu aside. "Anything you order, special prepared. Paprika sausage? Chicken? Noodles Mihályi? Pretend is back in Budapest ——"

"I don't want to pretend, Zoltan. If I wish to become American, I must eat American. Bring me steak and fried potatoes, some of that cabbage with mayonnaise on, coffee, and apple pie with yellow cheese. From the Refugee Center I learn this is the real American way to eat. Anyway, my *maître* forbids me heavy dishes."

A young man at the table opposite said, "Hey, Zoltan, how about it? Do you have to be a pretty girl to get service at Holveg's?"

"Easy, Mr. Morrow," said the waiter. "In a minute. Are you dining lonesome tonight? Also my friend, Miss Marek, recent from Budapest, is dining lonesome."

The young man named Morrow laughed. He said to Kathi, "He means dining alone, not lonesome. I'd be happy to join you if you'd like. Any friend of Zoltan's is a friend of mine."

Kathi was somewhat embarrassed, but she supposed this casual, unaffected mixing of the sexes was one more of those mysterious American customs. "Certainly. But I am very recent in the country. At home the high school gives one English. In London sounds altogether different. Now, in America, comes out another accent. So please excuse the confusion."

Ever since the death of her brother, Kathi had felt uncomfortable in the presence of young men. They reminded her of her own loss, the dear life cut short by oppression and cruelty. There had been nice young men at the Refugee Center who sincerely had wanted to be friendly, but an invisible wall seemed to stand between Kathi and them. Still, she wanted to be nice to this Morrow person out of respect for Zoltan Honneger.

"You come frequent to Holveg's?"

"As frequent as possible." He added, "I like the food."

"Maybe you sing, Mr. Morrow?"

"No."

"The violin?"

He shook his head.

"You are medical or go for television?"

"Sorry."

"A painter of paintings?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"That's quaint," said Kathi. "So far, everybody I meet in America has artistic desires. It is such big careers for everybody, I think, a whole nation of singers and doctors and piano players. So where is the plain people? Somebody must run subway cars, feed chickens, remove garbage. Perhaps you remove garbage, Mr. Morrow?"

He was laughing in that broad, winsome, open way Americans had. "I happen to work for a newspaper."

"A big reporter. Natural. As in the romantic films of Hollywood."

"I'm afraid not. I report ship news. It's always in very fine print, so far back that no one ever sees it."

Honneger had brought them mountains of food, and the young man was interested to observe the vigor with which she attacked the dishes.

"Real American." Kathi dabbed at her lips. "To eat like a little pig gives a guilty sensation. Is unmoral, no? But then, I am famished since twenty-four hours. I dance all day."

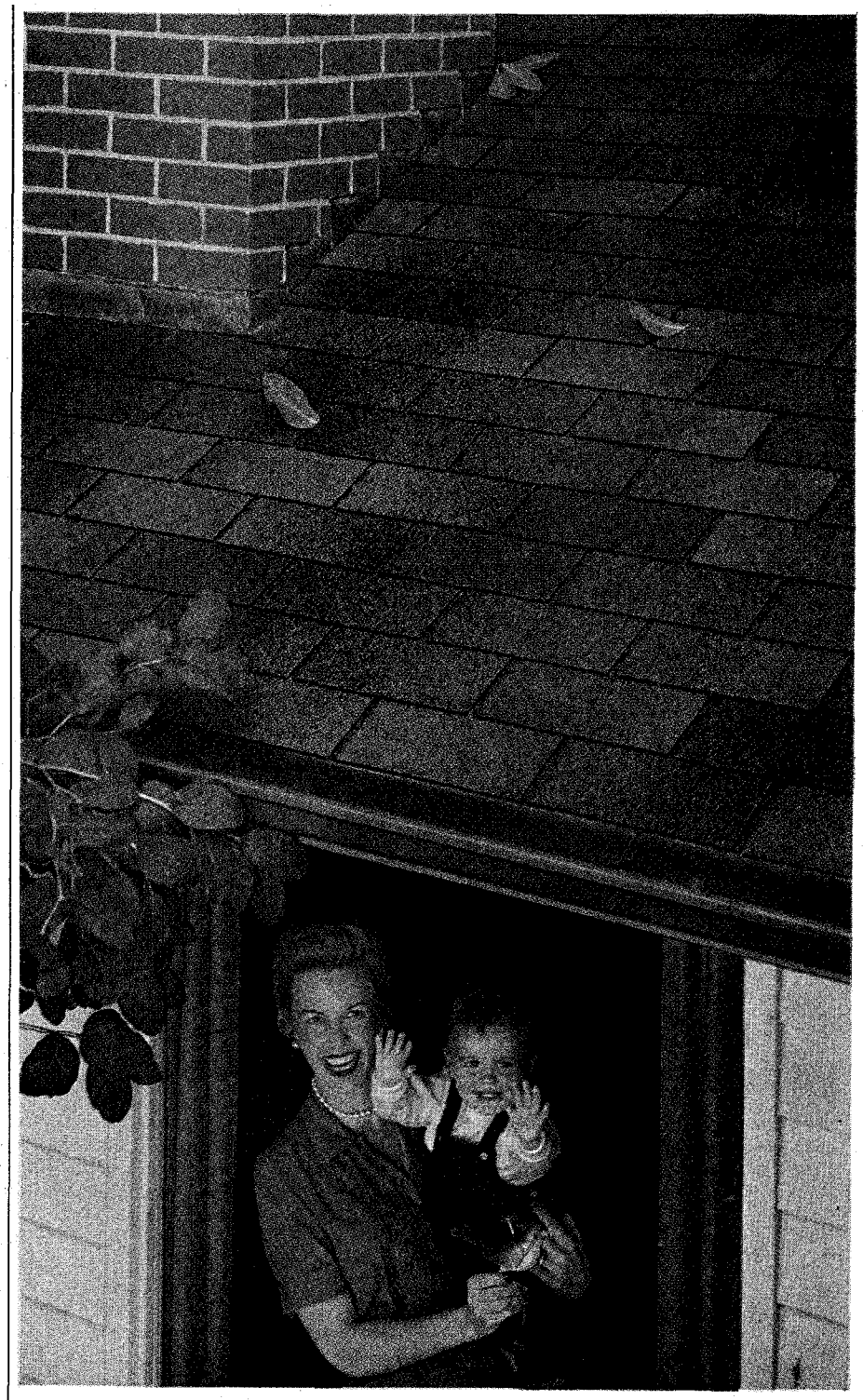
"You're a dancer?"

She shook her head. "I only take up my training again after—an interruption."

"The Hungarian massacres?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, good—the lights are on again."



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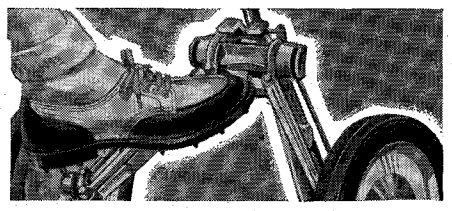

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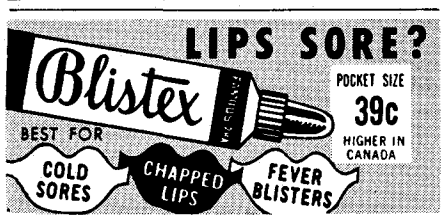


"During which my brother, Christian, was killed."

"I'm very sorry."

Afterward he asked to walk home with her. Honneger nodded his approval. Outside, the warm spring night was fragrant with a soft, pleasant air. They went down Second Avenue, unaware of the length of the journey.

"How warm," murmured Kathi. "That only my brother should have lived to see this huge, colorful city. He used to say, 'Sometime you will dance at the Metropolitan in New York, Kathi, and I will sit with papa in the first row ——' Forgive. It is a natural sadness." When they arrived at Ten-sixty, Kathi said, "Here is where I live. Good night. Thank you. Was very O.K."

"When can I see you again?"

"It is better not so. The earnestness of my career prevents."

"But ——"

"Please. Good night."

The following day she plunged into the routine of dance instruction. Before it was through she suspected that Damien had conceived a baseless grudge against her. Before the week was over, Kathi was convinced of it.

"Understand, Marek. I am Damien, not some old hack wringing a living from fat children of the rich. For Damien, one accomplishes one's *pliés* in the manner of a *prima ballerina*." This was like requiring one to pick up a sack of cement gracefully.

"But, of course, *M'sieur le maître*."

"How else can we learn to entrance the eye of the onlooker?"

"How else, *maître?*"

"The next hour we work *en milieu*. And *Mademoiselle*, even when blowing the nose, try to do so *enchanter*, to enchant."

"Oh, but naturally, *m'sieur*."

The problem of her dwindling resources preyed on her mind. Damien's methods implied a long training, and she wondered how it would be possible for her to afford the means to continue it. On Sunday they were all gathered together in Marie Vercel's cosmetic-kit apartment, where she was entertaining Honneger; Mr. Conti; Manuel, the boxer; Madame Aldor; Mr. Rau, of Burma, and so on, with song.

Observing Kathi's preoccupation, Marie said, "Mam'selle Marek dislikes Schubert?"

Kathi flushed. "Forgive. The brain wanders."

Marie left the piano. "Whatever makes the brain wander is concerning to everyone at Ten-sixty. . . . True, Mr. Conti?"

"I'll say," said Conti, determined to master colloquial American English. "And how."

"To go on with my career is absolutely necessary," said Kathi. "I begin to worry from the dollar standpoint."

"Dollar standpoint!" exclaimed Conti. In his lap was the dummy that looked like Pinnochio.

The dummy pivoted his neck, a ludicrous, wide-eyed expression on his countenance, as he said in a squeaky voice, "So who don't?"

Conti turned to address Madame Aldor. "Explain what happens to you from the dollar standpoint, madame."

"Bos gol," said Madame Aldor.

Honneger, with all the facility of a fourteen-year American, translated, "She means 'bus girl.'"

Marie said, "Madame Aldor studies in language class during the day. Of the evening she employs herself taking away empty dishes in a café after they have been eaten upon."

Honneger remarked, "Would be nice if everyone in life was equipped with rich uncles. The dollar standpoint would be solved. Sadly, such is not the case."

"But ——" Kathi turned to the slender Henri Vercel. "But what ——"

Marie laughed in that musical fashion of hers.

Said Mr. Conti, "To answer the eighty-four-dollar question, Madame Vercel manicures in a barbershop. Who should know better than me? I cut hair in it during extra hours."

"And Henri," murmured Marie. She turned to her husband. "You don't embarrass, Henri?"

Henri shrugged. "I don't embarrass."

"Henri delivers the telephone books. The restless people of New York move about so often that phone books must be refashioned constantly. Meanwhile, also, Henri delivers telegrams in the busy systems."

"The word is 'seasons,' excuse me," Vercel corrected his wife. "The busy seasons."

"New York, everyone works, everyone bustles," said Honneger. "From consulting the want ads, a little job usually occurs to take care of expenses. Mr. Rau from Burma shines boots when not dissecting at the university. Manuel, who has no English so far, washes autos."

"This explains," said Kathi. "At first is puzzling, America. Such big careers everyone goes for. So where are the lower classes? Who shines the boots, who delivers telegrams? Is easy. The upper classes, temporarily. Beautiful, such democracy. What is the technique for beginning?"

She was duly instructed in the mysteries of the want ads. Tuesday evening the little job happened, as predicted by Honneger. It was a music-and-record shop that kept open until ten. There were forests of records, mountainous shelves reachable only by ladders. They lay in bins, in stacks, on tables piled to the ceiling. But as most customers knew their own way around, the work was not too demanding. On Tuesday evening Bob Morrow was waiting outside the shop. A warm wave of pleasure coursed through her; not till this moment had she realized how much she'd wanted to see him again.

"Thought I might take you to supper between record shop and dancing class," he said.

"How did you discover about my job?"

He was grinning in that broad, characteristic way of his. "I'm a newspaperman."

They began walking. "Is flattering," Kathi admitted. "Everything in America is so democratic, including how gentleman and ladies so easy become acquainted. But in this case perhaps is not wise."

"What's unwise about it?"

"Well, the career interferes. Suppose it happens to fall in love." She was speaking with unmistakable gravity. "Do not smile. Between two opposite people of the sexes is always this possibility. At least in Europe such dangers are on the parents' mind from morning until night. Unfortunately, Mr. Morrow, I am absent of parents and must make my own considerations."

"I still can't see any harm in a little supper together."

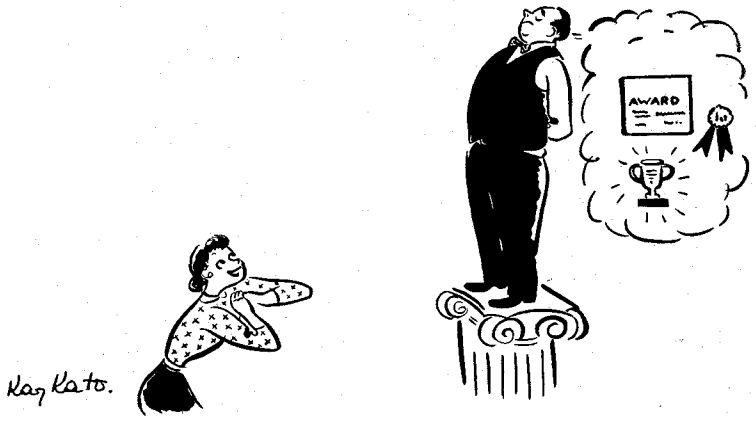
"I owe to my brother, Christian, something very difficult of explanation—the loyalty to carry forth the career. He did not give himself so that I could make romances with young gentlemen in America. So I say the earnestness of my ambition prevents. You take my word?"

"Yes. But ——"

"How it is in America I do not know, but in my country plain friendship only between a man and a girl is not probable."

He had to laugh. "It might be a lot more

(*Continued on Page 108*)



The Perfect Squelch

Stan loved to be told he was wonderful, and constantly tried to get this reaction from his wife, Mildred. He used the negative approach. "Mildred thinks I'm terrible at tennis," he'd say. Or, "Mildred never worries about *my* health."

Once, while Stan and his wife, with another couple, were watching a TV drama based on the famous dancing team, Vernon and Irene Castle, there came the tragic announcement that Vernon Castle had been killed in a plane crash. Vernon's wife was prostrated with grief, and Stan promptly took the cue.

Smug in the assurance of a sympathetic contradiction, he turned to his wife. "If that were me," he said, "you wouldn't be as grief-stricken as she is."

"Well, no," his wife said thoughtfully. "But then, you're not a very good dancer."

Edwin C. Kennedy

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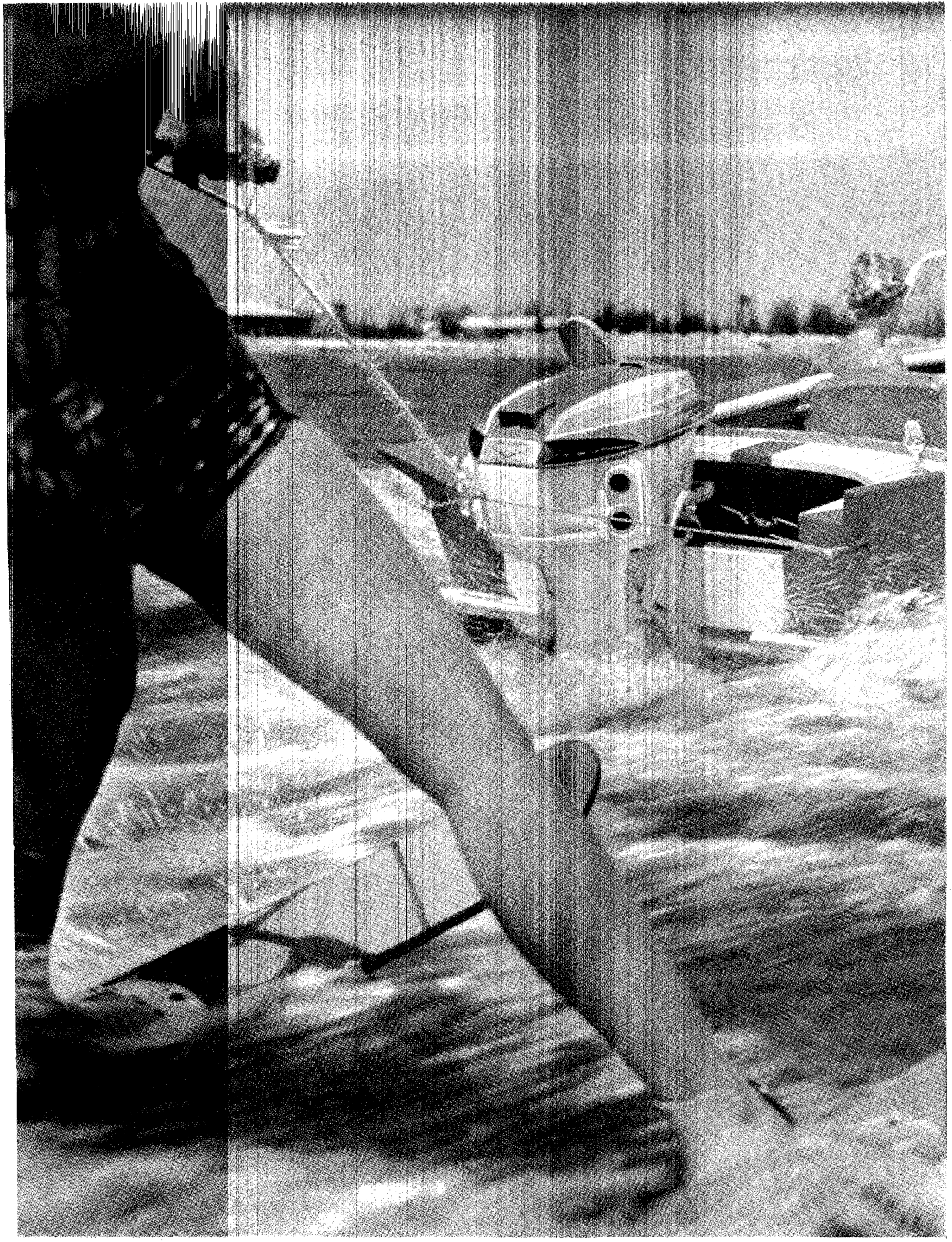

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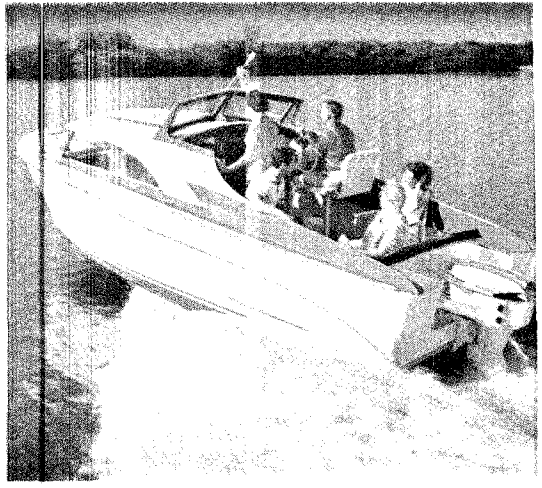

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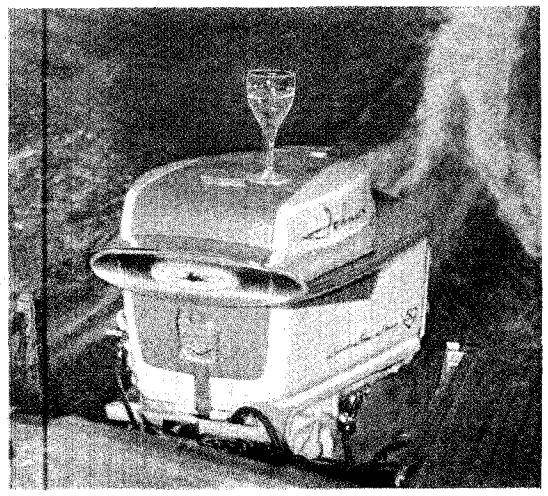
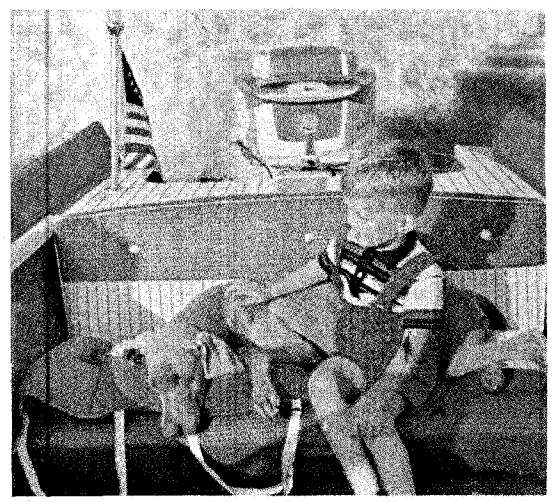


NEW Super smoothness! So vibrationless, a glass of water won't ripple at idle or spill underway. This new 4-cylinder Johnson "V" brings fine car smoothness to outboarding.



NEW Super quiet! The entire powerhead floats on rubber. The whole lower unit is enclosed to the waterline. So all airborne noise is baffled . . . and exhaust, as always, is underwater!

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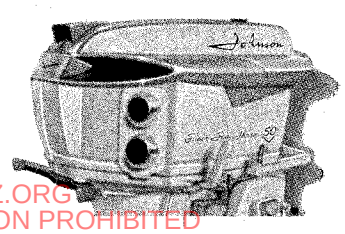

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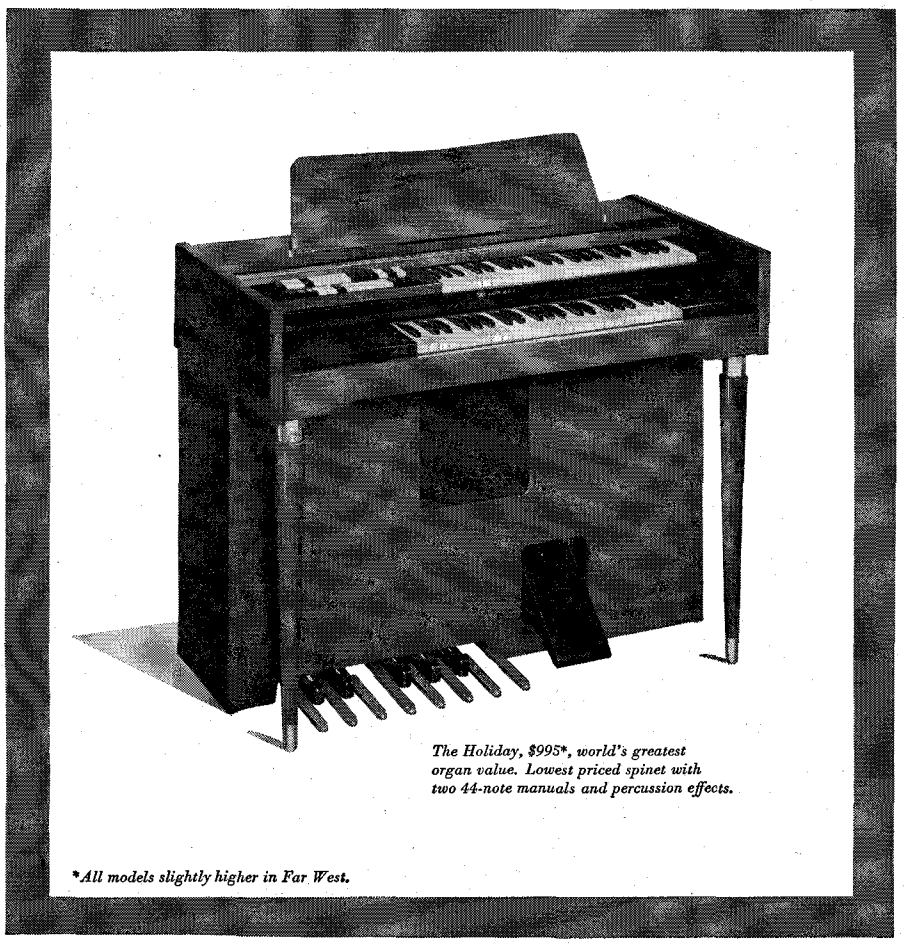

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(*Continued from Page 106*) probable if you called me Bob. I've never known anyone just like you, Kathi. Career or no career, I'm just not going to let you go. Skip the supper if you want, but ——" Suddenly she was no longer beside him. "Kathi ——" And then he saw that she had stopped before the windows of a grimy antique shop. He went back. "I thought I'd lost you." He observed her gazing through the dingy window with fixed intentness at some object. "Something?"

When she spoke, her voice was almost inaudible. "It occurs a little faintness."

"What's the matter, Kathi?"

She wavered tremblingly. Finally she said, "Excuse me. I return to myself in a moment. Mistaken I cannot be. That silver watch below the green bottle is my brother's. It is Christian's watch; I know it!"

"You're sure?"

"I would be mistaken in such a thing? Papa gives it to him on his eighteenth birthday."

"Then let's go in."

The man behind the counter was a wizened fellow with thousands of fine wrinkles in his face. "We want to look at that wrist watch in the window."

"Perfect working order." He reached in and handed it to Kathi. "Twenty-one jewels. A rare piece, hand-worked case."

"Yes, yes!" she cried excitedly. "It is Christian's!"

"Who sold you this?" Bob demanded.

The old man shrugged. "Forty dollars. There are thousands of items here. I should remember with one brain where everything comes from? So all right, thirty-five rock bottom."

Kathi was beside herself. "Was he tall, thin, with very black hair?"

A little cowbell rang as the door opened. "Pardon. Excuse me, a customer."

Morrow counted the money and asked for a bill of sale. Outside, he saw that she was still trembling.

"Let's go and have that bite to eat, and we can talk about it." They went into a place that specialized in hamburgers. She was holding the watch tightly, staring as though she could force it to give up its secret.

The young newspaperman said, "Look, Kathi. Don't build your hopes too high. You said Christian was killed in the barricade fighting. We can't overlook the unpleasant truth. In times like those there are always scavengers who go around taking all the rings and jewelry they can find on dead bodies. The best place to get rid of such things would be in some foreign country. The other possibility is that we have a watch that merely resembles your brother's. After all, they don't make just one watch of a kind any more."

"It is Christian's. I know it, Mr. Bob, by some tingling in the heart."

"Tingling in the heart's not enough. Will you take my advice in this one thing, Kathi? Don't think anything. Wait and see what I can find out. Tomorrow I'll go back to that antique shop. Let me do a little investigating. And I promise you this: If your brother's alive, we'll find him."

Her face was flushed. "You speak with such sureness, Mr. Bob! But where will you look? The world's so big, and we're only two little people in it."

He took the watch. "I don't sing, dance or play a musical instrument, Kathi. Opera's just a lot of gibberish to me. But when it comes to people, I know my way around. And if—well, if it turns out badly, at least you'll always have the watch to keep."

"*Ach!* The money." Kathi fumbled in her purse.

He put his hand over it. "You tend to your own career and let me take care of mine."

To tend to one's career in such a situation was easier to say than to do. Damien, unaware of the cause of her preoccupation, ran his hands through his white hair while she was wondering how Bob would go about finding a missing man who might be anywhere in the world.

"We do not dream our *ballottés*," Damien was saying. "They are characterized, Marek, by animation." The voice of the ballet master was like an echo heard dimly from some far-off place.

She acquired the habit of peering into faces of young men on the buses, the subway, in drugstores and restaurants. No word at all was forthcoming from Bob Morrow. The faraway voice failed to penetrate her consciousness. "*Mademoiselle!* In *posés* the feet are never *en dedans*; it is fundamental. Now be so good as to repeat: One, up, high, down ——"

And still no message from Bob. Everyone at Ten-sixty was aware of the silent drama. They were sympathetic, but helpless to assist. For what good was the high note of Madame Vercel, the loud rhapsodies of Henri, the talents of Mr. Conti in a practical matter of this sort? Each evening she rapped on the door of Zoltan Honneger; each evening in a little voice she asked the same question, "Have you seen him today?"

"No. But don't worry. When is needed real things to be done, trust the Americans. If alive, your brother, Bob finds him."

"Do you think he's alive, Mr. Honneger?"

Zoltan looked down at the worn rug. "Should I say yes merely to raise the expectations?"

"He is!" she declared passionately. "I know it, with my heart!"

"So then," said Mr. Honneger.

One evening Madame Vercel acted out an entire opera to divert her mind, singing all the parts herself, including the basso's. Kathi burst into tears.

"Maybe tearfulness is best," sighed madame. "Soon some news comes. . . . Do you not think news comes soon, Henri?"

"It is without doubt," said Henri. "Perhaps I could drown out the sad thoughts with my piano playing. I am overwhelming, once I get started."

"You are too good," murmured Kathi, dabbing at her eyes. "I do not deserve such kindness."

Finally, when she had given up hope of ever seeing young Morrow again, she found the reporter waiting for her at Ten-sixty. Morrow needed a shave. He wasn't smiling.

"Is bad news, Bob?"

"Let's go where we can talk." He took her to a place on Fifty-seventh Street.

"Well, you do not speak," she murmured, her voice weak and quavering.

"The fact is, Kathi, I'm not sure yet what I'm up against."

"You did find something. I sense it!"

He rubbed his dark chin. "The old character in the antique shop—his name's Porfery—finally gave me the name and address of the man who sold him the watch. It was tough. These fellows worry about the law. The address turned out to be a rooming house in the Armenian section downtown. His name was Zarian. Trouble was, he'd moved out several weeks before and left no address."

"So you could do nothing?"

"Just keep on looking for Zarian. I won't go into details, but I finally traced him to where he works, a brass-finishing place on Long Island. He was as talkative

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as a fish. It took two days to get anything out of him. At last he said he'd bought the watch from somebody named Johnson, a man he'd met in a restaurant. He pretended he didn't know where Johnson could be found. I said something about stolen goods, and the next night when I went back, he apparently had changed his mind. I've got the address now, and I'm going there tonight."

"And you think ——"

"I don't think anything. Who Johnson is is anybody's guess. But the trail has to end somewhere. If this watch came from Hungary, I intend to trace it if I have to go to Immigration. Meanwhile, there's no point in speculating until I've had a talk with Mr. Johnson."

"I will go with you to look at this man."

"No, Kathi. It's a bad section of the lower East Side, and, who knows, I may run into trouble."

"Nevertheless I go. Otherwise I cannot endure. It is too much!"

The taxi wound itself through the crooked streets that approach the Williamsburg Bridge. The address they were seeking was in a run-down neighborhood of tawdry shops and tenements. Morrow knocked on the door of a hall bedroom. The man they were seeking peered cautiously from a narrow crack. Then he opened it wide.

His appearance was unkempt and he looked ill-fed. The hair that once had been black was now strangely patched with gray in so young a person. Brother and sister flew into each other's arms in a soul-enveloping embrace. The reporter, himself a little unkempt, stood by awkwardly while these two engaged in a rapid, excited colloquy, no word of which he was able to understand.

Kathi finally turned to him, her eyes red, her face showing the depths of her emotion. "He is afraid of the police," she said.

"Police?"

"Christian is in the country illegally. He says he was left for dead at the barricade, but at night escaped and fled over the Austrian border. There he was sick many months. Later he hunts for us all over, and learns from friends that papa is dead and I am in America. So he smuggles on a cattle ship, hoping to find me, but is worried to get caught by police. This is why he calls himself Johnson. The watch he sells because of needing money."

"And Zarian?"

"Zarian he meets in a restaurant, makes friends. When you ask questions, Zarian is frightened and comes to tell Christian. My brother thinks maybe you are from the Immigration, but he says to Zarian never mind, give the address anyway, he will tell the truth and hope in this way to find me."

"Doesn't he speak English?"

Christian smiled. "But not perfect like Kathi." He kept gazing at his sister. "How more beautiful she is since one years ago!"

Kathi gulped. "What is the best thing we should do now, Bob?"

"Well, he can't run around being a fugitive all his life. He'll have to give himself up to the authorities."

"What will happen then?"

"He'll be deported."

"Cannot we wait a little while, Bob? There is so much to say, so much to remember."

"There'll be time enough to talk. Meanwhile, I happen to have friends in Immigration. That's the beauty of being a ship's reporter. We'll have his case reviewed by the proper authorities, and I have a feeling, when we show what this man has done for the cause of freedom, they'll see the point of letting him come back on your father's quota."

"You think so?" She turned to her brother. "Is so American, Mr. Morrow. He cannot sing, play instruments or perform an *entrechat*. But how to find and save a losted brother he knows."

Bob Morrow held his head sideways and laughed. "I expect I'll have to marry this young lady, and soon, too, before all the world falls in love with her."

"He says such strange things, Christian. But so the Americans speak. All are mad, divinely. Possibly it is the air or something. I am not here long enough to know."

"Well, I've been here long enough to know I'm hungry," said this mad young American. "So I suggest Holveg's. I want to see Honneger's face when we walk in."

The following afternoon, Georges Damien noticed enough change in Kathi's work to comment. "What happens, Marek, that causes such an *élan?* One does not see you dance so spiritedly in a long time."

"I exhibit an *élan?* I was not aware. Possibly it is because a young gentleman of America wishes to engage me." She gulped. "Having no father in this world, would it be beyond custom to bring him here to put your approval upon him, *monsieur?*"

"You are in love?"

She cast her eyes down.

"And what about the career, eh?"

"As for that, I have only to ask, Monsieur Damien. Do I not dance better today than yesterday?"

The old ballet master's countenance lost its severity. "But naturally. Bring him if you wish. But a small word of warning."

"Warning, *maître?*"

"It takes but a moment to fall in love. A whisper, a sigh, a sudden fluttering of the heart, and it is done." Raising a bony finger, he said, "But a perfect *pas de bourrée dessus* is not come by so easily. So what are we standing here for, *mademoiselle?*" He clapped his hands. "Let us continue from the last passage. Now, lightly, lightly, unearthly, as a very fairy."

THE END

A Matter of Distribution

By Laurence Eisenlohr

The hand is a lay-down, an absolute snap;
I grasp in an instant its simple solution.
But after it sours, I see the old trap:
It isn't the cards; it's the distribution.

The gradual gain in my weight gives no pause
Until, as I step from my morning ablution,
I note in the mirror the oldest of laws:
It isn't the weight; it's the distribution.

I think I am making an adequate wage
Until I'm aware of its diminution
By taxes for nation and state and old age:
It isn't the pay; it's the distribution.

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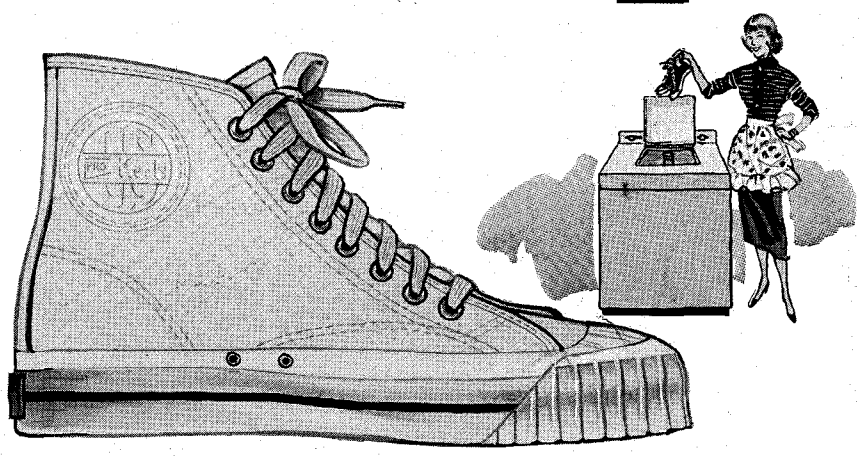

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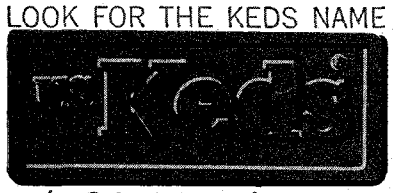

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The Pentagon Blonde (Continued from Page 42)

the stinker that's done this to me! The Judas Iscariot has sold me down the river!"

Bongo was William H. Harrison, III, a fat boy who'd been a brother captain in Lance's outfit in Korea. Being the apple-polishing type, he and Lance had not got along; now he was Major Harrison and an aide to some general or other in the Pentagon. The LST incident had grown out of one hundred bucks jawbone that Bongo had owed from the nightly poker sessions by means of which they'd whiled away the time behind the Demilitarized Zone. Lance had collected the hard way. Now it looked as though that junior-grade brigand was getting even with an attack sneakier than Pearl Harbor.

It was Wednesday morning when Lance arrived at the Pentagon and reported to the chief of the Appraisal Branch, Management Division, in accordance with his orders. The chief was a harassed colonel named Bledsoe and he greeted Lance absently across a desk piled high with papers. A heck of a lot of papers, Lance noted with dark foreboding; skinny ones bound with paper clips and thick ones held with rubber bands. They bore garish and varicolored routing sheets covered with cabalistic scribbles which meant nothing to Lance.

"M'm-m-m," Colonel Bledsoe said, "glad you've got here, captain. Always up to our ears in this branch—need all the help we can get. What staff experience have you had, Tubbs?"

"Stubbs, sir," Lance said hollowly, eying the papers again. "No staff experience at all, colonel. I think there must be some mistake in my assignment here because ——"

"Fine!" the other said heartily and Lance realized with a sinking feeling that the colonel hadn't heard a word he'd said. "I like to see that spirit in my officers—ready to jump right in with both feet! Come along, I'll show you to your office."

Lance followed him out into C Ring and they turned into a cubbyhole some four doors farther along. There were two desks in here, Lance saw. One was empty; the other was occupied by a pert-eyed and blond young lady. Lance had the feeling that he'd seen her somewhere before and with a sudden shock he realized that the two of them would be alone together in this two-by-four office.

She was looking demurely at Lance now as she said, "Good morning, sir," to the colonel.

"Um-m-m, quite," the colonel was saying absently. "Miss Hicks—Captain Tubbs. Captain Tubbs is Major Manning's replacement. Orient him, will you, Holly? Just make yourself at home, Tubbs."

An antique is a piece of furniture that is fully paid for.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

"Stubbs, sir," Lance said desperately. "Colonel, I'm sure that there's been some mistake about ——"

"Fine, fine. Just ask Holly for anything you want, captain. Glad you've got here, with all the work we've got."

The colonel disappeared briskly through the door and Lance turned his reluctant attention to Holly again. She had, he noted in a vague way, blue eyes and a nose that tipped up a little, and she was competently put together here and there. She had that demure little smile on her lips and, although Lance didn't know it, she'd accurately placed him as that nice captain who'd stopped by her former desk in the information center on his way to Korea. She'd thought of him off and on since, still wondering if he was one of the married ones.

"Welcome to the Appraisal Branch, captain," she was saying now. "I'm sure you're going to like it."

He'd treat her as though she were a man, Lance decided hastily; that would avoid complications. "I'm not going to like it," he contradicted flatly. "And what I'm doing in this condemned paper foundry in the first place, I wouldn't know. I'm a paratrooper—not a staff officer. What the devil did I do to deserve this?"

Holly looked a little shocked. "The Pentagon is the nerve center of the Armed Forces, captain," she said pointedly. "Don't you realize that to be assigned here is a mark of professional merit—especially since you're still just a captain?"

"No," Lance said crossly. "I don't know it, period!"

"Well, it is and you should be proud," Holly retorted indignantly. Then she looked at him out of the corners of her eyes as she added, "I'll bet that your wife is proud."

"I haven't got a wife," Lance told her violently. "Well, now that I'm here, what do I do, Miss Hicks?"

"Most people call me Holly," Holiday told him with an enthusiasm directly con-

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nected with that no-wife intelligence. "Your job is to write papers on this and that or to answer papers that other people have written on this and that, captain. You'll catch onto the routine in no time at all."

"I don't want to catch onto the routine," Lance said unhappily as he stalked across to eye the vacant desk. "All I want is to get out of here and back to my company at Fort McKuhn. Do you know why, out of all of the officers in the Army, they had to pick me to be Major Manning's replacement, Miss Hicks?"

"Holly," the latter murmured. "Someone must have recommended you to the front office, captain. Major Harrison, the general's aide, is the one who co-ordinates personnel assignments and ——"

"Bongo!" Lance interrupted violently. "I knew it! Just let me get my hands on that scaly rascal—I'll tie a knot in his fat neck!"

"You know Major Harrison?" Holly asked warily.

Lately Willie Harrison had taken to dropping in here a couple of times a day with invitations to go dancing and such. So far she'd fended him off and it was just as well she had, Holly decided.

"I threw the slug off an LST in Pusan Harbor," Lance was saying with happy reminiscence. "I should have jumped in after him and held his head under until he drowned—they forgot to do it when he was a pup, I think."

"Why did you throw him off the LST, captain?"

"For general principles," Lance grunted. "Where can I find him now, Miss Hicks? I've got some more general principles in mind."

"I believe he's on a few days' leave," Holly said hastily, changing the subject. "I'll go get you some of the branch files to read, captain. Colonel Bledsoe likes a new officer to familiarize himself with what's been going on."

Thank the Lord Willie Harrison was on leave, she was thinking. It would give her a little time to get Lance under control. She had a feeling that if he were to encounter Willie right now his Pentagon career would be over before it even started—you didn't tie knots in the necks of generals' aides. And Miss Holiday Hicks did not want Lancelot Stubbs back at Fort McKuhn, that was for sure! The files should calm him down, she decided; as a soporific they had no equal.

Lance had seated himself gingerly behind the desk. "O.K., get the files," he said in the tone of a man summoning the tumbrel.

Holly nodded and gave him the demure smile again and departed for the office down the hall where her roommate, Pat Kilday, presided over the chief clerk's office. Pat, who was efficient and from Texas, looked up from where she was sorting the morning's catch of papers—each gaudy with its colored routing sheet—for dispatch to the various branches of the Management Division.

"Howdy, podner," she said, scratching her cheek with a pencil that left dark marks. "Your new boy show up?"

"Um-m-m," Holly said absently, sitting on the desk's edge.

"What's he like? Nice?"

"Shy," Holly said. "But nice—and you keep your little cotton-picking hands off him, dear, if you don't want me in your hair. I've got a problem. He wants to get away from here and go back to Fort McKuhn where he came from. I don't want him to."

"Don't let it bother you," Pat said practically. "Compared to this place, Alcatraz is as leakproof as a used sieve. You've got him as good as hog-tied for the next couple of years."

"Not if he gets to Willie Harrison," Holly said.

"What about Willie Harrison?"

"It seems they are not friends," Holly answered thoughtfully. "My boy threw Willie off an LST in Korea. He has ambitions to do some such thing to Willie here, I believe."

"I am for it," Pat mentioned enthusiastically. "Tell your boy I will be glad to hold his coat."

"And have him bounced out of here? Un-uh!"

"You've really lighted a torch for the lad, haven't you?" Pat said. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"That torch got lit two years ago when he was on his way to Korea," Holly said grimly. "Only then I never thought I'd see him again—and what I'm going to do about it is keep him so busy that he won't have time to think of Willie until I can figure out something better to do. How about giving me a fistful of those papers to snow him under for a few days, Pat?"

Pat shook her head. "No can do, pet. You know our good colonel. He doesn't believe a new replacement is capable of blowing his nose by himself until he's been in the branch at least a month. Major Manning didn't even answer the phone for his first two weeks."

"Haven't you got just some simple little paper that I could give him?" Holly asked plaintively.

Pat flapped her hand at the heap on her desk. "I've got papers in there that a backward moron could handle on one of his bad days," she said succinctly. "But they ain't for Lancelot Stubbs yet, dearie. Mrs. Kilday's little gal Patty has learned the hard way that it does not pay to cross our good colonel in such matters."

"Then give me an armful of files," Holly said unhappily. "I'll try to keep him busy with those."

"Files we got," Pat said. "Help yourself, podner."

The rest of the day Lance read files. On Thursday and Friday he waded through more files. He arrived on Saturday to find his desk cluttered with fresh stacks of files. Miss Holiday Hicks would not be in today, he remembered, but she'd made certain that he'd have something to do. That was for sure.

By ten o'clock he was beginning to feel oddly lonesome in the cubbyhole off C Ring. He refused to admit to himself that it could be that Miss Holiday Hicks' vacant desk was responsible. At 10:30 the telephone rang and he grabbed for it gratefully.

"Captain Stubbs," he said in a clipped voice.

Someone at the other end said cordially, "Good morning, captain. I wonder if I might have a minute of your time to talk to you about your insurance program? Are you sure that you have provided adequately for your wife in case of ——"

"I haven't got a wife!" Lance yelled violently and hung up.

He'd gone back to leafing through the files, his feet on a wastebasket and his back to the door, when a new voice interrupted cheerfully. "Miss Hicks around this morning, friend?"

Lance started; then slammed the file shut and swung around. He hadn't been mistaken in thinking that he knew that voice, he noted grimly. It was Bongo Harrison's pink, chubby face peeking in at him. Bongo had the sleek look of a well-fed cat and was dressed up like a plush horse, Lance observed sourly.

"Come in here," he said, starting to get purposefully out of his chair. "I've just been waiting for you to show up, my fat friend. Do you know why? So that I could tie a knot of red tape about your epiglottis and stuff your body into a closet, is why!"

"Now, now," Bongo said. "Let's not be hasty, Lancelot."

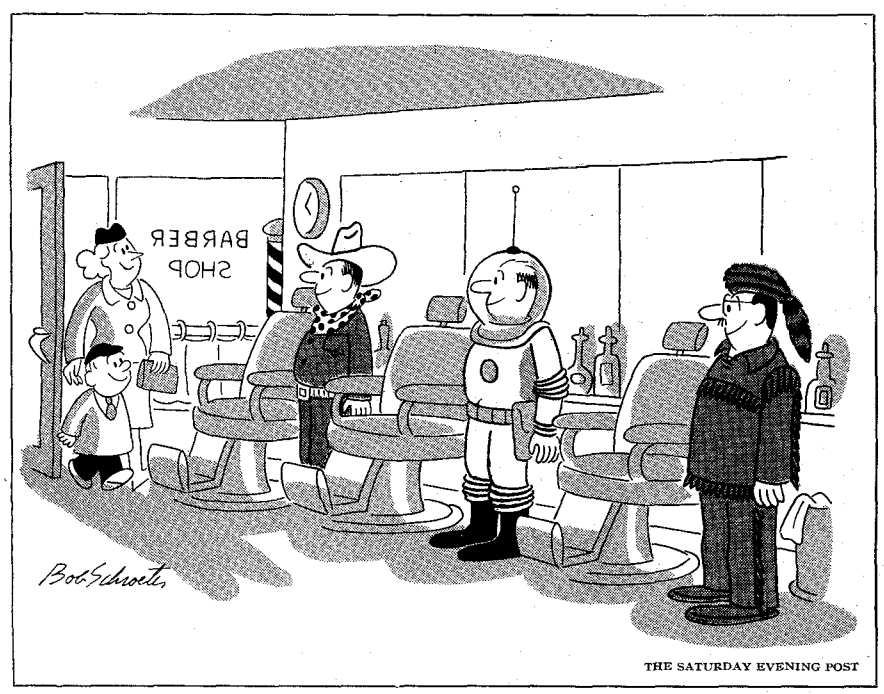
"I don't mean to be hasty," Lance retorted, hooking a hand into Bongo's blouse and hauling him into the room. "I'm going to take my time and enjoy it. I hear that you are the oaf that got me ordered to this Pentagon rat race. Is that right?"

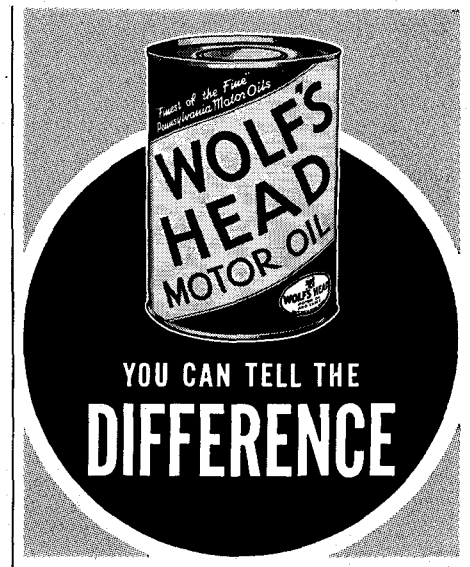
"I did it as a favor," Bongo said with an attempt at guile. "I thought you'd like an assignment to the staff, Lance, old man. It's a big compliment for a captain to be assigned to the ——"

"I've heard that before, and you lie by the clock besides," Lance said grimly. "Well, you just get me unassigned before I start feeding you a diet of your own teeth, pal!"

Bongo had recovered his composure a little and was edging toward the door again. "Sorry, old man. I gave you a real build-up with the general. I'm afraid he wouldn't approve." Bongo had reached the door as he added, "And I'd advise against any hasty actions you might have in mind, captain. For your information, the general loves his present aide as he would a son."

The smugness of the last statement was too much and Lance grabbed for Bongo again, but the latter was already in the corridor. It wasn't until the other had disappeared around a corner that Lance remembered that the fat politician had





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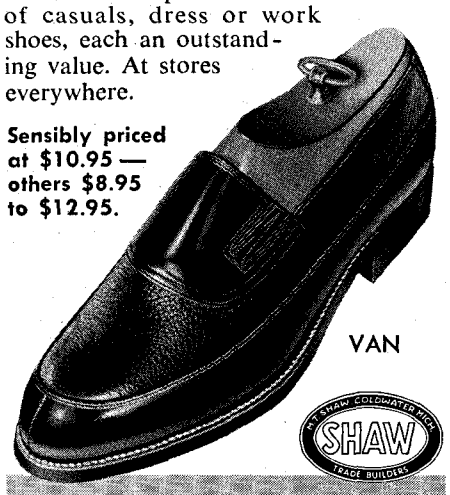

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come here inquiring for Miss Holiday Hicks. For some reason, that deepened his dark mood. He didn't want Bongo Harrison fooling around Miss Holiday Hicks.

Sunday was a cheerless day. Lance read the Sunday papers in the hall bedroom he'd rented on Q Street. He had a lonesome snack at a lunch counter; then got into his battered coupé and moodily drove along Constitution Avenue, looking at the sights. He was on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial when he saw a convertible with the top down go around the circle and head for the lush hills of Virginia. At the wheel was Bongo Harrison; beside him was Miss Holiday Hicks.

Well, that did it, Lance concluded. Not only had they shanghaied him away from his company and shut him up in a cell in the Pentagon; they'd given him for a secretary a shameless hussy who went out with fat wolves like Bongo Harrison! Lancelot Stubbs was getting out of here! He didn't know how just yet, but he, by Godfrey, was going to find a way!

It was midnight and he was still awake in his hall bedroom when the first glimmer of an idea came to him. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but it stemmed from something he'd seen in those confounded files he'd been reading. He'd track it down tomorrow.

When Holly Hicks arrived on Monday morning Lance was already hard at work. A voluminous file was open on his desk and he was industriously scribbling on a pad, pausing now and then to consult the file. The sight cheered Holly—Lance was beginning to get interested, she thought. Yesterday, after she'd consented to go riding with Willie Harrison, she'd managed to convince him that it would be the best for all concerned if he abandoned his practice of dropping into the office off C Ring with his propositions. Willie had been surprisingly easy to convince, she'd found.

"Good morning, captain," she said brightly now. "You seem busy this morning. What's up? Some front-office flap?"

"A flap of my own, Miss Hicks," Lance answered, not looking up. "I shall have a letter to be typed presently."

"What kind of a letter?" Holly asked suspiciously. "And call me Holly, please. I am not trained to answer to Miss Hicks. You may as well get used to the idea, captain."

"Miss Hicks will do adequately," Lance said, keeping his eyes off her so that his resolve wouldn't weaken. "The letter is an official letter which I shall process myself."

It was fifteen minutes later when he threw down his pencil and shoved the scribbled draft across his desk. "You may type it in final, Miss Hicks. And do not forget the colored routing sheet."

Holly ran her eyes down the draft, then started as though she'd been jabbed with a needle. What Lance had just given her was a voluminous paper, impeccable with all of the useless verbiage he'd been able to think of, which ended with a recommendation that Capt. Lancelot Stubbs be relieved from duty in the Pentagon at once and returned to his former station and assignment at Fort McKuhn. Holly drew her breath in sharply.

"You can't do this," she said in a firm voice.

"The heck I can't." Lance gave her an enigmatic look. "You'd be surprised how much I've learned about this place since I've been here, Miss Hicks. When I get that nice salmon-colored routing sheet all decorated up with initials, five will get you ten that it will go through the front office slick as a whistle. Nobody ever reads anything around here—they just look to see if a paper has got enough initials on its cover sheet."

"And just who will initial this?" Holly demanded.

"I will, Miss Hicks," Lance said, giving her a brief and crooked grin in spite of himself. "I'm going for a cup of coffee. I will start initialing when I get back."

As soon as Lance had gone, Holly grabbed up the penciled draft and headed down the corridor for Pat Kilday's office. The latter looked up from her desk, piled high with its Monday-morning accumulation of papers.

"Hi, doll," she said to Holly. "You look shook. What's up—the natives growing restless in the hills again?"

Holly slapped the draft down. "Take a look!" she said.

Pat did. "H'm-m-m," she observed finally. "Could be that your boy's got a stroke of genius in him, honey. I once heard of a character in this shop who promoted himself clear up to bird colonel that-a-way. It seems that nobody happened to notice that whenever he recommended any of his peons for promotion he'd always include himself in. Worked real neat."

"You mean he recommended himself for promotion and signed it himself and nobody ever noticed?" Holly demanded.

"Yup," Pat said placidly. "You'd be surprised just how much stuff people don't read around here. Your boy must have dug the idea up out of those old files you've been feeding him. Well, what do we do next, chum?"

"We slap him with a real paper to work on for a change," Holly said with crisp decision. "The trouble is that the big lug hasn't had anything to keep him busy. That's given him time to think up such sneaky little ideas as this. I want something to keep him occupied, Pat, while I stall on this confounded letter of his."

Pat's face clouded. "I told you, hon, that the colonel would murder me if I ——"

"Look," Holly said urgently, "the colonel isn't going to know anything about it, because Lance won't really be working on the action at all—he'll just think he is. After I've got him quieted down, I'll snitch the paper back again and give it to you and nobody will ever know the difference."

Pat wavered. "O.K.," she said finally. "I'll take a chance." She fished a thick staff study with a poisonous green cover sheet out of the pile on her desk. "This ought to hold him—the Navy sent it over. It's called: Loss of Career Personnel, Prevention of, and everybody in the division's been shunning it like it had smallpox. It won't be missed if it disappears for a few days."

"Good," Holly said crisply as she reached for the thing. "And slap a suspension date on it so he'll have to work nights. I don't want him running around loose at night, anyway."

When Lance got back from the coffee bar he found his desk cluttered with a fresh batch of files, memoranda, references and assorted regulations. In the middle of the mess was a thick staff study topped by a green routing sheet.

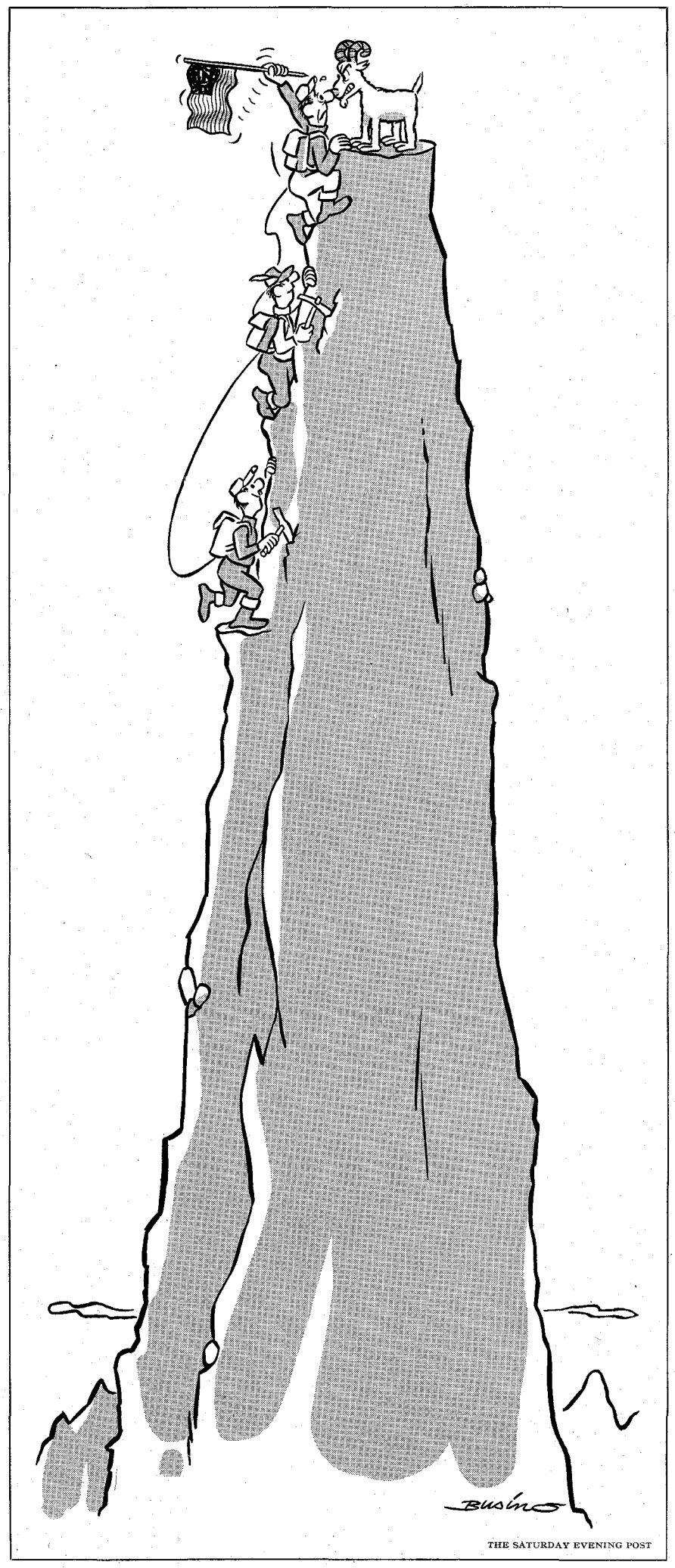
Holly stopped whanging away at her typewriter long enough to say guilelessly, "The front office is in a terrific rush for our recommendations on that paper, captain. Since things are slack in here right now, they thought you could give it your entire attention."

"What about that staff study of my own?" Lance asked darkly.

"I'll try to sandwich it in," Holly said demurely. "After all, a few days more or less. . . . Oh, I got the files and everything out so that you could get right at Loss of Career Personnel, Prevention of, captain. I believe the general's personally interested in the subject and anxious to see our solution."

"Humph!" Lance said suspiciously and picked up the green-bound document. In spite of himself he began to get interested as he read. Presently he reached for a pencil. . . .

It was late on the following Thursday night when they finished—Holly had tactfully seen to it that Lance would need the help of a stenographer during the preceding evenings. It hadn't been too hard, because she'd found that Capt. Lancelot Stubbs had some pretty firm—if radical—ideas on the subject of Loss of Career Personnel, Prevention of, and since he figured that he was practically on his way back to Fort McKuhn anyway, he'd really let his hair down. Even a major general (*Continued on Page 114*)



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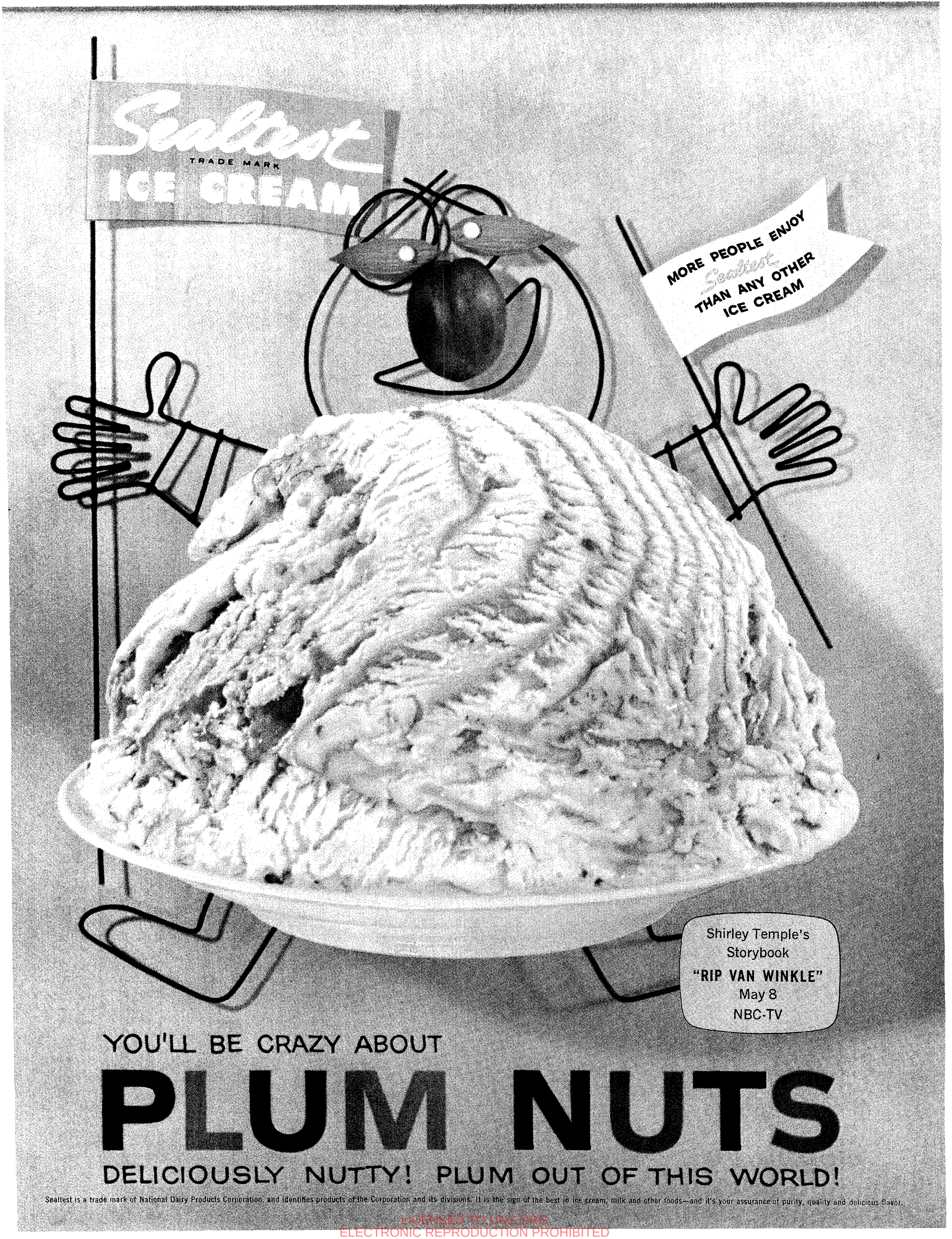

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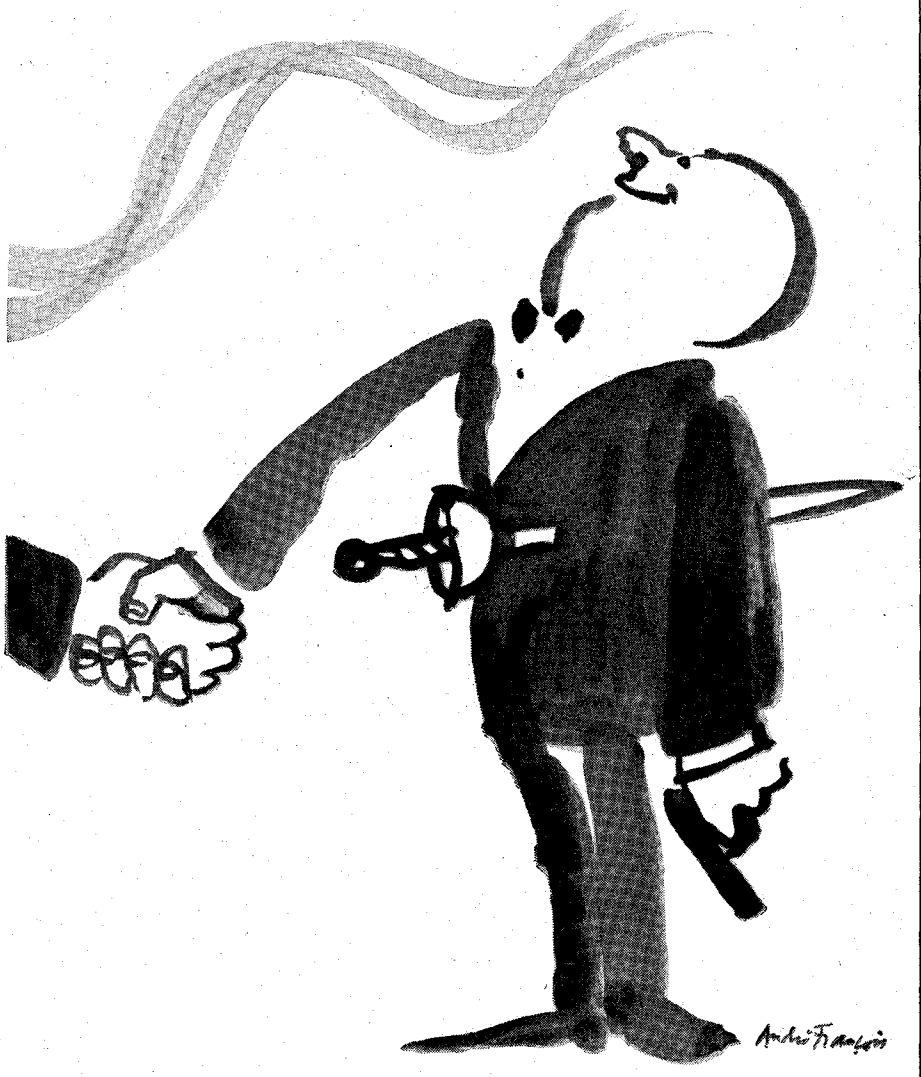

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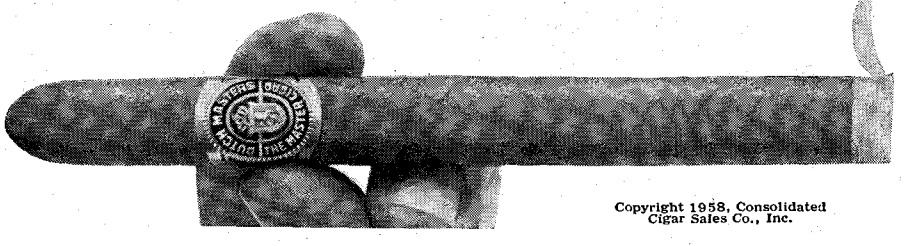

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(*Continued from Page 112*) would have hesitated to use some of the language he'd used in his comments, and the anguished screams that would arise when his effort was read would, he surmised, shake this concrete mausoleum to its foundations.

Holly surmised the same thing as she finished typing the final page at eleven o'clock. The paper was doggone good, she knew, but you didn't go around calling spades spades in that blunt fashion on the staff—not unless you wanted to start breathing through a gash in your throat, you didn't. The first thing tomorrow morning she'd return that confounded green paper to Pat Kilday and burn Capt. Lancelot Stubbs' comments thereon—if they hadn't ignited themselves through spontaneous combustion by then, she decided as she neatly stacked them in a pile on her desk and went to powder her nose.

On the whole, she was thinking complacently as she came back a few minutes later, her little scheme had been successful. No mention had been made of Lance's letter for the last couple of days; more important, the evenings they had spent together on Loss of Career Personnel, Prevention of, had dented Lance's shyness considerably.

Drinking coffee together at midnight had encouraged a certain intimacy, and last night Lance had even driven her home. She'd said that she had a headache and had suggested that a detour by way of the Tidal Basin and Hains Point might help. Lance hadn't protested, but, to her disgust, had failed to propose that they stop on the point for a little to watch the moon go down. Nevertheless, she thought he'd been on the verge of doing so and tonight could be different. Yes, things could look worse.

Now she turned into the cubbyhole off C Ring again to find Lance sitting with his feet on his desk and a smug look on his freckled face. The pile of papers, topped by the green wrapper, was no longer on her own desk, Holly saw with a startled glance.

"Where's Loss of Career Personnel, Prevention of, captain?" she asked with a sudden premonition stabbing her.

The smug look deepened on Lance's face. "Took it up and dumped it in the general's basket," he said.

Holly gave him a shocked stare. "Good grief!" she told him hollowly. "You don't do things that way around here, Lance! The colonel's got to approve it first and then —— Praise be, you told me about it so that I can go get it again and ——"

"You can't," Lance said flatly. "On my way out I clicked the general's door shut so that that light-fingered Harrison couldn't get his paws on it. That's my paper and it goes the way I wrote it, Miss Hicks, and let the chips fall where they may!"

Holly sat down abruptly on the edge of the desk. "Well, that does it," she said in a glum voice. "It's my fault, Lance. By this time tomorrow you'll probably be on your way (*Continued on Page 116*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Mike boasted that he could outdrink any man in the county. Challenged one night, he undertook to swallow a quart of whisky without a pause. He won, but became so ill that he later sued the bar owners.

"They should have stopped me," Mike argued. "They should have known that nobody could drink that much safely. I'd already had a few, or I would have known it. As it was, they were negligent in not warning me."

"We serve men, not boys," the bar owners replied. "Our men customers wouldn't like being told they'd had enough. They'd go somewhere else. It is no part of our business to play nursemaid to the customers."

If you were the judge, would you make the bar owners pay damages to Mike?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The bar owners had to pay. The court said that, knowing Mike intended to drink the whole bottle, they had no business selling him whisky for such a dangerous purpose.

Based upon a 1956 Kentucky decision.

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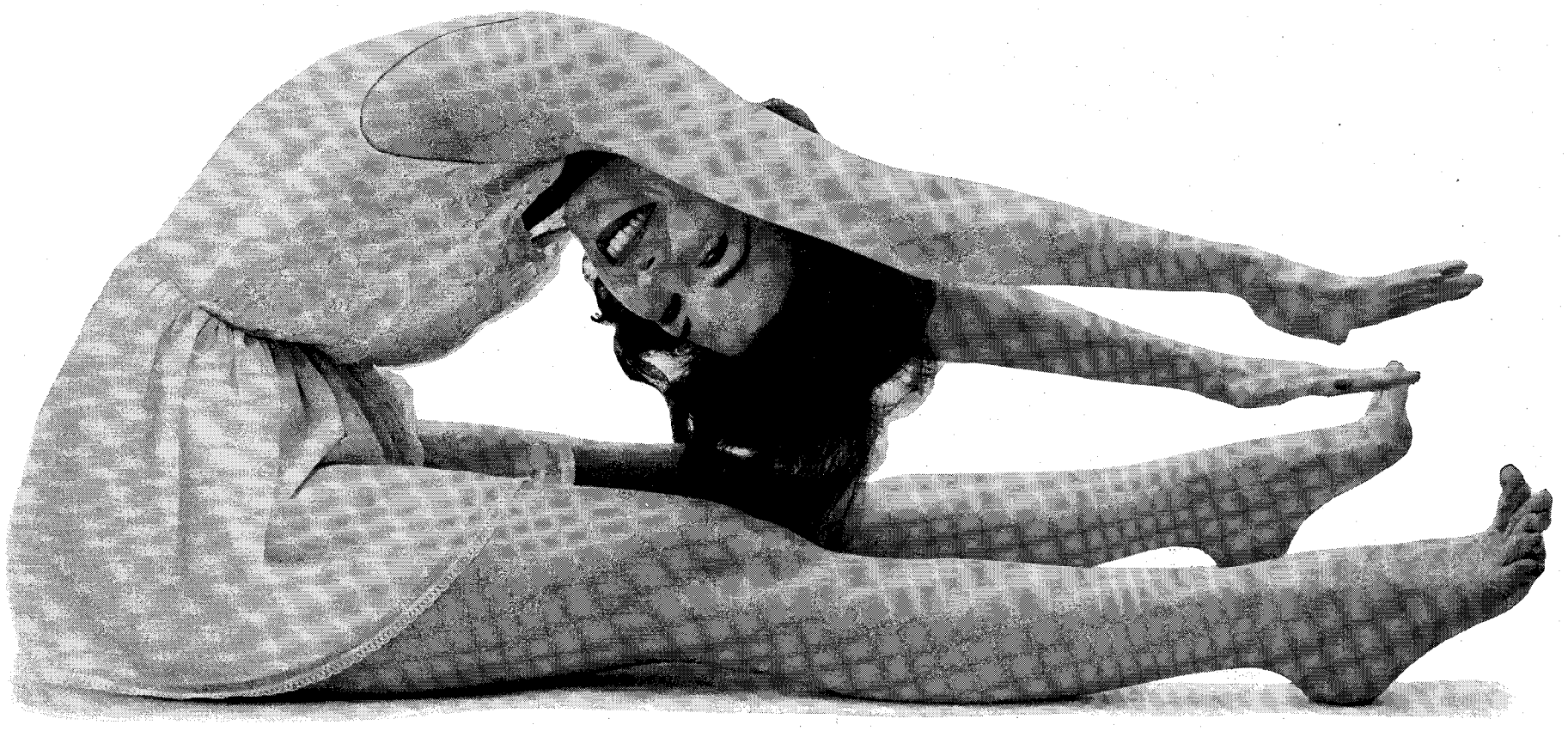
NEW FREEDOM FOR YOUR BACK



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First and only mattress with a built-in bedboard!

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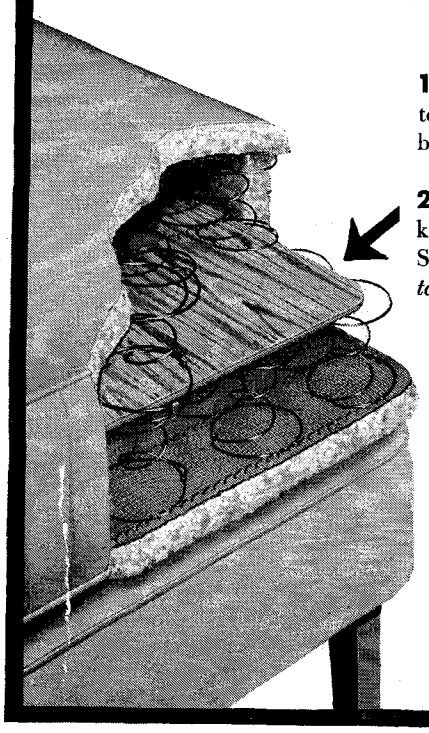

1. Resilient coil support adjusts to your body contours . . . smooth, button-free surface.

2. Built-in Bedboard of plywood, keeps your spine level and straight. Scientific corrective action *up close to your back* where you need it.

3. Extra floating spring support. Bedboard floats on extra layer of springs . . . equalizes weight over all coils. Prevents sag.

PATENT PENDING

Now, for the millions of people who suffer with back problems . . . a new mattress which outmodes all so-called "posture" mattresses.

New Back Care by Simmons

In the first totally new mattress design in 18 years, Simmons places a scientifically engineered *bedboard* in the *center* of the mattress—up close to your back where you need it. Gives you double innerspring *support* both *over and under* the bedboard.

Requested . . . supervised . . . approved by doctors. The Back Care was designed as a result of medical demand. Orthopedists were consulted on its construction . . . and a panel of orthopedists tried it for themselves and their patients . . . *gave it their complete approval.*

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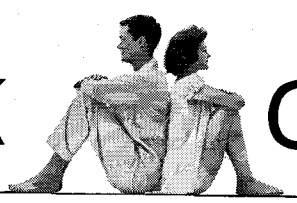

BACK CARE

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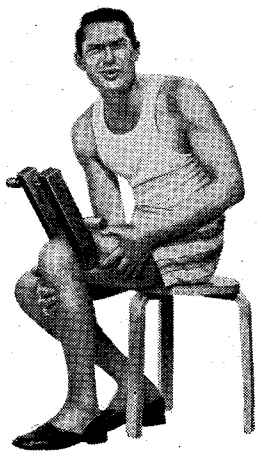

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If your muscles are stiff and sore from overexercise, here's *fast* relief.

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(*Continued from Page 114*) to Siberia. That paper was never supposed to come in here in the first place. I just borrowed it from Pat Kilday to get your mind off transferring away from here. Now it looks as though I've just made sure that you'll go."

Lance blinked. "Uh, you mean that you don't want me to go?" he asked a little incredulously. "What about Bongo? I saw you riding with him in his convertible last Sunday and ——"

"Bongo can go jump in the Potomac!" Holly said in a choked voice and departed to powder her nose again. Lance stared at her retreating back with his mouth a little open.

He took her home later in the ancient coupé, but neither had much to say. Without comment Lance headed for Hains Point again and this time he stopped, and what happened next was unpremeditated, but quite satisfactory to both of them. Later, Holly pulled back a little so that she could see Lance's crooked grin in the last of the moonlight. The grin looked unrepentant.

"Anyway," he told her, "I had a heck of a lot of fun writing it, Siberia or not, Miss Hicks."

"Holly," Holiday corrected him gently. "Since you've been kissing me for the last five minutes, we can consider ourselves as introduced, don't you think?"

It was midmorning on Friday when the expected phone call came. Holly answered, said, "Yes, sir," in a hollow voice and turned to where Lance sat with his feet on his now uncluttered desk. "The general wants to see you in his office, Lance. This is it, I guess."

"So here goes nothing," Lance grunted and headed for the corridor. In the general's outer office Bongo Harrison leered and said, "Go on in, pal. The guillotine's waiting."

Lance said between his teeth, "Remind me to flush you down the drain when I come back, fat boy," and went on in.

The general was a rough-looking character with bushy eyebrows and gullies in his face. Lance turned out a snappy salute and the general glared back across his desk. In front of him lay Loss of Career Personnel, Prevention of, in its poisonous green cover. The general pointed a thumb at it.

"You write the comments on that thing?" he demanded in a voice that sounded as though he had a mouthful of broken glass.

"Yes, sir," Lance admitted, his knees beginning to knock a little in spite of himself. "I wrote them."

The general's glower became faintly genial. "Best damn paper I've seen since I got shanghaied into this dump. Why can't some of the other people around here call a spade a spade once in a while? Eh? Answer me that, captain!"

"Sir, I don't know," Lance said dazedly.

"Move your stuff up here," the general snapped. "I need a new aide—I'm shipping that confounded Harrison off to Alaska, where he can play yes-man to the polar bears. What I want around here is somebody to keep the rest of these professional staff wallahs off my neck. You're it, young feller! Get it?"

"Yes, sir," Lance mumbled. Well, there went his chance to get back to his company at Fort McKuhn, he thought glumly. Then he suddenly remembered Miss Holiday Hicks and watching the moon at Hains Point last night and his spirits lifted a little. "Does the general mind if I bring my secretary?" he asked.

"She pretty?"

"Like a little heifer in a clover patch, general."

"Consarn it, boy," the general roared, "don't just stand there! Go fetch her along!"

America's First "Boom" Town (Continued from Page 44)

authorities on Swedish history, water wheels, snuff manufacture, flour making, papermaking and, above all, the grinding of black gun powder as it was carried out a century ago. Most of them work in a handsome three-story stone textile mill that was an advanced industrial establishment in 1814, and another twenty employees care for the surrounding grounds.

This building is now the Hagley Museum, devoted to the industrial history of the Brandywine valley and, indirectly, to the industrial history of America. The museum takes its name from the land on which it stands, a tract called the Hagley Yards, where developed some of the early industry of America. The grounds extend over 185 acres on both sides of the river—a natural park covering the site of the first Du Pont powder works, dotted with the ruins of old powder mills, magazines and machine shops. There are thirty-four of these structures in the grounds, most of them built between 1800 and 1850, and almost as many in an adjoining tract not yet opened to the public. Visitors generally approach the Hagley Museum from downtown Wilmington, driving out Pennsylvania Avenue—which runs into Kennett Pike—turning right at Rising Sun Lane or Barley Mill Road (Route 141) just beyond the city limits. These roads reach the Brandywine in about a mile, and at the creek a blacktop road leads upstream to the museum, which is open to the public every day except Monday.

On one side of the museum itself the Brandywine foams over rapids and falls, or eddies before the next milldam. On the other side of the ancient building the millrace reflects the trees and shrubs planted in what was once a busy factory yard.

Inside the museum there is a big relief map showing the location of old water-power mills along the Brandywine. Map lights are synchronized with a tape-recorded account of the early industrial history of the creek. Beyond this exhibit there is a small working model of a grist-mill built by the first Swedish settlers in Delaware, a cast-iron water turbine, dug out of the ruins of an 1820 powder mill, and two models of water-powered flour mills. One demonstrates the original method of manufacture, using much man-power. The other is a four-by-eight-foot model with hundreds of working parts, the amazing, almost automatic factory that Oliver Evans invented in 1783. Evans' mill required only two men in a four-story factory building. The grain was moved by endless chains and conveyors, an automatic hopper-boy spread and cooled the meal, and the process was so efficient that no fundamental change has been introduced since Evans' time.

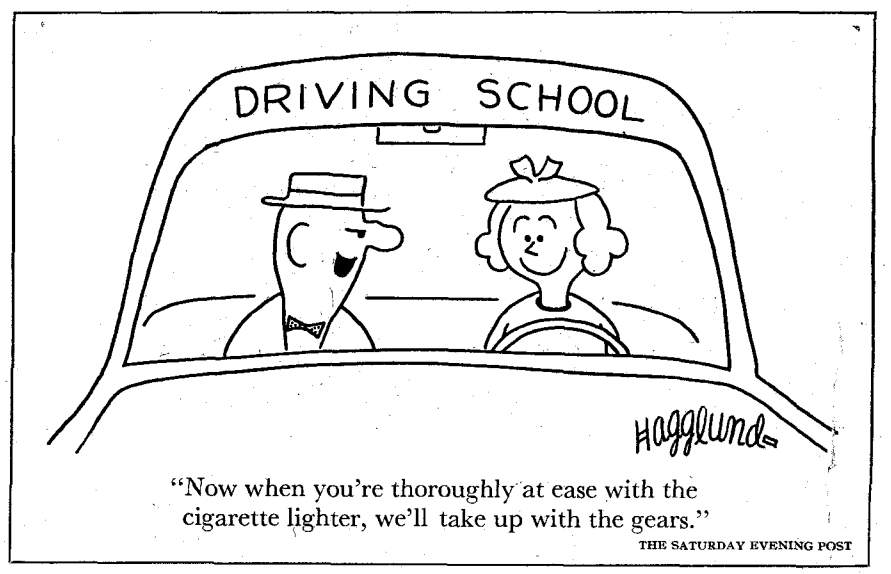
Half a dozen other exhibits touch on the high lights of Brandywine history, like the paper mill in which Thomas Gilpin developed the process of making paper in continuous rolls, a short distance down the little river from Du Pont's first mill. On the strength of its indoor exhibits, the Hagley Museum is no more than a welcome addition to the few institutions devoted to preserving America's industrial past. But outside, around the old mills and machine shops, the industrial history of the country becomes a living reality. Its setting makes the Hagley Museum the greatest of all industrial museums. The Brandywine valley was one of the major industrial centers of the United States from Washington's administration to Lincoln's. Before the Revolution there were at least 130 water-power mills churning along the Brandywine.

At the peak of its productive life the creek was lined with mills from Rebecca Furnace, in the Welsh Mountains of Pennsylvania (built in 1746), to Oliver Canby's flour mill in Wilmington (built in 1742). But the heart of this early industrial empire was in the region now enclosed in the Hagley Museum grounds. Paths and winding roads lead past a mile-long row of crumbling powder mills, twenty-one in all.

Across the creek, downstream from the museum, stands Walker's Mill, once a major textile plant, a superb example of early industrial architecture, now the workshop of the Hagley Museum modelmakers.

Upstream is the site of the first cotton mill on the creek, built by Jacob Broom, a signer of the Constitution, who sold his millsite to Eleuthère Du Pont in 1802 to speed the production of gunpowder the young nation desperately needed.

Eleuthère Irénée Du Pont was thirty-one years old when he arrived at the Brandywine to build his first black-powder mill. President Thomas Jefferson promised him a Government order if he succeeded. Alexander Hamilton per-



"Now when you're thoroughly at ease with the cigarette lighter, we'll take up with the gears."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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sonally urged the Delaware legislature to help Du Pont get started.

The reason for their support was elementary—the manufacture of gunpowder had been forbidden in colonial times, and the Revolution was fought with ammunition stolen, smuggled, captured or manufactured in improvised plants. And Du Pont, though he came to the United States as a botanist, intending to start an agricultural colony of French refugees in Virginia, had worked in the royal arsenal at a time when France excelled the rest of the world in powder making.

According to James Du Pont, a descendant who sometimes lectures to Du Pont employees on the firm's history, one reason why Eleuthère Du Pont settled on the Brandywine was that a number of French *émigrés* lived nearby, and Eleuthère couldn't speak English. "In other industries it didn't make so much difference if a workman didn't understand an order the instant it was given," says James Du Pont, "but in black-powder making everybody involved had to understand everybody else or they would all be dead."

Du Pont built his mills in pairs, with a large water wheel between them. Workmen charged each mill with saltpeter (75%), sulphur (15%) and charcoal (10%). When a gate was opened in a millrace above the mill, the water poured over the wheel, and the shaft revolved in the mills on both sides. The mixture of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal was ground to a dust-fine black powder. After opening the gate of the millrace, the workmen walked away. The mills were built with three walls of heavy stone. The fourth wall, facing the stream, was of light wooden construction, as was the roof. In the event of an explosion, the force was dissipated upward and outward over the water to avert damage to the other mills and injury to the crew.

One reason why old mills remained standing on the Brandywine was that water power continued to be used in making explosives long after steam was used in making everything else. Steam had little to offer an industry that dreaded fire. The other reasons were more complex. In addition to producing corn meal, nails, snuff, paper for bank notes, patented hay cutters and vast quantities of other goods, the Brandywine mills also produced superb scenery. Nineteenth-century visitors from all over the United States and Europe made pilgrimages to the manufacturing area, exclaiming over the vistas of green woods, rushing water and busy factories.

These earnest sight-seers set out from Wilmington on foot, passing the thirteen flour mills that made the city the foremost flour producer of the New World, then visited the Old Barley Mill, one of the oldest in America, paused at Isaac Jones' Snuff Factory, and followed a path along the stream to the Gilpin Paper Mill. The Gilpins carried hospitality to lengths that would stagger a modern public-relations department. They provided lemonade for all visitors, left the icehouse open for their use, as well as a greenhouse and a garden of lemon trees, and trained thirty women employees in neat starched aprons to conduct the daily crowds through the plant.

Powder making at the Du Pont yards beyond Gilpin's mill was too dangerous for visitors to be allowed in the grounds, but they were permitted to view the works from the balcony of the Du Pont home. The idyllic period of Brandywine manufacturing when such practices prevailed—from about 1820 to 1850—surrounded the mills with traditions that helped prevent their going the usual way of outdated factories in the United States.

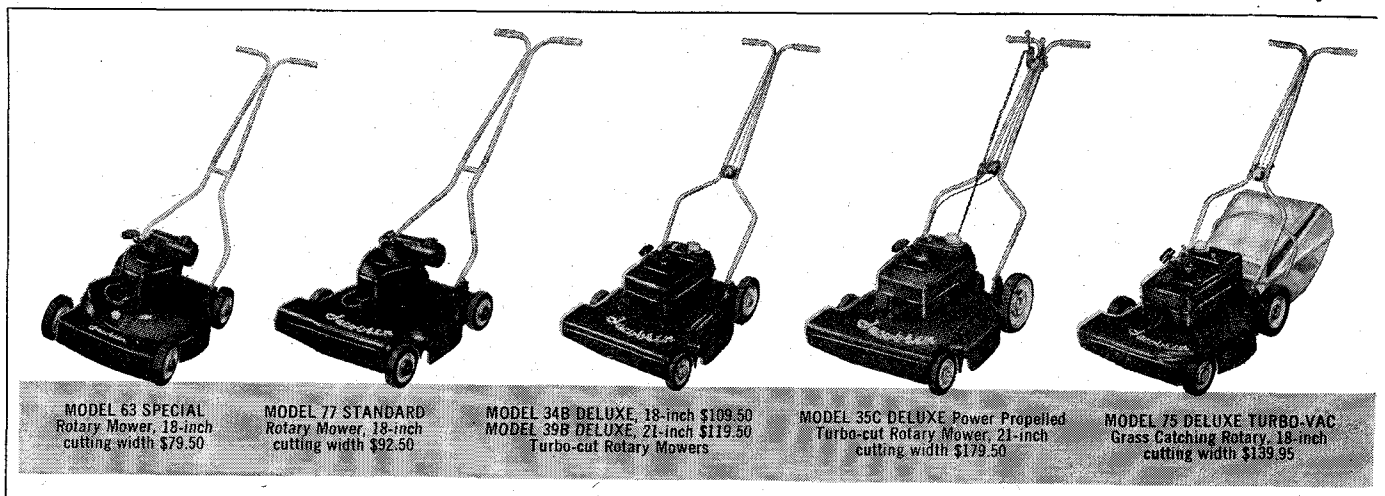
Finally, the Brandywine itself contributed an atmosphere that preserved the past. The lovely greenish-gold stream, "dashing and foaming like mineral waters sparkling with fixed air," was a favorite subject for painters and poets; novels like George Lippard's Blanche of Brandywine

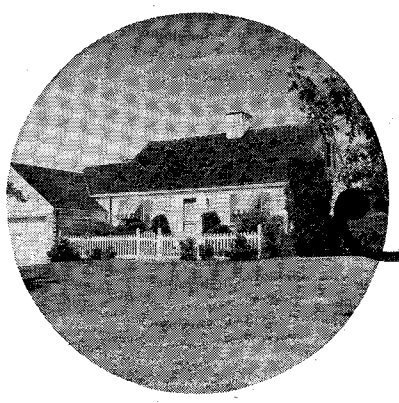
Prize Hen

By R. H. GRENVILLE

Look, oh look, oh look at
her!
Self-important dowager,
Scuffing with her narrow
toes,
Looking down her yellow
nose,
Clucking, to her dowdy kin,
At the state the world is in.

How she scolds me through
the wire—
Loafer, in my town attire;
Useless human who should
dare
Fix her with my foolish
stare,
Too dumb to fathom what
is what,
Or lay an egg, as like as
not!





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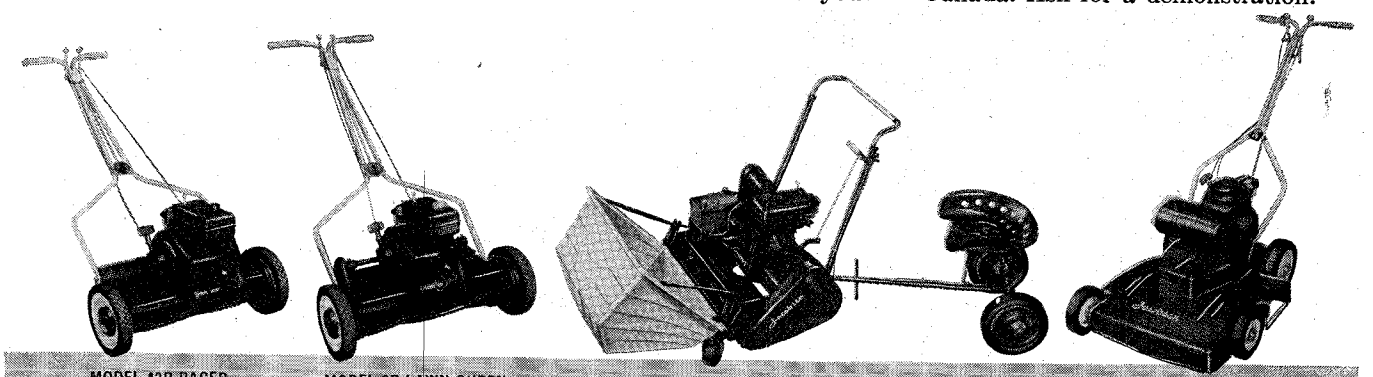

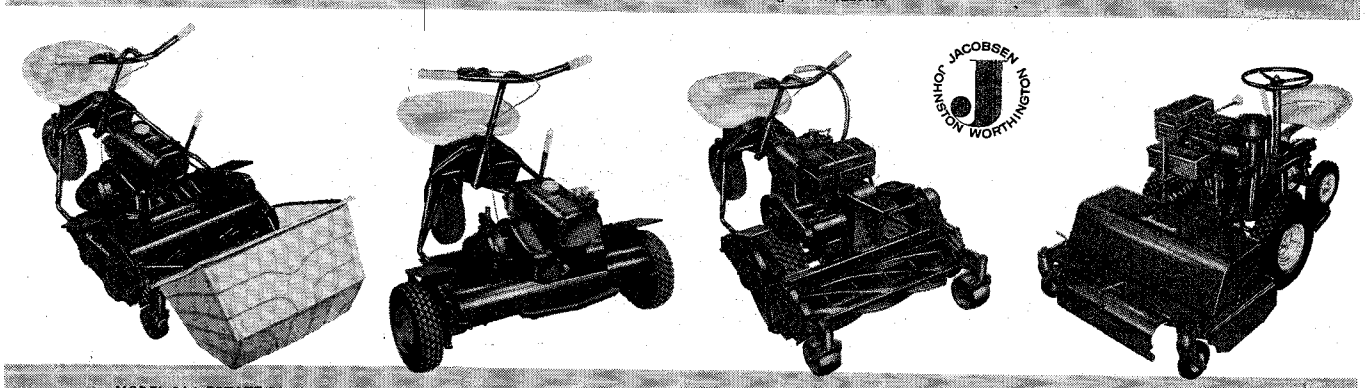

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COURTESY, STEELWELD MACHINERY DIV.
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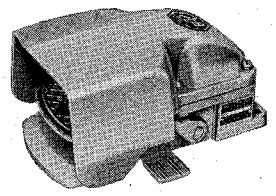

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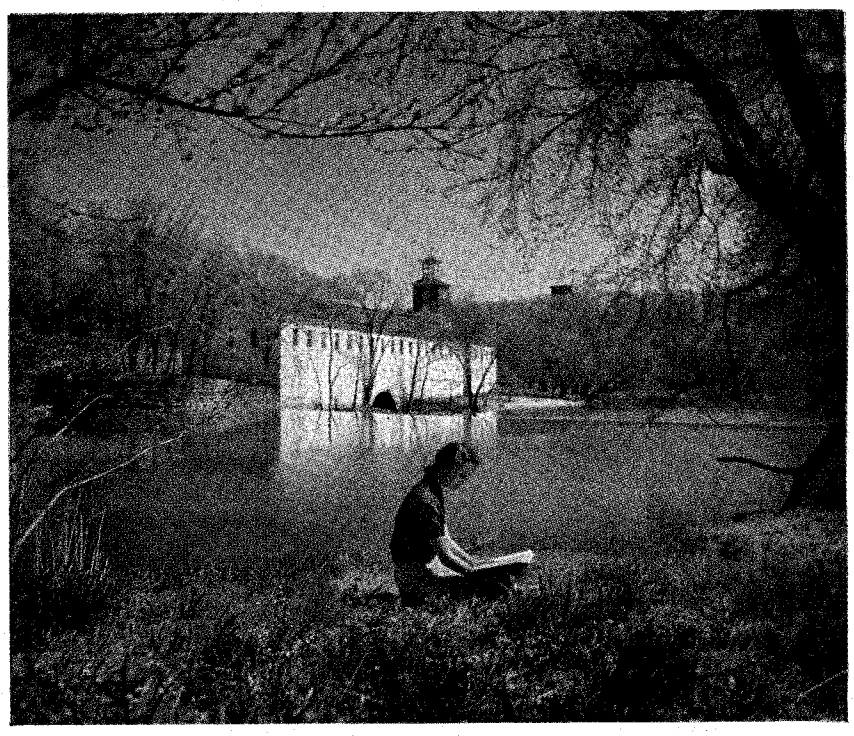
were written about it, and the volumes of local historians who tramped along its banks make a sizable shelf. The pirate, Blackbeard, supposedly buried gold on the riverbank. Du Pont paid only $6740 for ninety-five acres, but it is on record that $40,000 was paid for a small rocky tract believed to contain the pirate's booty.

In more practical terms, the Brandywine drops 124 feet in its last five miles. "The Brandywine is a small river, but it is very powerful, even by modern standards of industrial power," says John McCoy, the first president of the museum. A Du Pont vice president, McCoy headed the high-explosives division of the firm when gunpowder was still manufactured on the river. The power of the stream was so constant that several of its mills profitably operated with antique water wheels within the last three decades. Thompson's Gristmill on the upper Brandywine ran from 1823 until it was destroyed by fire in 1940.



The valley of the Brandywine in Delaware has become a vast outdoor museum depicting American industry as it appeared more than one hundred years ago.

For all these reasons, sentimental, traditional and practical, the old mills survived along the little river. When manufacturing finally ceased in the original Du Pont works in 1921, there was no thought of razing the abandoned plants. Still, no one had a plan for using them. The real estate had grown fantastically valuable with the building of great estates above the river. Ownership was scattered among several members of the Du Pont family.

When the Du Pont company came to celebrate its 150th anniversary in 1952, it had become the world's largest chemical company, with seventy-four plants in twenty-six states, 90,000 employees, 170,000 shareholders, and sales of about $2,000,000,000 a year. A ceremony was held on the spot where Eleuthère Irénée Du Pont built his first mill. It was not elaborate: Walter Carpenter, chairman of the board, placed a plaque on a seven-ton grinding wheel, and Crawford Greenewalt, president, briefly reviewed the history of the firm. But 7000 spectators unexpectedly swarmed to the scene. The visitors prowled through the brick tunnel of the original saltpeter refinery, investigated the subterranean furnaces where willow branches were once converted to charcoal, and climbed into the powder rolling mills that stand like a row of prehistoric monuments. The lesson was unmistakable: Early American industry was a hit.

Sporadic attempts had been made to do something with the grounds, but they came to nothing. After the anniversary celebration, Crawford Greenewalt again approached the Du Pont family. "Most museums start with a collection," says Doctor Heacock, "but this one started with an idea." The primary need was to take care of the grounds, and the objective was to establish some sort of museum. A foundation was set up, financed by the income from a $6,000,000 trust fund given by the company. Mrs. Francis Crowninshield (the sister of Henry Francis Du Pont, who built the famous museum of early American decorative art, Winterthur, nearby) gave ninety acres enclosing the first Du Pont works. Among other major donors were Mr. and Mrs. J. Simpson Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Lammont Copeland. Other heirs donated or willed their property, the Du Pont company gave another twenty acres, until the Hagley Museum grounds now cover 185 acres. As parks and museums go, that is an extensive tract. It is four times the size of the historic Common in Boston.

The foundation was set up with six trustees, all members of the Du Pont family except McCoy. Actual operations began with McCoy and Luther Reed, the director, studying the relics to see what remained that could be used. As the greatest industrial power on earth, the United States has strangely neglected its industrial history. There are 3000 museums in the country, but only six are industrial museums. The achievements of Honus Wagner in baseball are properly enshrined in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, but the work of industrial pioneers like Oliver Evans is known only to scholars.

So far as members of the Du Pont family were concerned, there was no question of their interest. As part of their inheritance they absorbed the history of the Brandywine works. Young Eleuthère Irénée Du Pont, the great-great-great-grandson of the founder, says he cannot remember a time when he was not aware of the picturesque riverside grounds where the family fortunes began. In his childhood in the mid-'20's, they impressed him as exotic—"a garden with

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ruins in it." Like most of the family, he knew the landmarks—the place where Alexis Du Pont was killed in an explosion while dismantling a mill, in 1857; the old office that Henry Du Pont, an ex-West Pointer, ruled with an iron hand from 1850 to 1889, permitting no secretary on the premises and writing some 6000 letters a year in his own hand.

The present-day Eleuthère Du Pont—who is secretary of the foundation running the Hagley Museum—summed up family sentiment by saying the purpose of the museum should be simple: To preserve a very beautiful part of the country and to perpetuate an important part of the history of the nation.

When it came to dramatizing that importance to the public, "we had to get somebody to help us." Doctor Heacock had gained experience in early industrial techniques in supervising the craft shops in Williamsburg. He drafted a sort of static scenario in which industrial relics were the actors—not merely the Du Pont works but the whole Brandywine industrial complex of which they were a part. The trustees accepted the proposal and sent it to Walter Dorwin Teague, the industrial designer.

Teague's layout provides eventually for a sequence of exhibits that will reach from the first Indian-corn mills to modern industry. It was when detailed historical research began on the models that the national importance of the first Brandywine factories became evident. The techniques that were developed there quickly radiated out through the nation. Oliver Evans' brother was demonstrating Evans' automatic factory to millers in Virginia almost as soon as it was perfected. Two Quaker mechanics studied the Gilpin Paper Mill and launched the Red Stone Paper Mill, the first west of the Alleghenies. Du Pont's method of making powder was copied all over the country. By 1809 there were fifty-three powder mills in Virginia alone, and Du Pont sued Brown, Page and Company of Richmond, alleging that their superintendent, who had previously worked on the Brandywine, had stolen $10,000 worth of their machinery, "on which the superiority of their gunpowder greatly depended."

In the event, the museum staff found itself involved with the history of American industry as a whole. The Eleutherian Mills-Hagley Foundation was incorporated as a broad-gauge scientific, charitable and educational organization. Its powers are as sweeping as those of a college. Under certain circumstances it could grant degrees.

Research in American industrial history done at the museum is now regularly credited for graduate work at the University of Delaware. The charter of the foundation provides that similar fellowships, scholarships and courses in the history of science and industry can be established anywhere in the United States whenever its growth—and finances—permit.

Of all forms of historical research, industrial history is perhaps the most exacting. Fast-growing American industry usually scraps its equipment every decade, and mislays the blueprints. The model of the Swedish gristmill in the Hagley Museum was made from drawings found in the Royal Archives in Stockholm. Some 200 ledgers dating from 1802 in the Hagley Museum library have been combed for physical details of forgotten industrial operations—the weight of iron in a seventeen-foot water wheel (17,000 pounds), or the cost of the wooden-pegged shoes that were worn in the powder mills to avoid the danger of sparks.

The modelmakers of the museum include a retired sculptor, an artist who formerly constructed models of stage sets for the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and a young automobile mechanic named James Akerman, who has become the world's authority on Oliver Evans. Over the years Akerman has been building the working model of Evans' automatic factory from the descriptions and drawings in Evans' book, The Young Mill-Wright and Miller's Guide.

Visitors at the museum are struck by the contrast between the first crude mills and the gigantic factories of the modern world. But the essentially American contribution is evident in both. From the first, American industry was distinguished by laborsaving devices, practices to reduce the hazards of work, lower prices, shorter hours and better products. Its message to the world was communicated by self-acting conveyors or factory buildings designed to prevent loss of life—in short, by just such obsolete mills, rusty wheels, broken gears, and bits of historic scrap iron as the Hagley Museum is collecting.

"No one can understand the industrial problems of our own time without a sense of the past of American industry," says a museum official.

The Hagley Museum stands in a region where American industry reached its first maturity, and where the very buildings that have survived are exhibits of a technology inspired by political freedom. The growth of the nation's industry from the time of these beginnings requires no comment. As Doctor Heacock says, "The truth is impressive enough."

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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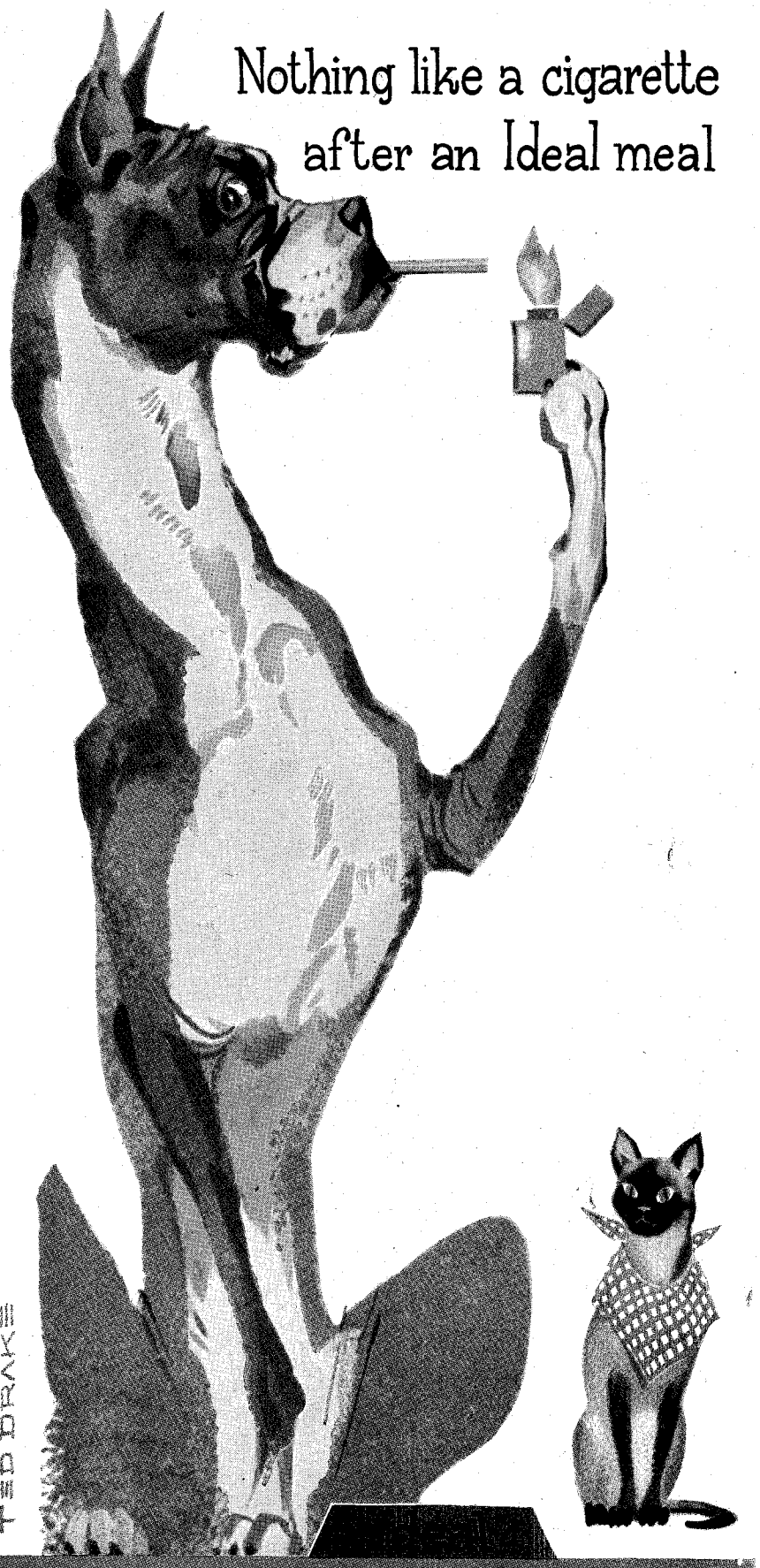

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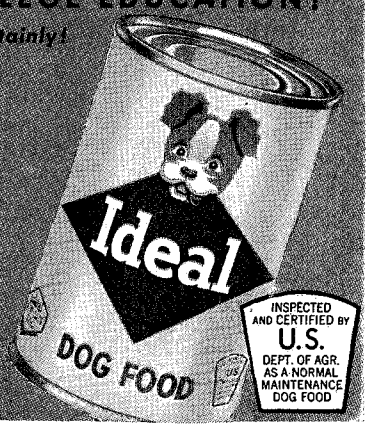

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An Evolutionist Looks at Modern Man

(Continued from Page 29)

before my eyes, populations grew, cities and empires rose and fell, and still man's energy accumulated.

One saw another thing. One saw the armored legions grow and grow until at last continent confronted continent and the powers of death to a world lay in the hands of the descendants of that maned woman and her consort by the fire of sticks.

I hesitated again before those forgotten engines of the past, for it seemed to me that there was lacking here some clue, some vital essence of the creature man, and that I was looking upon stone and polished sword and catapult from some place just a little remote and distorted. "This is the history of man," the caption ran through my head, and at that moment, finally, I knew I was looking at the past through the eyes of a modern twentieth-century American, or for that matter, a Russian. There was no basic difference.

In that whole exhibit were ranged the energies of wheat and fire and oil, but of what man had dreamed in his relations with other men, there was little trace. Yet it is only on paper, or, in human heads, we might say in paraphrase of Shaw, that man has sought successfully to transcend himself, his appetites and his desires. In that great room was scarcely a hint of the most remarkable story of all, the rise of a value-creating animal and the way in which his intangible dreams had been modified and transformed to bring him to the world he faces today.

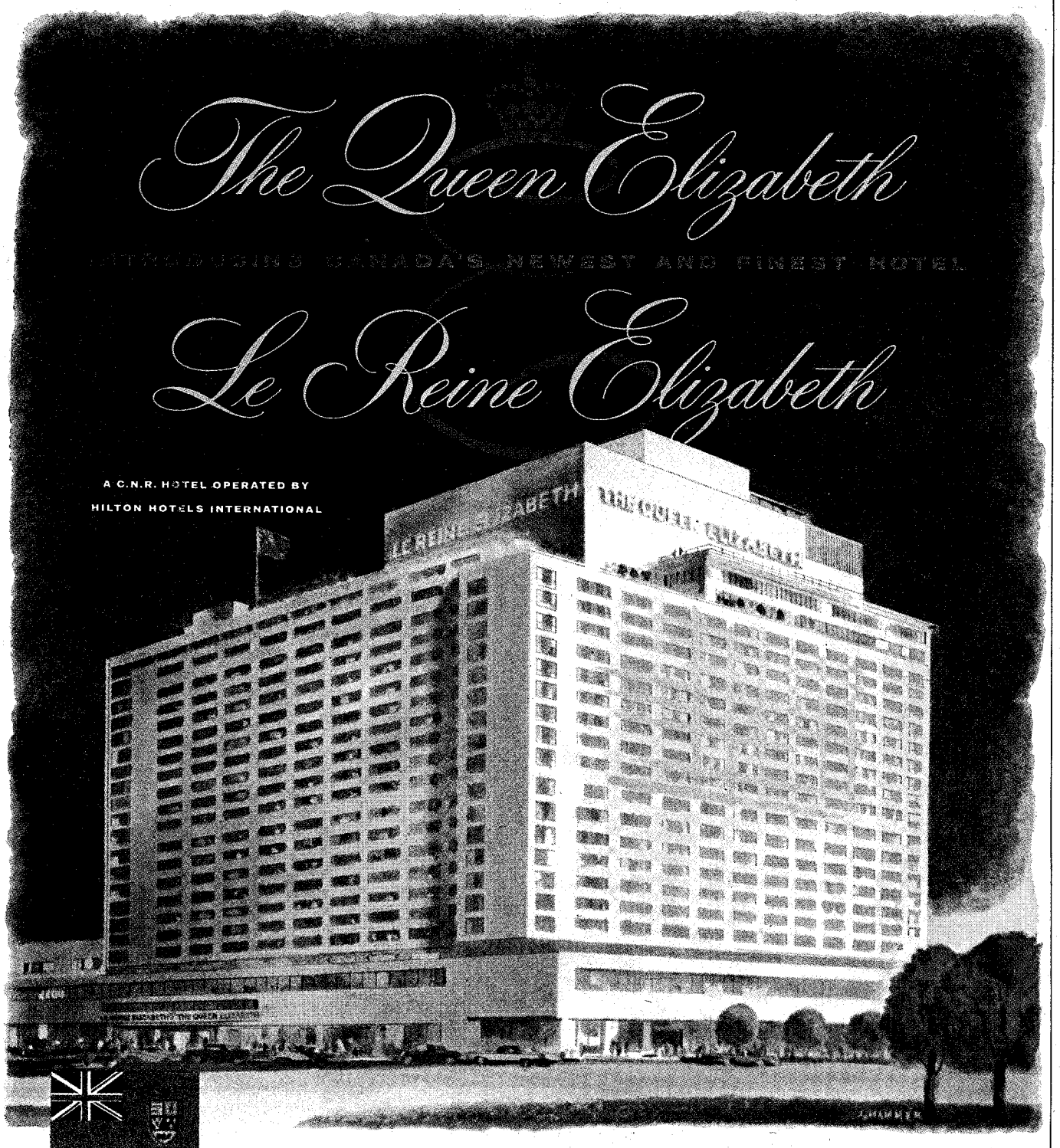
The educated public has come to accept the verdict of science that man, along with the plant and animal world about us, is the product of endless evolutionary divergence and change. In accepting this verdict of science, however, men have frequently failed to inquire in what way human evolution may differ from that of other animals, or by what extra dangers and responsibilities the human brain may be haunted. In the revolt from the fanatical religiosity of past centuries we have too often welcomed with open arms a dogmatic scientific naturalism which, like the devil with Faust, seemed to offer unlimited material power over nature while, at the same time, assuring us that our moral responsibilities were limited and excusable since we were, after all, only the natural evolutionary culmination of a line of apes that chanced to descend upon the ground.

Darwin and his compatriots, struggling to establish for their day a new and quite amazing interpretation of human history, placed great emphasis upon man's relationship to the animal world about him. Indeed, at times they overemphasized man's kinship with the existing apes, partly because of their anxiety to prove the reality of man's descent from lower forms of life, partly because in their lifetime the course of human evolution was very imperfectly known from fossils. The result was that Darwin's own interpretation of the early stages of human evolution wavered between a theory involving an early and Edenlike seclusion on some oceanic island, to a later more ferocious and competitive existence on one of the major continents.

These extremes of interpretation need not concern us now except to illustrate the hesitancy with which Darwin attempted to account for some of the peculiar qualities of man. Today we are well convinced of the general course of man's rise from some ancient anthropoid line. Each year new fossil evidence of this fact is brought to our attention. Each year the public grows more accustomed to this history, feels more at home in the natural world which it casually assumes to be dominated by struggle, by a dog-eat-dog interpretation of existence which descends to us from the Darwinian period.

Some time ago I had a letter from a professional friend of mine commenting upon the education his daughter was receiving at a polite finishing school. "She has been taught," he wrote to me a little sadly, "that there are two kinds of people, the tough- and the tender-minded. Her professor, whose science I will not name, informed her that the tough-minded would survive."

This archaic remark shook me. I knew it was not the product of the great selfless masters of the field, but it betrayed an attitude which demanded an answer. In that answer is contained the whole uniqueness of man. Man has not really survived by toughness in a major sense—even the great evolutionists Darwin and Wallace had had trouble with that aspect of man—instead, he has survived through tenderness. Man in his arrogance may boast that the battle is to the strong, that pity and affection are signs of weakness. Nevertheless, in spite of the widespread popularity of such ideas, the truth is that if man at heart were not a tender creature toward his kind, a loving creature in a peculiarly special way, he would long since have left his bones to the wild dogs that roved the African grasslands where he first essayed the great adventure of becoming human.



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The professor who growled to his class of future mothers about being tough-minded spent a childhood which is among the most helpless and prolonged of any living creature. If our parents had actually practiced certain of the philosophies that now flourish among us, or if our remote ancestors had achieved that degree of sophistication which would have enabled them to discount their social responsibilities for the day's pleasure, we—you and I and all of us—would never have enjoyed the experience of living.

Man, in the achievement of a unique gift—a thinking brain capable of weighing stars or atoms—cannot grow that brain in the nine months before birth. It is, moreover, a peculiarly plastic brain, intended to receive impressions from the social world around it. Instinct, unlike the case in the world of animals, is here reduced to a minimum. This brain must grow and learn, be able to profit by experience. In man much of that growth and learning comes after birth. The result is that the human infant enters the world in a peculiarly helpless and undeveloped condition. His childhood is lengthy because his developing brain must receive a large store of information and ways of behavior from the social group into which it is born. It must acquire the complicated tool of speech.

The demands of learning thus placed upon the human offspring are greater than in any other animal. They have made necessary the existence of a continued family, rather than the casual sex life of many of the lower animals. Although the family differs in many of its minor features in distinct societies, it is always and everywhere marked by its tender and continuing care of the human offspring through the lengthened period of childhood.

The social regulations of all human groups promote the welfare of the young. Man's first normal experience of life involves maternal and paternal care and affection. It continues over the years of childhood. Thus the creature who strives at times to deny the love within himself, to reject the responsibilities to which he owes his own existence, who grows vocal about "tough-mindedness" and "the struggle for existence," is striving to reject his own human heritage. For without the mysteriously increased growth rate of the brain and the correlated willingness of fallible, loving adults to spend years in nursing the helpless offspring they have produced, man would long since have vanished from the earth.

We take the simple facts of human life too much for granted. To the student of human evolution this remarkable and unique adjustment of our peculiar infancy to a lengthened family relationship between adults is one of the more mysterious episodes in the history of life. It is so strange, in fact, that only in one group of creatures—that giving rise to man—has it been successfully developed in the three billion years or so that life has existed on the planet. Family life is a fact that underlies everything else about man—his capacity for absorbing culture, his ability to learn—everything, in short, that enables us to call him human. He is born of love and he exists by reason of a love more continuous than in any other form of life. Yet this, in all irony, is the creature who professes to pierce the shams of life and to live by tough-mindedness!

Let us see how this nascent and once-aspiring creature now lives in great danger of re-entering the specialized trap that his ancestors escaped from ages ago when they evolved a brain capable of abstract thought. "Man is the dwarf of himself," Emerson once wrote, and never, perhaps, has he been more that dwarf than in this age where he appears to wield so much power. The only sign of health remaining to him is the fact that he is still capable of creeping out of the interior of his thickening crust of technological accomplishment to gaze around him with a sense of dissatisfaction and unease.

He has every reason to feel this way. For man has never lived before in so great an age of exterior accomplishment, so tremendous a projection of himself into his machines, nor yet so disheartening a period in all that stands for the nobler aspects of the human dream. His spiritual yearnings to transcend his own evil qualities are dimming as he is constantly reminded of his animal past. His desire to fly away to Mars, still warring, still haunted by his own black shadow, is the adolescent escape mechanism of a creature who would prefer to infect the outer planets with his problems than to master them at home.

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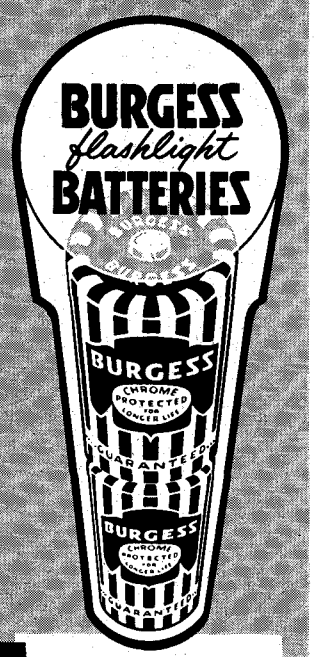

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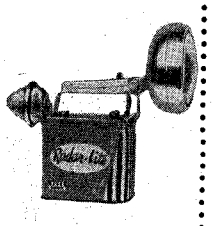

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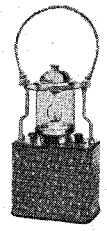

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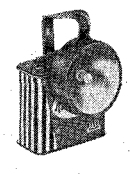

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Even now in the enthusiasm for new discoveries, reported public interviews with scientists tend to run increasingly toward a future replete with more inventions, stores of energy, babies in bottles, deadlier weapons. Relatively few have spoken of values, ethics, art, religion—all those intangible aspects of life which set the tone of a civilization and determine, in the end, whether it will be cruel or humane; whether, in other words, the modern world, so far as its interior spiritual life is concerned, will be stainless steel like its exterior, or display the rich fabric of genuine human experience. The very indifference of many scientists to such matters reveals how far man has already gone toward the world of the "outside," of no memory, of contempt toward all that makes up the human tradition.

"Wars will be fought in space," prophesied a high military authority recently. "Teach children the hard things first." "Ah, but what hard things?" the teacher asks, because youth is shaped in the teaching and becomes what he is taught. Without spiritual insight and generosity, without the ability to rise beyond power and mechanical extensions, man will encounter in place of the nature which gave him birth only that vast, expanding genie rising from his own brain—himself. Nothing more terrible threatens to confront him in his final hour.

It is increasingly plain that if we read the past as a justification for a kind of moral complacency, an animal limit which justifies military remarks such as "man will always fight," we have not read it well. Until man came, it is true, the evolution of life had been an evolution of parts. It had been hook and clutching bur and fang, struggling upward in an age-long effort. Life had been shaped by the blind forces of the inanimate world. All it had that was different was the will to crawl, the will to find the crevice, the niche, the foothold on this mountain of inanimate matter, and to hold its place against the forces which ever seek to disperse and destroy the substance of life. In all that prehuman world there had been no animal capable of looking back or forward. No living creature had wept above another's grave. There had been nothing to comprehend the whole.

For three billion years that rule remained unbroken. At the end of that time there occurred a small soundless concussion. In a sense it was the most terrible explosion in the world, because it forecast and contained all the rest. The corusating heat of atomic fission, the red depths of the hydrogen bomb—all were potentially contained in a little packet of gray matter that, somewhere between about a million and 600,000 years ago, quite suddenly appears to have begun to multiply itself in the thick-walled cranium of a ground-dwelling ape.

The event itself took place in silence, the silence of cells multiplying at an enormous pace under a small bone roof, the silence of some great fungus coming up at night in a forest glade. The eruption had about it the utter unpredictability of nature when she chooses to bypass her accepted laws and to hurtle headlong into some new and unguessed experiment. Even the solar system has now felt the impact of that tiny, soundless explosion. The fact that it was the product of evolutionary forces does not lessen its remarkable quality.

For three billion years, until an ageless watcher might have turned away in weariness, nothing had moved but the slime and its creations. Toward the end of that time a small, unprepossessing animal sat on his haunches by a rock pile on a waste of open ground. He clutched a stick and chewed the end of it meditatively. He was setting the fuse of the great explosion. In his head was the first twinkle of that tenuous rainbow bridge which stretches between earth and the city of the gods.

At that moment the ancestor of man had become the molder of things, rather than their victim, but he had, at the same time, suffered a major loss of instinctive adjustments to life. As the psychologist Jung very aptly remarks: "the forlornness of consciousness in our world is due primarily to the loss of instinct, and the reason for this lies in the development of the human mind over the past eon."

In a recent paper given before the Research Conference on Growth and Aging, my colleague, Dr. W. M. Krogman, remarked that "The mind of man, the learning potential of an evolved cerebral cortex, enabled him to focus upon the *quality* of things rather than mere quantity." Man has become, in other words, a value-creating animal. He sets his own goals and more and more exerts his own will upon recalcitrant matter and the natural forces of the universe. In this activity he has passed from the specialized evolution of the parts of the body to a projection of such "part" evolution upon his machines and implements.

(*Continued on Page 124*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If he could just play one hand by himself."

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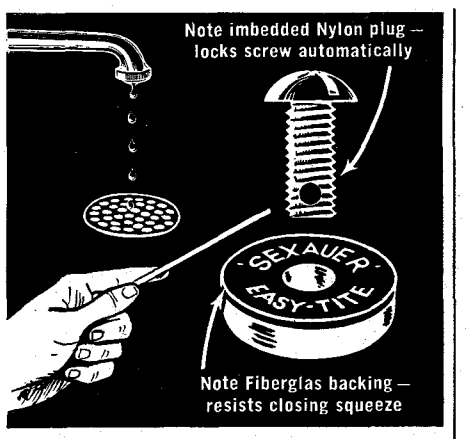
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(*Continued from Page 122*) In this respect man is a unique being. Having achieved high intellectual ability, he may remain comparatively unchanged in structure while all around him other animals are still subjected to the old laws of specialized selection. His brain evolves parts and replaces them, but only upon man's mechanical inventions: his tools. This fact gives man a kind of freedom which none of the crawlers-up-the-mountain ever had. He is, as the philosopher Henri Bergson once remarked, a reservoir of indetermination; his power of choice for good or evil is enormous.

It is here that we come upon what I choose to call the "unnatural" aspect of man; unnatural, that is, in the sense that there is nothing else like it on the planet. Even Darwin confessed that his principle of limited perfection—that is, the conception that life would evolve only sufficiently to maintain itself in competition with other life or to adjust to changes in its environment—had been upset in the case of man. A part, such as a tooth or an eye, could reach perfection only for a given purpose in a particular environment. With man, however, Darwin professed to observe no foreseeable limit to the development of the mental faculties.

Psychology had once regarded human nature as something consisting of separate abilities given to man at the time of creation. Mind was a fixed, unchanging thing that molded history. Now it was to be seen as malleable and moving, subject like the body, though in a different and more mysterious way, to change. Perhaps, indeed, there was no such thing as human nature in the old fixed sense, except the human ability to become what it most desired in terms of the social world in which it existed. As we have seen, the mind's power of choice has opened to man a tremendous freedom, but it is a freedom whose moral implications only a few great spiritual leaders have fully grasped.

Increasingly, at the very height of the human achievement, there loom two obstacles which threaten to cast man back into the world of parts, tools and processes, in a way he has scarcely imagined. In fact there are times when it appears man is so occupied with the world he is now creating that he has already lost a sense for what may be missing in his society. He is deeply influenced by his knowledge of the past and the animal limitations which it seems to place upon his earlier spiritual aspirations. Equally, he confuses "progress" with his mechanical extensions which represent his triumph over the caprices of biological selection. Man, in a new way, shows formidable signs of taking the road of the dinosaurs, though by quite another track.

On a night during the period of the Korean War, I sat with an old hunter at a campfire in the wilds of Wyoming. Around us in the mountain dark were geological strata that contained the remains of dinosaurs. My companion threw a log upon the fire. As the flames rose upward, I could see the bronzed old American face looking at me across the fire. It could have been a face from any period out of the frontier past. And it was the frontier that spoke to me from the man who had two sons in Korea.

"America," he said, "needs a strong enemy. It will keep her from getting fat and make her strong."

I nodded dubiously. It was a philosophy of the frontier, of the woods. But I saw in my mind's eye the fate of the colossi that lay about us in the stone. They had warred and thundered, shaken the earth with their tread, grown larger, armored themselves with great shields of bone, and teeth like bear traps. Spikes had glistened on their tails and foreheads. In the end they had vanished with their monstrous tumult, and some small, ratlike mammals and a few birds had come hesitantly into the arena they had vacated. It had been a war of parts, won, not by the participants, but by some small, relatively intelligent creatures that had hidden in the trees.

"We need a strong enemy," my friend repeated. I did not doubt it was being said also in the Siberian forests and on the Manchurian plains. Faster and faster labor the technicians, the scientists of parts. They labor so today. The pace grows ever swifter. Already, and I quote from one recent industrial report, "scientists and engineers can be utilized more effectively by confining their work almost entirely to the field of their specialization." This remark indicates the reemergence of the war of parts, and if continued, it forecasts the death of all we claim as human. Such statements convey a failure to grasp that it is the creative thinker capable of using his brain out of the immediate context of his surroundings who is the innovator, the religious leader, the artist, the man who in all ages has been, in the words of Lancelot Whyte, "the very creator of humanity."

"Man," John Burroughs once remarked, "is like the trainer of wild beasts who, at his peril, for one instant relaxes his mastery over them. Gravity, electricity, fire, flood, hurricane, will crush or consume him if his hands are unsteady or his wits tardy." It is true that man has been badly knocked about by raw nature, but that nature has never organized her powers for the deliberate purpose of destroying man. He has even benefited and had his wits sharpened by her vagaries. Man has survived the long inexorable marchings of the glacial ice that pressed him back upon the Mediterranean and threatened his annihilation in Europe. He has left his bones under the boiling mud of volcanic upheavals. He has known drought and famine—the careless buffets of the storm that blows unceasingly through nature. He has seen cities go down, cities full of adept artisans and clever technicians, cities fallen to the sands when an old enemy cut off the water supply.

Who was that enemy? It was man. He is the other face of that nature man has feared. Now, in an age when man lays his hands upon the lightning, and heat in millions of degrees shudders in his confining mechanisms, an old shadow, a monstrous growing shadow, falls across the doorway of all the world's laboratories. It is merely man, merely the creature by the fire of sticks, merely the museum wielder of the sling and spear, but now grown large enough to shadow the sun. This creature thinks with all the malignant concentration that man has so far escaped in nature, and it thinks toward just one purpose—the creation of the ultimate weapon. Ultimate, ultimate, and still more ultimate, as if there were a growing secret zero in its mind.

So terrible is the fascination of that zero, so much does it appeal to some ancient power-loving streak in our still primitive natures, that whether men plan aggression or defense from it, they are, in degree, corrupted. At heart they know the word neutral has lost its meaning; that the blow, if it falls, will mean what the ultimate weapon means—death to green grass and singing bird, death to a world.

Nevertheless, as I have said, no creature in the world demands more love than man; no creature is less adapted to survive without it. Man is a paradox. Individually most men hate and fear war in spite of much of the talk of professional militarists about instinct. Men have to be drummed to war, propagandized to war, assured their cause is righteous. Even dictators have to render lip service to humanitarian principles. None of this sounds particularly as though an "instinct" for war existed. There are, instead, things from the old dark midnight of the past that suffice as well for evil purposes. Fear of the stranger, when the stranger was two eyes in the dark beyond the fire at a cave mouth; aggressive hungers that were stoked to a high pitch by nature in the million years of man's wandering across the wastes of an open world. Man is not completed—that is the secret of his paradoxical behavior. He is not made. He is, perhaps, about to be.

"Oh, Jeffrey, you're so impulsive!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Once long ago in the Middle Ages he was called *Homo duplex*—a thing half of dust and half of spirit. The term well expresses his predicament.

Today we know a great deal about human evolution, but as scientists we have failed, I sometimes think, to convey successfully to the public the marvel of the human transformation. We have shown man the anthropoidal skulls of his ancestors. We have convinced him that the human brain is an instrument of ancient origin which has not sprung full blown into being, but rather partakes of both the old and the new; that it includes the imperfections which are written into the substance of all moving and growing life. The vestigial organs that are concealed here and there in our bodies and which tell tales of the long past—of trees and waters in our lost ancestral world—have their corollary in the mind of man. His flashes of unreasoning temper, his frustrations, his occasional irrationalities are, some of them, echoes out of an older, more primitive machine. Yet signs of affection and mutual co-operation, love of beauty, dreams of a future life, can be traced into forms of man physically more primitive than ourselves.

Now, however, it is the present which concerns us—the present that creates tomorrow. Who contends for it—the rocket century with its vast zero looming over the future? The now is *our* responsibility, not that of the hoarse-voiced animal that came from the wood in a dream and made our today. Nor can we call to those pleasant, wide-browed people whom we strive to conjure up as inhabiting the comfortable future of our novels and dreams. They are lost in the unfathomable, formless future which we are engaged in shaping. Do we want them deeply? Do we want them enough, in the heavy-handed violence of this day, to live toward them at all cost, to struggle once more against the destructive forces of nature? To stand up and face, as every man must face, that ancient lurking shadow of himself? Is the price of acquiring brains, brains to look before and after in the universe, only to mean subservience to man after escaping subservience to nature that has lasted for a million years? Is it to mean acquiescence in the plans of those clever intellects who talk glibly of psychological "break-throughs" and the subliminal control of nations? Is it for this that men have labored up the dark pathway behind us and died often and blindly for some vision they could scarcely see?

A society has an image of itself, its way of life. This image is a wavering, composite picture reflected from millions of minds. If the image is largely compounded of the events of the present; if tradition is weak, the past forgotten, that image can alter by subtle degrees. A "cold war" such as we are fighting demands great tenacity in democratic institutions. Secrecy grows, technicians multiply, two great societies shoulder each other down a road that may look increasingly alike to both. The humane tradition—arts, letters, philosophy, the social sciences—threatens to be ignored as unrealistic in what has become a technological race for survival.

Man was a social animal long before he was man. But when he created huge societies and elaborated the world of culture that surrounds him today, he was acting, in some degree, consciously. Man, unlike the animal, is aware of the nature of his society. His conscious image of it is tremendously important in shaping what it will become. It is this that helps to build the human future, and why the future must be fought for day by day in the lives of innumerable and humble men.

Man, whether he engages in war or not, is in a pyramiding technological society whose values are largely directed outward upon things. The important fact in such a material age is that we do not abandon or forget that man has always sought to transcend himself spiritually, and that this is part of his strange heritage. It is a heritage which must be preserved in our schools and churches, for in a society without deep historical memory, the future ceases to exist and the present becomes a meaningless cacophony. A future worth contemplating will not be achieved solely by flights to the far side of the moon. It will not be found in space. It will be achieved, if it is achieved at all, only in our individual hearts. This is the choice that has been presented man, as a free agent, as one who can look before and after in the cosmos.

And if indeed men do achieve that victory, they will know, with the greater insight they will then possess, that it is not a human victory, but nature's new and final triumph in the human heart—perhaps that nature which is also God. "The rationality of man," a great theologian once wrote, "is the little telltale rift in Nature which shows there is something beyond or behind her." It remains for man, in his moral freedom, to prove that statement true. THE END

It's not difficult for a woman to behave like a man, but it is unusual for her to behave like a gentleman. ERNEST BLEVINS

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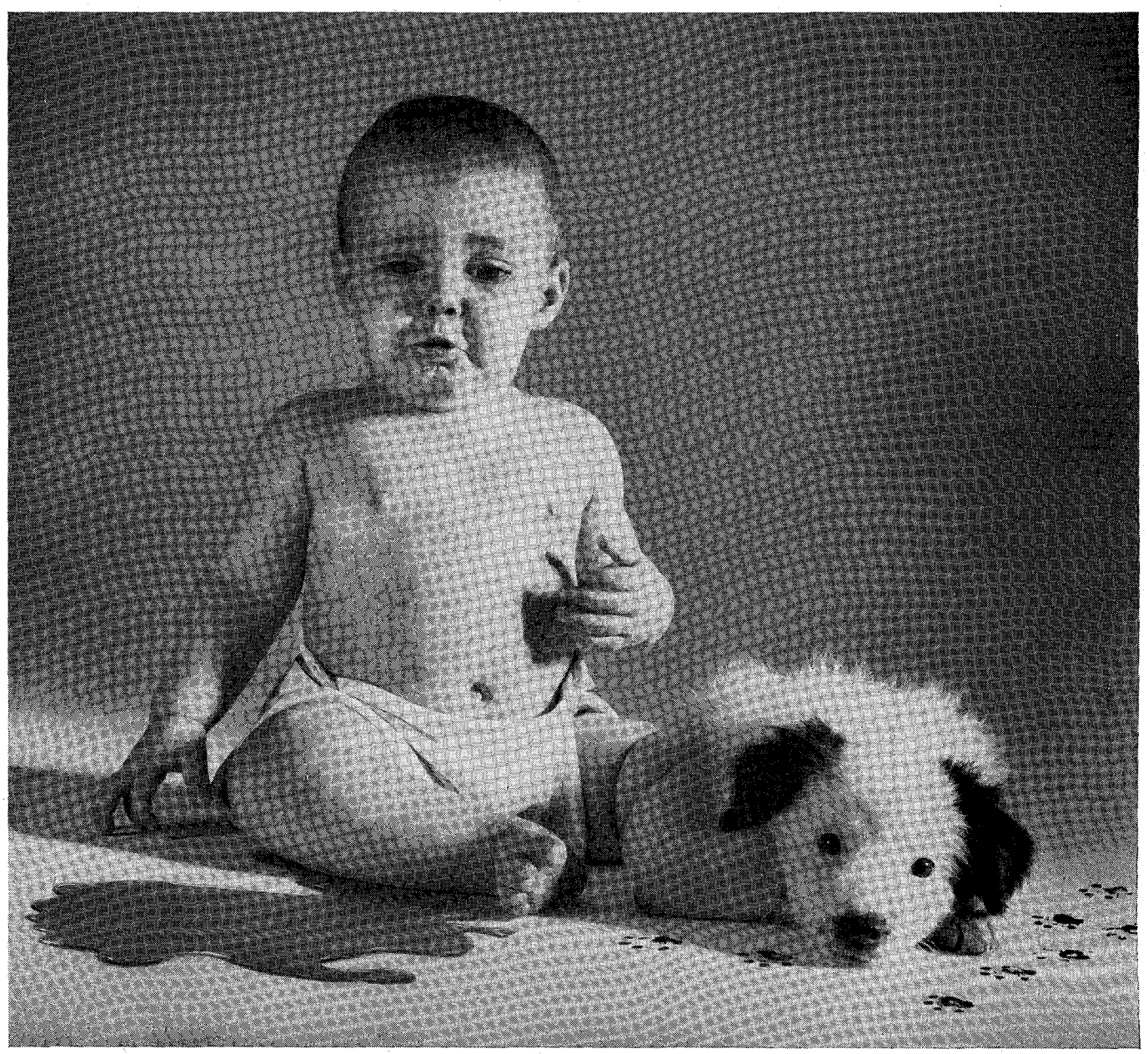

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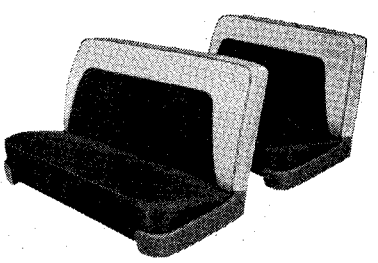

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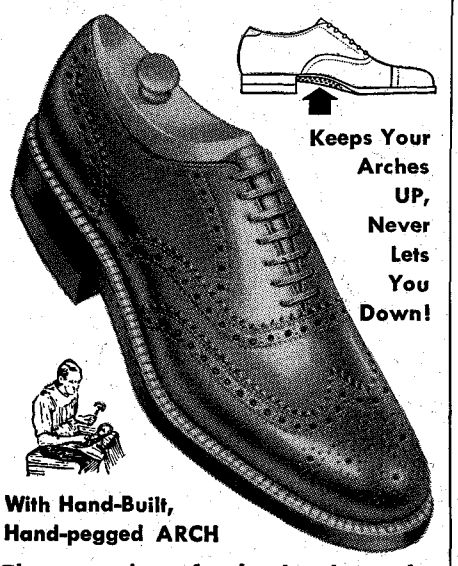

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Marriage is Our Business

(Continued from Page 36)

agencies in America, now a part of the Department of Psychiatry in the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine—we have been asking why for twenty-six years. It is particularly an American problem, because our great melting pot isn't melting and fusing as fast as we like to think.

We marriage counselors know that the more alike a boy and girl are, the more alike their families, tastes and dreams of success are, the better are their chances of happiness together. However, lots of boys and girls aren't marrying people like themselves. They go away to college, to the city to work, or to an entirely different part of the country in the service. They meet each other completely out of their original environments, and fall in love. Often they don't meet each other's families until the wedding. There can't be another country in the world with more different kinds of people and more different ways of doing things. Germans and Scandinavians and Italians and Russians and Poles and Irish and English and Spanish—and they all have drastically different concepts of how a husband or a wife is supposed to act, how a home is supposed to be run, what is a good way to have fun, or to spend money, even what is an acceptable way to make love. There is too much abstract talk about young people being mature and loving enough to give. How can any young lovers give—however mature and unselfish they are—unless they know what to give, unless they know what their partners expect?

Here is what can happen when they don't know. Take the case of Leo and Marie Angelo. (Those are not their real names; as in all the cases I describe, the identity of the clients is concealed.) They had been married three years and had two children when Marie came for help. They had met at work and fallen in love. Leo's family was from Italy, and Marie's was from Ireland. Her mother had told her she could never be happy with a "wop." Marie told the counselor she should have listened to her mother, because from the very beginning Leo was inconsiderate. When they became engaged, for instance, he went out and rented an apartment and bought sets of dining room and bedroom furniture, and then came to her and said, "Now we're all ready for the wedding." She had tried not to mind, because she loved him, but things had been getting steadily worse ever since. He made more fuss over his mother than he made over her. Nothing Marie did was ever right. Leo would say, why couldn't she do things like his mother? Cooking, for instance—he wanted all sorts of Italian messes that took forever to fix. With two small children she just couldn't. He was always drinking wine, and he had a terrible temper, and she was often afraid he would hit her.

Leo was a mighty unhappy and angry fellow when he came in. He couldn't see what was wrong with his wife. He'd done everything to show her how much he loved her, getting a house all ready for her to move into. All he asked was that she learn to cook the kind of food he liked. His mamma would teach her, but she was jealous of mamma. Was a man supposed to stop loving his mother when he got married?

The counselor, who had done graduate work in sociology, helped Marie understand how differently people lived. Most Italians grew up assuming the man made all the decisions and did the major buying. Italians made a big fuss over their mothers. They often had hot tempers, but they cooled off fast. They usually could drink a lot of wine without getting drunk. Maybe, he suggested, she had braced herself against Leo's warm, loving family because her family was so hostile to Italians. But she had married an Italian; differences could be good, not bad, if you learned to understand them. Leo wasn't really criticizing her when he asked her to do things differently. He was merely expecting what he was used to. The food seemed difficult and complicated only because it was unfamiliar.

Why didn't they sit down, suggested the counselor, and plan their menus for the week together? Leo could tell her what dishes he liked and she could say how many she thought she could cope with—and then get his mother to teach her. This they did. Talking about food led to talking about other differences and ultimately to understanding why they both acted the way they did. But it would have been simpler if Marie had met Leo's family and learned something about Italian ways before she married him.

Could premarital counseling have prevented those three years of misery? I think so. Of course, there was nothing to bring that couple in for counseling beforehand. They had not even suspected they were heading for trouble. If they had come in, however, each would have been asked to fill in a rather long questionnaire before talking to a counselor. This exercise alone might have started them thinking. Nine of the forty-one questions on this questionnaire of ours concern the young lovers' relation to their own and each other's family: Do the families approve of the marriage? Does each get along with the other's family? Does anything about either family or background cause tension? Other questions are about how much they confide in each other, about who gives in when they disagree.

> Most of the things that are easier said than done are said by the boss.
>
> AL FRANCK

One young couple came in, ostensibly to discuss the sexual side of marriage, but their questionnaire revealed conflict over money. They were assigned to Dr. Tibor Chikes, one of our men counselors who took special training in marriage counseling after years of experience in teaching and in the ministry. The girl told Doctor Chikes that she tried not to feel superior to her young man because of her superior education and that she tried not to resent being the one to earn the living—but she couldn't help it. The young man said he tried not to feel defensive and ashamed—but he couldn't help it. How counseling resolved their conflict is summed up in our records by a quotation from each. "I like what you said about both of us working for both," the young man said. "I'm going to quit saying *yours* and *mine*." The girl said, "I see now, of course, that *my* working and *his* studying are both an investment in *our* future." The girl had grown up assuming that her husband would be ahead of her in education and able to support her from the day they married. But times had changed, and the man she had fallen in love with wasn't like that. One would think her parents could have helped her see that the young man's potential was the important thing. But they hadn't.

Most parents, I'm afraid, practice a kind of double talk where love and marriage are concerned. They don't even realize they are doing it. Neither do their children, till they find themselves caught in the middle. *Marry for love*, we all say. *We are all Americans*, we say, and our children go to school together and work together and play together and inevitably fall in love. But every economic group, every national or religious group does everything it can to block its boys and girls from marrying out of the group. Religion should prepare young people for marriage, and it often does, but religious barriers cause many of the conflicts which come to us. Boys and girls keep falling in love outside the church. Then they often have the problem of giving up their love or giving up their church. They not only have the difference in faith to cope with, they have to struggle against the guilt of going against parental or church disapproval.

Counselor Richard Hey, who is doing a study on interfaith marriages for his Ph.D. degree, had a recent case which points up this conflict. A man came in greatly worried about his daughter. He was an Orthodox Jew and president of a synagogue. His daughter had been going around with a Catholic boy at college. Now they were in love and wanted to get married. Of course he wanted his daughter to marry for love, but —— The rabbi had tried to make her see what problems this marriage would create, but she wouldn't listen. Couldn't Marriage Council bring her to her senses?

First of all, Mr. Hey had to tell this distraught father that we never try to persuade anybody of anything. This is the absolute bedrock of our philosophy, and in the long run it is our greatest strength. All he could do, he said, was talk things over with the girl and her fiancé and make sure they really saw the conflicts they would have to cope with if they did marry each other.

The girl was in a romantic haze when she came in—which she did just to please her father, she said—and admitted she and her fiancé had not discussed how their different faiths would affect their marriage or their children if they had any. She said bitterly that her family was too militantly Jewish, and had no right to be so hostile to her Catholic fiancé because of his religion. She had already begun to break with the orthodox faith in which she had been raised, and was quite willing to break the whole way and live as a free thinker. She told Mr. Hey she was sure her young man was ready to do the same.

But the young man turned out to have a militantly Catholic family. Had he talked the marriage over with his family? No, he had been afraid to tell either his family or his priest about this girl he loved, knowing how it would upset them. The simple question, as Mr. Hey put it, was: Did they really love each other enough to break away from both their families' religions and find a common faith and an independent life together that would satisfy both them and their children? The girl was sure she could, but when she found that, to her fiancé, the only solution was for her to become Catholic, she broke the engagement.

Sad, I suppose, but each married someone of his own faith within a year.

An ex-G.I. law student in his late twenties saw nothing but barriers when he came for counseling. His problem was, should he marry the girl he had been having a happy love affair with for the last two years? He was a conservative, conventional Presbyterian. She was an unconventional, (*Continued on Page 128*)

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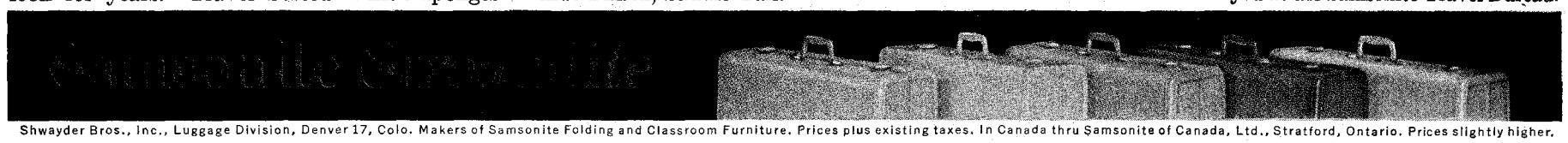

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(*Continued from Page 126*) liberal Catholic. The parents of both were without much education or income. The young man was bright and ambitious. He wondered whether the girl would hold him back. He wondered if their religions would come in conflict. He wondered if he could stand her unconventionality for a lifetime. Would he be a heel if he didn't marry her? He had been offered a good job in another town, but had he any right to take it and leave her?

We never give advice, as I have said, but we do raise questions. If they had both wanted the love affair, said the counselor, why should he feel bound? Maybe he really did love his girl enough to want to marry her, but if he didn't, had he a right to pretend that he did? Over the course of eight interviews this young man and the counselor discussed his own conservatism (was it due to insecurity?); why he had loved this unconventional girl; what the love affair had meant to him; whether the affair was a good basis for marriage; whether the success he dreamed of would demand a different type of girl; and the importance of their difference of religion.

At the end of the interviews, the young man—still uncertain, but feeling less anxiety and guilt—moved away to the new job. A few months later he came back and married his girl friend. The counselor never saw the girl, which is unusual, but the problem was obviously one the man had to solve within himself. If he had married his girl friend without counseling, a hard core of resentment might always have lain between them. If, without counseling, he had not married her, he would probably have carried around a burden—and lost a wife with whom he turned out to be very happy.

Enlightened people may pretend it doesn't matter that a girl's father is a Ph.D. and the boy's mother can't read, or that a boy's father is a tycoon and the girl's father drives a truck. But big differences don't go away if they are ignored. A few years ago a young bride, shaken with shame and self-reproach, came to us and was assigned to counselor Sylvia Sachs, a professionally trained social worker and the wife of a surgeon. The bride's parents were prominent Quaker philanthropists. Her husband was a brilliant young scientist, a first-generation Polish Jew whom she had fallen in love with at college. He was obviously going to do big things in the world. He and she agreed in most of their ideas and liked the same things. When she brought him home, he and her family liked one another, and they made plans for the wedding.

He talked about his family a good deal, but they lived rather far away and his bride didn't meet them until the honeymoon. They were fine people and good citizens, but they spoke almost no English and lived in what to her was a slum. She didn't want to be ashamed of them, she told Mrs. Sachs. She didn't want to ask her husband to reject them, she said—but that is what she did want. She could not discuss her feeling with her high-minded parents, because they would have felt obliged to take the attitude that it didn't matter. And it did matter to her. This girl admitted in the course of several hours' talk with Mrs. Sachs, that she was angry at her husband for not having warned her, but that she would have been ashamed of him if he had warned her. She had to find out that she loved him and liked living with him, and could accept and even like his family without being absorbed by them.

One aspect of the case especially interested us in staff conference: Although the young wife's liberal parents could accept the man she loved, with all his obvious differences in background, they had done nothing to help her accept her husband's parents. If those two had come in for premarital counseling, the questionnaire we asked them to fill out would have pinpointed the fact that the girl knew nothing about her fiancé's family. The counselor would have suggested the advantages of going to visit them before the wedding. When a man and girl are engaged, the boy is more likely to know the girl's family than she is to know his, especially if he grew up somewhere else. We feel strongly, here at Marriage Council, that every bride, no matter how much it costs—even if she has to go without a washing machine and cut down on the table silver—ought to visit her fiancé's family before she marries him. Seeing his mother serve a meal, seeing his father and mother with each other, is the only way she can get a real picture of what he is likely to expect of her in their own home. Not that the wedding should necessarily be called off if the girl doesn't like the way her future parents-in-law live. The boy may not like his parents' way of life any more than she does. He may want his marriage to be entirely different. But however young people feel about the homes they grew up in, they are still products of them.

We cannot solve these problems by trying to rebuild the old barriers and insist that young people marry within their own particular group. We know that makes for easier marriages, but we might as well try to abolish the automobile because dating was safer in horse-and-buggy days. It is a fact that boys and girls marry outside their social and religious groups, and will probably do so more and more as our life gets increasingly mobile. But with a thousand divorces a day—most of them in the early years of marriage—it seems clear that young people need something they aren't getting in preparation for marriage.

It isn't practical to suggest that every engaged couple spend several hours with a marriage counselor. All the counseling resources in the country could hardly scratch the surface. We ourselves see only a handful of engaged couples in the course of a year. Last year only 9 per cent of all the couples who came to us for help were yet-to-be-married. Most engaged couples don't really need individual counseling, especially if they have come from happy homes. The very best preparation for marriage seems to be a set of parents who have worked out their own problems. But the most tender lovers, if they fall into marriage with their eyes shut, are likely to be headed for disaster. So what can parents do, what can the community do, to help our sons and daughters realize all the problems they may be marrying when they fall in love with a fascinating stranger?

First of all, parents could get in the habit of quietly raising questions that need answering before any two young people promise to live together for life. What are his parents like? Why don't you go visit them? An equally important question is: Will you be able to cope with the kind of life his job will thrust you into?

Why doesn't a girl who falls in love with a (*Continued on Page 130*)

Conscience

I'm not so adept at schooling it
As I am at overruling it!

Thomas Usk

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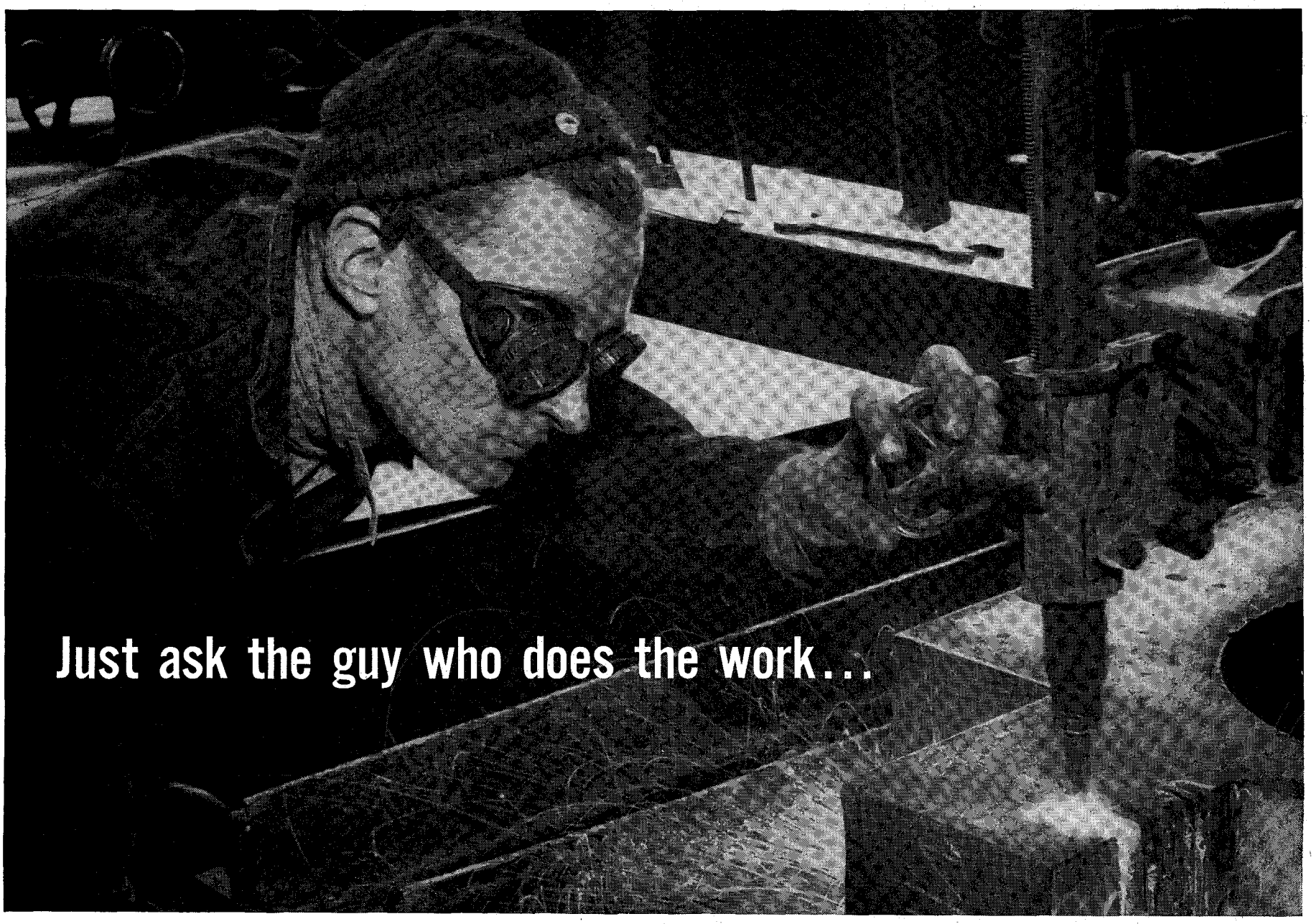

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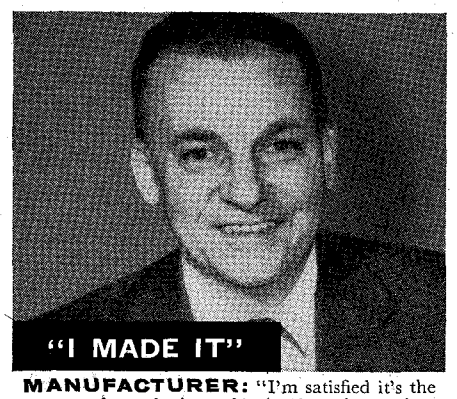

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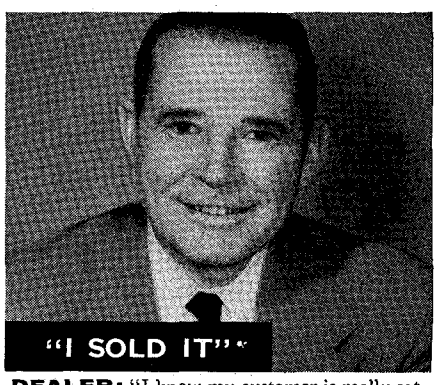

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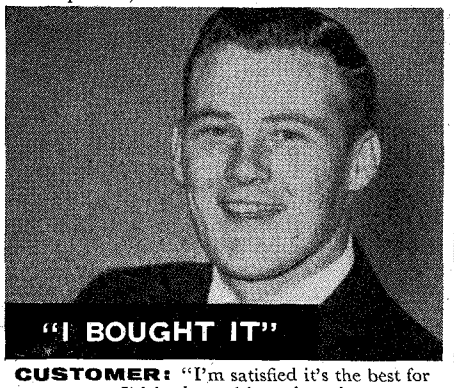

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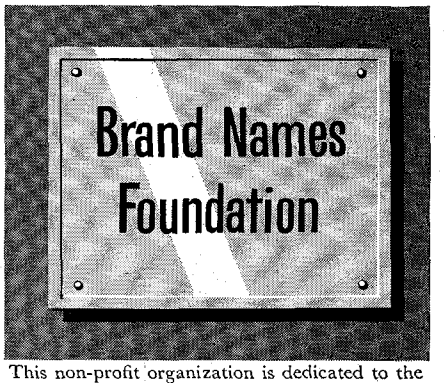

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(*Continued from Page 128*) politically ambitious young lawyer find a way to spend some time with a congressman's wife or talk to the wife of the mayor of her town? Maybe she will like to live in a goldfish bowl, maybe she couldn't stand it. A girl who is in love with a man who wants to be a country doctor ought to take a summer job helping a country doctor's wife with her children. It would be an eye opener. She might love what she sees—but she might not. If a girl who likes an ordered life falls in love with a man whose ambition it is to write the great American novel or paint great art, she ought to visit in the circles of financially insecure creative people. Will he be worth it, for a lifetime? Or will she come to think of him as a selfish inconsiderate prima donna? There are no differences, however great, that have not been happily overcome by some young people in love. But both ought to know what they are getting into.

We have no real evidence yet that "marriage courses" do much good, but on the theory that they are better than nothing we help teach them wherever we can. Richard Hey does most of this educational work with the help of Mrs. Virginia Henderson, who was once personnel director at the College for Women of the University of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Henderson is a psychologist and the mother of three children. She and Mr. Hey try to start young people thinking about what marriage will be like; how they will spend their money and who will decide how to spend it; whether wives should hold jobs and when; whether husbands should help with housework; how to get along with parents and in-laws; and sexual relations in marriage.

Richard Hey thinks that Sunday school is a logical place to start boys and girls toward good marriages. He estimates that over half of all the young people in the country go to a Sunday school of some denomination. They are taught what their particular religion means, but usually they spend some time on social problems too. What more important social problem is there, he asks, than how to make more solid marriages? Mr. Hey thinks the divorce rate would go down if all Sunday schools of all denominations would spend even three months a year on what being married means, not only as a sacrament but as a personal, but infinitely complicated, relationship; on the need for understanding and communicating and building each other up; on the down-to-earth things like finances; and on being receptive to differences. They could leave the sexual side of marriage for specialists—ignorance about differences probably causes considerably more trouble than ignorance about sex.

Sex occupies a much less important place in our marriage courses than it used to. Not that it is any less important today, but most boys and girls now seem to know a good deal about the human body; they take the importance of physical love for granted. We have come a long way since a counselor of twenty years ago was talking to a young engaged girl about her marriage and found the girl looking more and more upset and shocked. When the counselor asked what was wrong the girl said, "You sound as if you thought sex ought to be fun." In our marriage courses we stress the fact that sexual expression feeds love and solidifies marriage. There has been too much written about how to achieve a "perfect" sex relationship; we explain that no sex life is perfect and that every person's idea of sexual perfection is different. The most loving couple can make themselves unhappy by trying to achieve what someone else has told them was the perfect love life.

A very small proportion of our individual premarital counseling is about sex. This fact also points up the change in the times. Fifteen years ago half of all our counseling was premarital, and much of it concerned sex information. Today an occasional man comes in worried about masturbation or about affairs with other girls; girls come in worried about whether to tell their fiancés about having had an affair with another man; but few of them are worried about their sexual relationship with the man they marry.

To help in situations that involve premarital intercourse we have to establish a counseling relationship of trust and rapport, and not of blame and judgment. Premarital intercourse is contrary to the teachings of religion and society, but sometimes can precede solid, satisfying marriages. The only available statistics suggest that a high proportion, perhaps half, of apparently normal unneurotic girls have some sex intimacies before marriage—usually with the man they eventually marry. The corresponding proportion is much higher with men, although a marriage counselor who teaches a course at Columbia reports a trend among males toward accepting "the single standard." Many men seem to feel that if they want their wives to be inexperienced, so must they themselves be. However, we feel that a marriage entered into out of a sense of duty alone is always a bad bet. If a girl is pregnant, marriage may be expedient, but, in general, marriage is too important a relationship to be used to regularize or expiate a love affair.

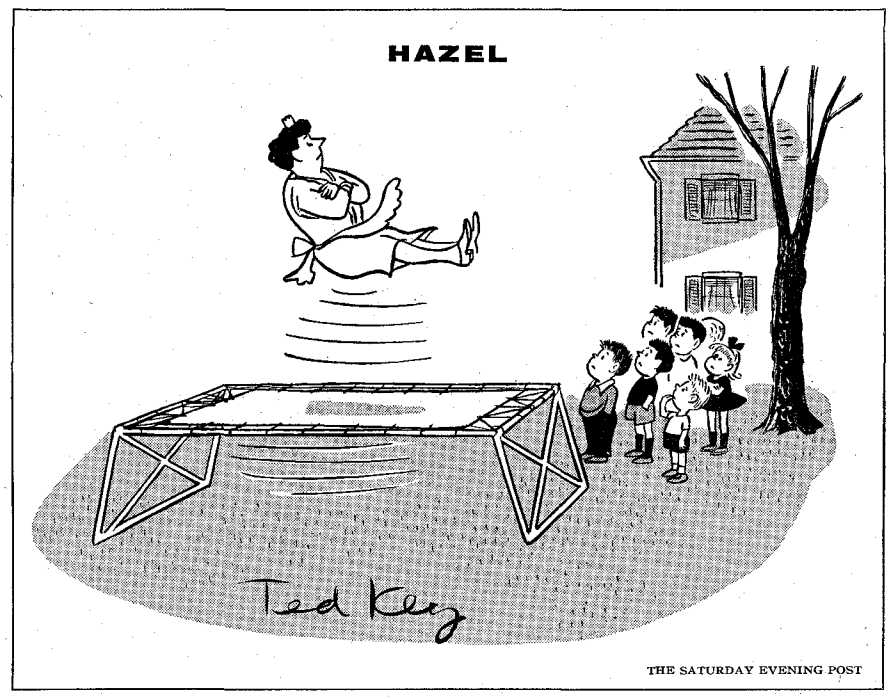
A young woman came into our office a few years ago and I talked to her myself. "I am to be married next week," she said. "The house is full of wedding presents. Everything is all set. I have told my parents I wanted to talk to you. My fiancé is waiting outside. But nobody knows what I am going to tell you: I simply cannot go through with the wedding." She and her fiancé, it turned out, had been at a big upstate college together and had had a long-standing love affair. Being full of contemporary candor, they had made no secret of it. It had been a happy affair, but it was, in her heart, long since over. She didn't want to marry her lover, but had felt she ought to.

When she brought the boy in and, with my support, told him how she felt, it turned out he didn't really want to marry her either. The whole thing had tragi-comic overtones, for the only person who really wanted the wedding was the girl's mother. They couldn't do this to her, she told me when I talked to her at her daughter's request. She had made all these preparations! They simply had to go through with the wedding, even if they divorced later. The disgrace would kill her. But the boy and girl didn't get married, and it didn't kill that mother, and a few years later the daughter married someone she really loved.

One thing all young people in love must learn to fight for is the right to work things out their own way. Most in-law trouble is not due to what the parents or in-laws do, but to the fact that the young husband and wife still feel tied to their parents.

The weaning process ought to take place long before marriage; in any case, a young couple must face the fact that it will take place. Helping young people see this is one of our biggest jobs. Recently a girl and man came to us in despair. The girl's mother couldn't stand the fiancé. Her heart would be broken, she said, if her daughter married him. As the counselor talked to them, together and separately, they seemed to have all the makings of a fine marriage. They had much the same background. The young man had a good job. They loved each other very much. When the counselor suggested talking to the mother, the girl said: "It's no use—she has never liked anybody I brought home, and she never will." I would not say the counselor urged them to elope—which they finally did—but she did help them decide that their lives were their own. Incidentally, that girl's mother didn't take too long to accept the young man, once she had no choice.

I ran across a glowingly happy couple the other day. They have several children and love their life together. Ten years ago, when I first met them, their projected marriage seemed as unpromising as could be. The man was an anxious, moody intellectual in his late twenties. While he was overseas in World War II, he fell in love with a Dutch girl. They both felt it was the real thing. His family was delighted—they had been wanting him to marry for years. But no sooner did the girl say yes than the young man began to feel low. And each day he was lower. His family was Jewish, and she would never be able to adapt to their life. Look at the way his brother's wife had taken him away from his family. His job was terribly demanding. How could he possibly cope with the demands of a job and a foreign wife?



He was so depressed that he went to a psychiatrist. He was overwhelmed with the responsibility of supporting a wife and family, but even more overwhelmed with fear at the idea of tying himself to any woman for life. He insisted he loved her, but —— And the "but," as he poured out his troubles to the psychiatrist, seemed a great deal bigger than the love.

In the midst of all this, the poor girl arrived from Europe. The psychiatrist urged them both to come to Marriage Council to find out whether they really did want to get married. The Dutch girl turned out to be warm, down-to-earth and extremely intelligent. It was a blow to find her fiancé so depressed and not sure he wanted to marry her, but after all, she said to me (I counseled these two myself), he had been depressed overseas part of the time. She took a good look at his family and way of life and, while not willing to embrace it totally, felt loving and accepting. She looked steadily at every problem and wanted to marry him and love him, if he would let her. She was also ready to go back home if he wouldn't.

Meanwhile, the man talked to me about his fears. He talked about his conflicting needs for independence and for a woman to love him. I managed to help him see that marriage need not trap you but could warm you and free you to do better work and give more to the other people in your life—in this case, his family. Marriage was always a risk, both the psychiatrist and I told him, but it looked like a good risk in his case. He came in the next week, still looking scared, but said he had bought the ring and set the wedding date. We have heard from them often. From the day he married that understanding, able girl he has never been depressed. As long as the problems were stifled in that man's mind they appeared tremendous, but as soon as they were looked at squarely, they faded into unimportance.

When an engaged couple appears in our office we never know whether we are going to help them draw closer together or help them face the fact that what they really want is to separate. We do know that everyone needs to love and be loved, and that men and women love the persons closest to them if they possibly can. Our job is to help them find out if they can, and help them clear the roadblocks in the way.

Editors' Note—This is the last of three articles by Doctor Mudd.

Marriage counseling service is available in many cities all over the country. For information write to one of the following:

American Association
of Marriage Counselors, Inc.
104 East 40th Street, New York 16, New York
Robert A. Haper, Ph.D., Secretary

American Medical Association Bureau
of Health Education
535 North Dearborn Street
Chicago 10, Illinois
W. W. Bauer, M.D., Director

Family Service Association of America
215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York
Clark W. Blackburn, General Director

National Association for Mental Health, Inc.
10 Columbus Circle, New York 19, New York
Richard P. Swigart, Executive Director

Planned Parenthood Federation
of America, Inc.
501 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York
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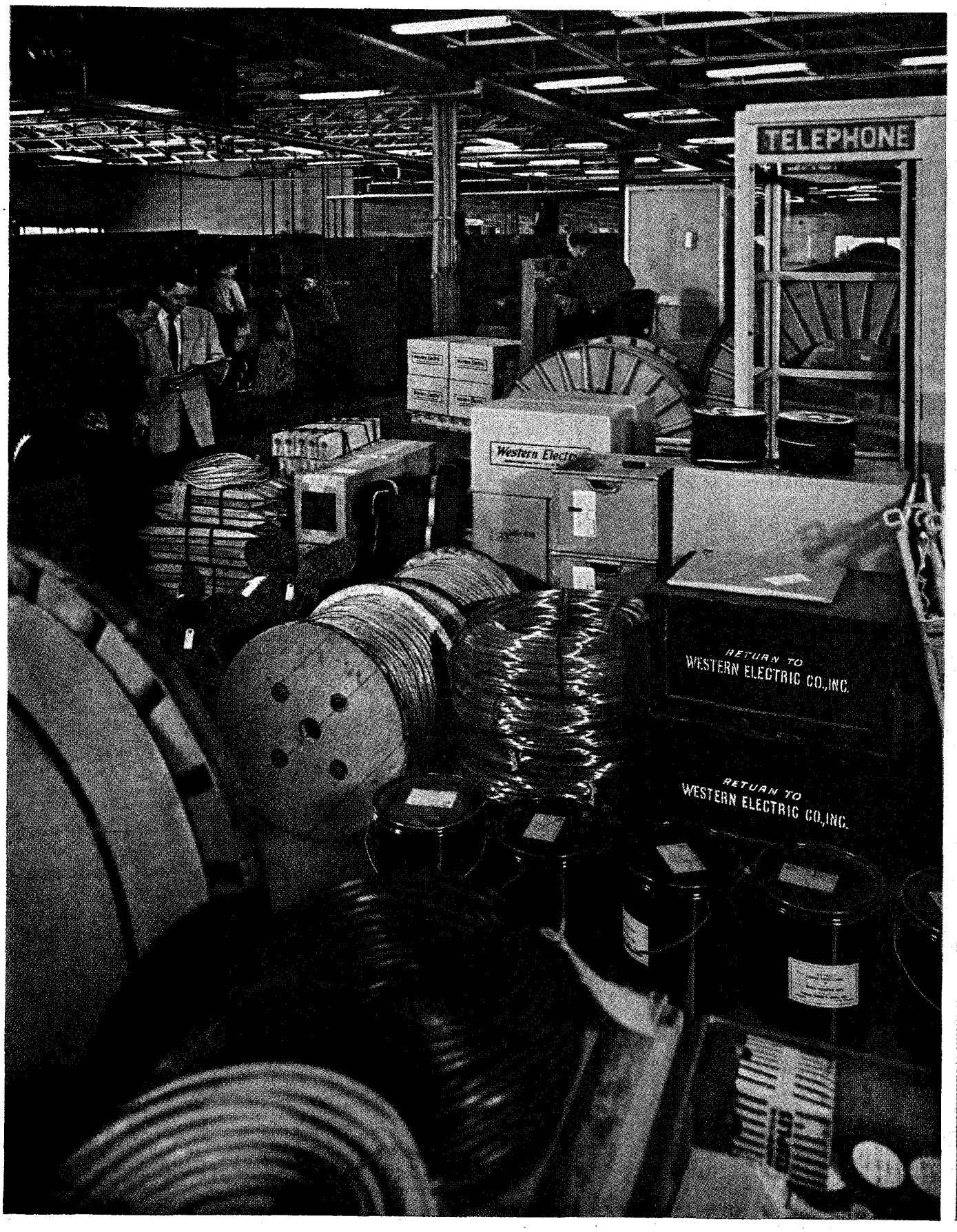

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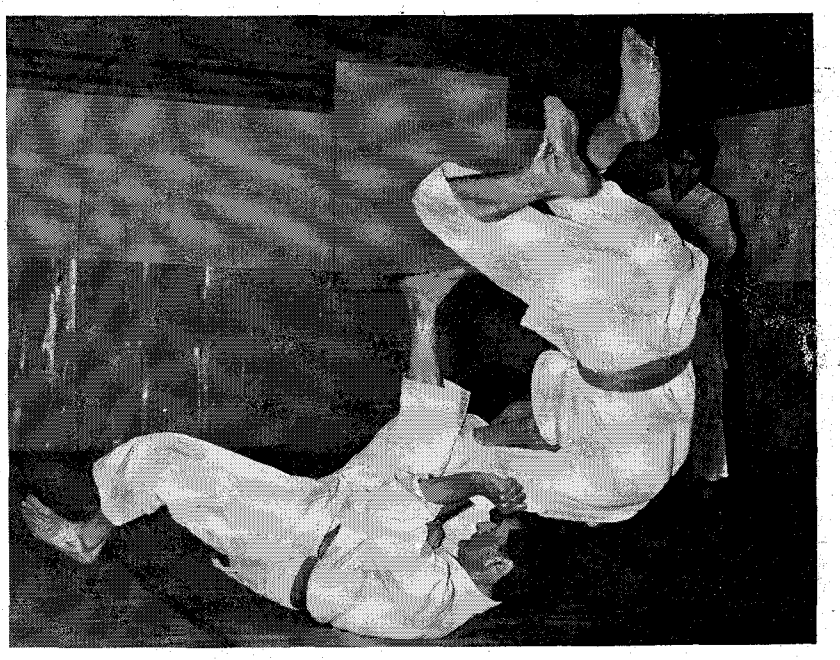
Keeping Posted

Violent Relaxation

Robert W. Meyers, who is illustrating Clarence Budington Kelland's serial on page 23, can be seen in that battle picture fiercely engaged in his favorite relaxation, judo. Although he took up this Japanese sport only last year, he's getting along fine at it. Judo beginners must wear a white belt and they have a bottom ranking called "6th Kyu"; but recently, during a promotion contest presided over by top-rank black-belt men, Meyers was upped to 4th Kyu and now his belt is green. "I work out in a New York gym, learning to do throws and to fall without injury." He has avoided injury. "To win a bout, one must throw a man cleanly and with force, or grapple with him on the mat and render him immobile for 30 seconds, or cause him to submit to defeat because of a painful grip." Sometimes Meyers plays judo—"play" is the official term—with his son Tom, 11, on the carpet in their Bogota, N.J., home, using the less devastating holds.

Meyers, an Air Force B-29 navigator during World War II, has illustrated Western and animal stories, and juvenile, history and text books. He is an honor graduate of New York's National Academy of Design. The Meyers family, including Mrs. M. and daughter Carolyn, 9, are all excited just now about moving (next Monday) to a country house at Bedminster, N.J. A stable is being built on their new land which will later house a horse or two. And let's not forget the new studio which awaits Mr. 4th Kyu.



Bob Meyers, on his back, executes a judo throw called "tomoenage."

The Winner

The Post of January 25th featured an article about movie actor Alec Guinness, saying that he was very likely to win an Oscar for his performance in The Bridge on the River Kwai. Author **John Reese** wrote, "It's always risky to predict how the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will vote, but so far, I don't know anyone in Hollywood who doesn't concede the award to him." The Academy nominations set up formidable opposition, but our man won. Moreover, Kwai took the best-picture award, and won Oscars for director David Lean, writer Pierre Boulle, and three others. Boulle, who based the screenplay on his own novel, recently wrote an unusual short story which Post readers will enjoy presently.

When Post Fellows Get Together

The subject is fishing rods: poet Pratt and painter Hughes.

Not long ago **George Hughes,** this week's cover artist, and art editor **Ken Stuart** called on the public-relations director of the Abercrombie & Fitch sporting-goods store in New York and asked him if Hughes might make sketches in the fishing-tackle department. The P.R. man said it could be arranged, and added that maybe it could also be arranged for a poem he had recently sold the Post to appear the same week as Hughes' cover. He then explained to his astonished guests that he was the **William Pratt** whose verse has been in the Post 72 times. "It seemed rather unusual," Pratt now reflects, "for a Post editor to ask a Post poet to allow a Post artist to sketch a Post cover on these premises." Poet and artist are in the photo and a poem is on page 65.

Pratt, a bachelor, was born in Punxsutawney, Pa., and is an honorary member of that town's famed Ground Hog Club, which reports to the nation each Candlemas Day on whether the ground hog sees its shadow, which is alleged to determine if winter is over. Annually on these occasions the local newspaper, The Punxsutawney Spirit, runs on its front page a new and appropriate poem by Pratt. Although the poet (who is also an artist) has worked for the A.&F. sporting-goods firm for 31 years, he never indulges in any form of sport. Exception: he doesn't live far from the store, so he walks to work.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"What We Learned About Labor Gangsters"

Every American should read this shocking report from Senator McClellan (at right in photo), who heads the committee that probes racketeering in labor and management.

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